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SANDERS'

HIGH SCHOOL READER:

EMBRACING A

COMPREHENSIVE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

IN

THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL READING;

WITH

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF EXERCISES IN READING,
BOTH IN PROSE AND POETRY.

FOR THE USE OF THE

HIGHER CLASSES IN SCHOOLS OF EVERY GRADE.

BY CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "A SERIES OF SCHOOL READERS," "YOUNG LADIES' READER,"
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PREFACE.

THE books composing the series of which the present volume is the closing number, have always found singular favor in the schools, because of their peculiar adaptation to the purposes of teaching. This feature is more or less obvious on every page, though often discernible in particulars which experienced eyes alone could be expected to see and appreciate.

They are no fortuitous collections of reading matter, designed to attract attention by the mere force of novelty. Novelty they have, indeed, as much,—perhaps, more than will be found in any other works of similar design. But novelty is not their only, nor even their chief commendation. They are prepared with careful and minute reference to *many* educational wants and uses.

Addressing themselves, in the outset, to early childhood, they naturally deal in easy words and easy sentences, simple subjects and pictorial illustrations: the lessons being everywhere accompanied with appropriate exercises in spelling, pronunciation and definition, together with numerous collateral hints, cautions and instructions, all contributing to the one result, that of securing a steady, systematic progress.

Advancing still, by easy gradations, and aiming at complete development, they gradually widen the circle of precept and practice, till it comes, at last, to embrace almost all possible styles and subjects, as also all rules and principles, involved in a full and thorough course of Elocutionary training. Hence it results, that each previous book, in the series, is a sort of pioneer to that which comes next in order, though each performs its appropriate part, and is complete in itself.

If, however, the whole purpose of these books were answered in producing good readers, or, rather, in supplying the means of producing good readers, though they would undoubtedly, in that case, be entitled to the praise of distinguished usefulness, still would they be far from reaching the measure of excellence contemplated in their preparation. They do, indeed, aim at making accomplished readers. But with this, their leading design, they couple other objects of the highest moment. They show the respect which is due to youth, by not only training the voice and giving graceful utterance to the tongue, but by carefully excluding from that which must often be read, as an exercise in school, whatever might justly be thought offensive to good taste, good manners, or good morals. Thus they stand, from first to last, in pointed contrast with that mixed, and, therefore, often mischievous, kind of reading, which,

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outside of the school-room, is perpetually pressing itself upon youthful attention.

The present volume is in perfect harmony with all the rest of the series. It is called the HIGH SCHOOL READER, not merely because it is specially adapted to the wants of the higher classes in academical institutions, but because, moreover, it aims to furnish such lofty models of style, of sentiment, of tone, and tendency, as can not fail to exercise an ennobling, elevating influence over the impressible nature of youth.

It explains and illustrates, with ample sufficiency of detail, all those features of a finished delivery, at all attainable through the agency of formal rules and definitions: not, however, assuming the place of the living teacher, and affecting to accomplish his office without requiring his presence, but merely co-operating with him in the discharge of a most important part of his duty.

It presents a vast variety of exercises in reading, selected, adapted and arranged with the greatest care: exhibiting specimens of almost every sort of composition, reckoned superior in its way; and affording the finest opportunities for observing those rare felicities of style and diction, those enchanting beauties and sublimities of thought, which invariably distinguish the works of genius in every walk of literature.

It remembers that the young reader is often in danger of losing the finest impressions, through some ignorance of particular persons, places or things, mentioned, or alluded to, in the piece he is reading. For this reason, explanatory notes, illustrating various matters in the text, are frequently inserted throughout the entire volume; and yet not with such frequency as to engender the odium that always attaches to cumbersome commentary.

It considers, like every other member of the series, the natural vivacity of youth, its quick perception of right and wrong in the ordinary transactions of life, and its insuperable aversion to all somber moralizing. It, therefore, abounds in whatever is stirring and sprightly,—in narrative, in dialogue, in allegory; where scenes, and circumstances, and characters, full of interest on other accounts, are made to present, in many ways, the contrast between vice and virtue, and often incidentally to reveal the moral quality of an action with such force and clearness as can seldom, if ever, come within the reach of any direct and formal teaching whatever.

Such is a brief outline of the course of instruction and practice, contained in Sanders' Series of Reading Books, in general, and of this one, in particular. It seemed fit in this, the last of the series, to give some such general view, that the author, in closing his labors in this direction, might leave a parting indication of the plan and purpose of those works, in the preparation and improvement of which he has expended so much time, and which, whatever be their merits or demerits, are, at this moment more or less used in almost every region or district in the world, where there are English schools, or an English community.

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SANDERS'

HIGH SCHOOL READER.

PART FIRST.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the art of delivering written or extemporaneous composition with force, propriety, and ease.

It deals, therefore, with words, not only as individuals, but as members of a sentence, and parts of a connected discourse: including every thing necessary to the just expression of the sense. Accordingly, it demands, in a *special* manner, attention to the following particulars; viz., ARTICULATION, ACCENT, EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, MODULATION, and PAUSES.

SECTION I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the art of uttering distinctly and justly the letters and syllables constituting a word.

It deals, therefore, with the elements of words, just as elocution deals with the elements of sentences: the one securing the true enunciation of each letter, or combination of letters, the other giving to each word, or combination of words, such a delivery as best expresses the meaning of the author. It is the basis of all

QUESTIONS.—What is Elocution? To what subjects does it require particular attention? What is Articulation?

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good reading, and should be carefully practiced by the learner. The following Directions and Examples are given as guides:

I.—Produce, according to the following Table, all the Elementary Sounds of the Language:

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

VOWEL SOUNDS.		
	TONICS.	
Element.		*Power.*
1.—¹A	as in	*A*pe.
2.—²A	"	*A*rm.
3.—³A	"	*A*ll.
4.—⁴A	"	*A*t.
5.—¹E	"	*E*ve.
6.—²E	"	*E*nd.
7.—¹I	"	*I*ce.
8.—²I	"	*I*t.
9.—¹O	"	*O*ld.
10.—²O	"	D*o*.
11.—³O	"	*O*x.
12.—¹U	"	*U*se.
13.—²U	"	*U*p.
14.—³U	"	P*u*ll.
15.—OI	"	*Oi*l.
16.—OU	"	*Ou*t.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.		
	SUB-TONICS.	
17.—B	as in	*B*at.
18.—D	"	*D*un.
19.—G*	"	*G*un.
	SUB-TONICS.	
Element.		*Power.*
20.—J	as in	*J*et.
21.—L	"	*L*et.
22.—M	"	*M*an.
23.—N	"	*N*ot.
24.—R	"	*R*un.
25.—V	"	*V*ent.
26.—W	"	*W*ent.
27.—Y	"	*Y*es.
28.—¹Z	"	*Z*eal.
29.—²Z	"	A*z*ure.
30.—NG	"	Si*ng*.
31.—TH	"	*Th*y.
	A-TONICS.	
32.—F	as in	*F*it.
33.—H	"	*H*at.
34.—K	"	*K*id.
35.—P	"	*P*it.
36.—S	"	*S*in.
37.—T	"	*T*op.
38.—CH	"	*Ch*at.
39.—SH	"	*Sh*un.
40.—TH	"	*Th*in.
41.—WH†	"	*Wh*en.

* Soft G is equivalent to J; Soft C to S, and hard C and Q to K. X is equivalent to K and S, as in *box*, or to G and Z, as in *exalt*.

† WH is pronounced as if the H preceded W, otherwise it would be pronounced *W-hen*. R should be slightly trilled before a vowel, For further instructions, see Sanders and Merrill's Elementary and Elocutionary Chart.

QUESTIONS.—How many Elementary Sounds are there? How many vowel sounds? What are they? Utter the consonant sounds.

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SUBSTITUTES FOR THE VOWEL ELEMENTS.

1st. For *Long* [1]A, we have *ai*, as in *sail*; *au* in *gauge*; *ay* in *lay*; *ea* in *great*; *ei* in *deign*; *ey* in *they*.

2d. For *Flat* [2]A, *au* in *daunt*; *ua* in *guard*; *ea* in *heart*.

3d. For *Broad* [3]A, *au* in *pause*; *aw* in *law*; *eo* in *George*; *oa* in *groat*; *o* in *horn*; *ou* in *sought*.

4th. For *Short* [4]A, *ai* in *plaid*; *ua* in *guaranty*.

5th. For *Long* [1]E, *ea* in *weak*; *ei* in *seize*; *ie* in *brief*; *eo* in *people*; *i* in *pique*; *ey* in *key*.

6th. For *Short* [2]E, *a* in *any*; *ai* in *said*; *ay* in *says*; *ea* in *dead*; *ei* in *heifer*; *eo* in *leopard*; *ie* in *friend*; *ue* in *guess*; *u* in *bury*.

7th. For *Long* [1]I, *ai* in *aisle*; *ei* in *sleight*; *ey* in *eye*; *ie* in *die*; *ui* in *guide*; *uy* in *buy*; *y* in *try*.

8th. For *Short* [2]I, *e* in *English*; *ee* in *been*; *ie* in *sieve*; *o* in *women*; *u* in *busy*; *ui* in *build*; *y* in *symbol*.

9th. For *Long* [1]O, *au* in *hautboy*; *eau* in *beau*; *eo* in *yeoman*; *ew* in *sew*; *oa* in *boat*; *oe* in *hoe*; *ou* in *soul*; *ow* in *flow*.

10th. For *Long Slender* [2]O, *oe* in *shoe*; *ou* in *soup*.

11th. For *Short* [3]O, *a* in *was*; *ou* in *hough*; *ow* in *knowledge*.

12th. For *Long* [1]U, *eau* in *beauty*; *eu* in *feud*; *ew* in *dew*; *ue* in *cue*; *ou* in *your*; *ui* in *fruit*.

13th. For *Short* [2]U, *e* in *her*; *i* in *sir*; *oe* in *does*; *o* in *love*.

14th. For *Short Slender* [3]U, *o* in *wolf*; *ou* in *would*.

15th. For OI, *oy* in *joy*.

16th. For OU, *ow* in *now*.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

For F, we have *gh*, as in *laugh*; *ph* in *sphere*.

For J, *g* in *gem*, *gin*, *gyre*.

For K, *c* in *can*; *ch* in *chord*; *gh* in *hough*; *q* in *quit*.

For S, *c* in *cent*, *cion*, *cygnet*.

For T, *d* in *faced*: *phth* in *phthisic*.

For V, *f* in *of*; *ph* in *Stephen*.

For Y, *i* in *onion*, *valiant*.

For [1]Z, *c* in *suffice*; *s* in *is*; *x* in *Xerxes*.

For [2]Z, *s* in *treasure*; *z* in *azure*.

QUESTIONS.—How many substitutes has long A? How many has flat A, and what are they? How many has broad A, &c.? How many substitutes has each of the consonants, and what are they?

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For NG, *n* in *languid, linguist.*
For SH, *ci* in *social; ch* in *chaise; si* in *pension; s* in *sure; ss* in *issue; ti* in *notion.*
For CH, *ti* in *fustion, mixtion.*
B, D, G, H, L, M, N, P, and R, have no substitutes.

II.—Avoid the suppression of a syllable; as,

cab'n	for	cab-*in*.	mem'ry	for	mem-*o*-ry.
cap'n	"	cap-*tain*.	jub'lee	"	ju-*bi*-lee.
barr'l	"	bar-*rel*.	trav'ler	"	trav-*el*-er.
ev'ry	"	ev-*er*-y.	fam'ly	"	fam-*i*-ly.
hist'ry	"	his-*to*-ry.	vent'late	"	ven-*ti*-late.
reg'lar	"	reg-*u*-lar.	des'late	"	des-*o*-late.
sev-ral	"	sev-*er*-al.	prob'ble	"	prob-*a*-ble.
rhet'ric	"	rhet-*o*-ric.	par-tic'lar	"	par-tic-*u*-lar.

III.—Avoid the omission of any sound properly belonging to a word; as,

read-in	for	read-in*g*.	pr'-tect	for	pro-tect.
swif-ly	"	swif*t*-ly.	b'-low	"	be-low.
com-mans	"	com-man*ds*.	p'r-vade	"	per-vade.
wam-er	"	wa*r*m-er.	srink-in	"	s*h*rink-in*g*.
um-ble	"	*h*um-ble.	th'if-ty	"	thrif-ty.
ap-py	"	*h*ap-py.	as-ter-is	"	as-ter-is*k*.
con-sis	"	con-sis*ts*.	gov-er-ment	"	gov-er*n*-ment.
fa-t'l	"	fa-tal.	Feb-u-a-ry	"	Feb-*r*u-a-ry.

IV.—Avoid the substitution of one sound for another; as,

*u*f-ford	for	*a*f-ford.	mod-*ist*	for	mod-*est*.
wil-l*e*r	"	wil-l*o*w.	*u*p-prove	"	*a*p-prove.
sock-*i*t	"	sock-*e*t.	*w*in-e-gar	"	*v*in-e-gar.
fear-l*u*ss	"	fear-l*e*ss.	sep-*e*-rate	"	sep-*a*-rate.
cul-t*e*r	"	cul-t*u*re.	tem-per-*i*t	"	tem-per-*a*te.
prod-*u*x	"	prod-u*cts*.	croc-*e*r-dile	"	croc-*o*-dile.
judg-m*u*nt	"	judg-m*e*nt.	t*u*b-ac-c*u*r	"	t*o*-bac-c*o*.
chil-dr*i*n	"	chil-dr*e*n.	com-pr*u*m-ise	"	com-pro-mise.

QUESTIONS.—What letters have no substitutes? What error in Articulation would be avoided by the observance of direction II.? Give examples. What, by direction III.? Examples. What, by direction IV.? Examples.

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V.—Produce the sounds denoted by the following combinations of consonants:

Let the pupil first produce the sounds of the letters, and then the word, or words, in which they occur. Be careful to give a clear and distinct enunciation to every letter.

1. *Bd*, as in ro*b'd*; *bdst*, pro*b'dst*; *bl*, *bl*and, a*ble*; *bld*, hum*bl'd*; *bldst*, trou*bl'dst*; *blst*, trou*bl'st*; *blz*, crum*bles*; *br*, *br*and; *bz*, ri*bs*.

2. *Ch*, as in *ch*urch; *cht*, fet*ch'd*.

3. *Dj*, as in e*dge*; *djd*, he*dg'd*; *dl*, bri*dle*; *dld*, rid*dl'd*; *dlst*, han*dl'st*; *dlz*, bun*dles*; *dn*, har*d'n*; *dr*, *dr*ove; *dth*, wi*dth*; *dths*, bread*ths*; *dz*, o*dds*.

4. *Fl*, as in *fl*ame; *fld*, ri*fl'd*; *flst*, sti*fl'st*; *flz*, ri*fles*; *fr*, *fr*om; *fs*, qua*ffs*, lau*ghs*; *fst*, lau*gh'st*, qua*ff'st*; *ft*, ra*ft*; *fts*, wa*fts*; *ftst*, gra*ft'st*.

5. *Gd*, as in beg*g'd*; *gdst*, brag*g'dst*; *gl*, *gl*ide; *gld*, strug*gl'd*; *gldst*, hag*gl'dst*; *glst*, strang*gl'st*; *glz*, min*gles*; *gr*, *gr*ove; *gst*, beg*g'st*; *gz*, fi*gs*.

6. *Kl*, as in un*cle*, an*kle*; *kld*, trick*l'd*; *kldst*, truck*l'dst*; *klst*, chuck*l'st*; *klz*, wrin*kles*; *kn*, black*'n*; *knd*, reck*'n'd*; *kndst*, reck*'n'dst*; *knst*, black*'n'st*; *knz*, reck*'ns*; *kr*, *cr*ank; *ks*, chec*ks*; *kt*, a*ct*.

7. *Lb*, as in bu*lb*; *lbd*, bu*lb'd*; *lbs*, bu*lbs*; *lch*, fi*lch*; *lcht*, be*lch'd*; *ld*, ho*ld*; *ldst*, fo*ld'st*; *ldz*, ho*lds*; *lf*, se*lf*; *lfs*, gu*lfs*; *lj*, bu*lge*; *lk*, e*lk*; *lks*, si*lks*; *lkt*, mi*lk'd*; *lkts*, mu*lcts*; *lm*, e*lm*; *lmd*, whe*lm'd*; *lmz*, fi*lms*; *ln*, fa*ll'n*; *lp*, he*lp*; *lps*, sca*lps*; *lpst*, he*lp'st*; *ls*, fa*lse*; *lst*, ca*ll'st*; *lt*, me*lt*; *lth*, he*alth*: *lths*, ste*alths*; *lts*, co*lts*; *lv*, de*lve*; *lvd*, she*lv'd*; *lvz*, e*lves*; *lz*, ha*lls*.

8. *Md*, as in doo*m'd*; *mf*, triu*mph*; *mp*, he*mp*; *mpt*, te*mpt*; *mpts*, atte*mpts*; *mst*, ento*mb'st*; *mz*, to*mbs*.

9. *Nch*, as in be*nch*; *ncht*, pi*nch'd*; *nd*, a*nd*; *ndst*, e*nd'st*; *ndz*, e*nds*; *ng*, su*ng*; *ngd*, ba*ng'd*; *ngth*, le*ngth*; *ngz*, so*ngs*; *nj*, ra*nge*; *njd*, ra*ng'd*; *nk*, i*nk*; *nks*, ra*nks*; *nkst*, tha*nk'st*; *nst*, wi*nc'd*; *nt*, se*nt*; *nts*, re*nts*; *ntst*, we*nt'st*; *nz*, ru*ns*.

10. *Pl*, as in *pl*ume; *pld*, ripp*l'd*; *plst*, ripp*l'st*; *plz*, ap*ples*; *pr*, *pr*ince; *ps*, si*ps*; *pst*, rap*p'st*.

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11. *Rb*, as in h*erb*; *rch*, s*earch*; *rcht*, ch*urch'd*; *rbd*, *orb'd*; *rbdst*, b*arb'dst*, *rbst*, dist*urb'st*; *rbz*, *orbs*; *rd*, h*ard*; *rdst*, h*eard'st*, *rdz*, w*ords*; *rf*, t*urf*; *rft*, sc*arf'd*; *rg*, b*urg*; *rgz*, b*urgs*; *rj*, d*irge*; *rjd*, *urg'd*; *rk*, *ark*; *rks*, *arks*; *rkst*, w*ork'st*; *rkt*, d*irk'd*; *rktst*, emb*ark'dst*; *rl*, g*irl*; *rld*, w*orld*; *rldst*, h*url'd'st*; *rlst*, whi*rl'st*; *rlz*, h*urls*; *rm*, *arm*; *rmd*, *arm'd*; *rmdst*, h*arm'dst*; *rmst*, *arm'st*; *rmz*, *charms*; *rn*, t*urn*; *rnd*, t*urn'd*; *rndst*, e*arn'dst*; *rnst*, l*earn'st*; *rnz*, *urns*; *rp*, c*arp*; *rps*, h*arps*; *rpt*, w*arp'd*; *rs*, v*erse*; *rsh*, h*arsh*; *rst*, f*irst*; *rsts*, b*ursts*; *rt*, d*art*; *rth*, e*arth*; *rths*, b*irths*; *rts*, m*arts*; *rtst*, d*art'st*; *rv*, c*urve*; *rvd*, n*erv'd*; *rvdst*, c*urv'dst*; *rvst*, sw*erv'st*; *rvz*, n*erves*; *rz*, *errs*.

12. *Sh*, as in *sh*ip; *sht*, h*ush'd*; *sk*, *scan*, *sk*ip; *sks*, t*usks*; *skst*, fr*isk'st*; *skt*, r*isk'd*; *sl*, *slow*; *sld*, n*estl'd*; *slz*, wr*estles*; *sm*, *sm*ile; *sn*, *snag*; *sp*, *sport*; *sps*, l*isps*; *spt*, cla*sp'd*; *st*, *stag*; *str*, *str*ike; *sts*, r*ests*; *sw*, *swing*.

13. *Th*, as in *th*ine, *th*in; *thd*, breat*h'd*; *thr*, *thr*ee; *thst*, breat*h'st*; *thw*, *thw*ack; *thz*, wri*thes*; *tl*, t*itle*; *tld*, se*ttl'd*; *tldst*, se*ttl'dst*; *tlst*, se*ttl'st*; *tlz*, n*ettles*; *tr*, *tr*unk; *ts*, f*its*; *tw*, *tw*irl.

14. *Vd*, as in cu*rv'd*; *vdst*, li*v'dst*: *vl*, dri*v'l*; *vld*, gro*v'l'd*; *vldst*, gro*v'l'dst*; *vlst*, dri*v'l'st*; *vn*, dr*iv'n*; *vst*, li*v'st*; *vz*, l*ives*.

15. *Wh*, as in *wh*en, *wh*ere.

16. *Zd*, as in mus*'d*; *zl*, daz*zle*; *zld*, muz*zl'd*; *zldst*, daz*zl'dst*; *zlst*, daz*zl'st*; *zlz*, muz*zles*; *zm*, spas*m*; *zmz*, chas*ms*; *zn*, ris*'n*; *znd*, reas*'n'd*; *znz*, pris*'nz*; *zndst*, impris*'n'dst*.

VI.—Avoid blending the termination of one word with the beginning of another, or suppressing the final letter or letters of one word, when the next word commences with a similar sound.

EXAMPLES.

False *sighs sicken*	instead of	Fal' sigh' sicken.
In peril's darke*st h*our	"	In peril's darke*st t*ower.

QUESTION.—What error in Articulation would be avoided by the observance of direction VI.? Give examples.

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Songs of praises,	instead of	Song sof praises.
We are apt to shut our eyes,	"	We are rapt to shut tour rise.
It strikes with an awe,	"	It strikes with a naw.
A reader made easy,	"	A redermadezy.
The scenes of those dark ages,	"	The scenes sof those dark cages.
Dry the orphan's tears,	"	Dry the orphan stears.
Percivals' acts and extracts,	"	Percival sacks sand dextracks.

NOTE.—By an indistinct Articulation the sense of a passage is often liable to be perverted.

EXAMPLES.

1. He built him an ice house.
   He built him a nice house.
2. My heart is awed within me.
   My heart is sawed within me.
3. A great error often exists.
   A great terror often exists.
4. He is content in either situation.
   He is content in neither situation.
5. Whom ocean feels through all her countless waves.
   Who motion feels through all her countless waves.
6. My brothers ought to owe nothing.
   My brothers sought to own nothing.
7. He was called by his father's name.
   He was scalled by his father's name.
8. We traveled o'er fields of ice and snow.
   We traveled o'er fields of vice sand snow.
9. He was trained in the religion of his fathers.
   He was strained in the religion of his fathers.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

1. The hights, depths, lengths, and breadths of the subject.
2. The flag of freedom floats once more aloft.
3. It was decidedly the severest storm of the season.
4. She sought shelter from the sunshine in the shade.
5. His shriveled limbs were shivering with the cold.

QUESTION.—How, by indistinct articulation, is the sense of a passage liable to be perverted? Give examples.

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6. A *big black bug bit* a *big black bear.*

7. *Round* the *rough* and *rugged rocks* the *ragged rascal ran.*

8. He *sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.*

9. *Slowly and sadly* we *laid him down,*
From the *field of his fame fresh* and *gory.*

10. *From thy throne in* the *sky, thou look'st and laugh'st at the storm, and guid'st* the *bolts of* Jove.

11. The *unceremoniousness* of *their communicability is* wholly *inexplicable.*

12. The *best of all governments* in *this* badly *governed world, is a republican government.*

13. *When* the *world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest* in *thy* beauty *from* the *clouds, and laughest* at the *storm.*

14. *The hidden* ocean *showed itself* anew,
And barren wastes still stole upon the *view.*

15. He spoke *disinterestedly, reasonably, philosophically, particularly, peremptorily, authoritatively, unhesitatingly,* and *extemporaneously.*

16. *His falchion flashed along the* Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's *towers that blazed the while,*
His eagle *flag unrolled and froze.*

SECTION II.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT and EMPHASIS both indicate some special stress of voice.

ACCENT is that stress of voice by which one *syllable* of a word is made more prominent than others; EMPHASIS is that stress of voice by which one or more *words* of a sentence are distinguished above the rest.

QUESTIONS.—What do Accent and Emphasis indicate? What is Accent? What is Emphasis?

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ACCENT.

The accented syllable is sometimes designated thus: (/); as, *com-mand'-ment.*

NOTE I.—Words of more than two syllables generally have two or more of them accented.

The more forcible stress of voice, is called the *Primary Accent;* and the less forcible, the *Secondary Accent.*

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY ACCENT.

Farm'-er, hon'-or, pat'-tern, rem'-nant, a-bide', con-clude', af-fect', ex-pand', a-tone'-ment, be-hav'-ior, con-tent'-ment, un-grate'-ful, in-tens'-ive, trans-ac'-tion.

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY AND SECONDARY ACCENT.

In the following examples the Primary Accent is designated by double accentual marks, thus:

Ed''-u-cate', ed'-u-ca''-tion. mul''-ti-ply', mul'-ti-pli-ca''-tion, sat''-is-fy', sat'-is-fac''-tion, com'-pre-hend'', com-pre-hen''-sion, rec'-om-mend'', rec'-om-mend-a''-tion, mo''-ment-a'-ry, com-mu''-ni-cate', com'-pli-ment''-al, in-dem'-ni-fi-ca''-tion, ex'-tem-po-ra''-ne-ous, coun'-ter-rev'-o-lu''-tion-a-ry.

NOTE II.—The change of accent on the same word, often changes its meaning.

EXAMPLES.

col'-league, *a partner.*	col-league', *to unite with.*
con'-duct, *behavior.*	con-duct', *to lead.*
des'-cant, *a song or tune.*	des-cant', *to comment.*
ob'-ject, *ultimate purpose.*	ob-ject', *to oppose.*
ref'-use, *worthless remains.*	re-fuse', *to deny; reject.*
proj'-ect, *a plan; a scheme.*	pro-ject', *to jut out.*
in'-ter-dict, *a prohibition.*	in-ter-dict', *to forbid.*
o'-ver-throw, *ruin; defeat.*	o-ver-throw', *to throw down.*

QUESTION.—Which accent has the more forcible stress of voice, the primary, or secondary? What effect does the change of accent on the same word produce? Give examples.

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NOTE III.—Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics*. When, however, different degrees of emphasis are to be denoted, the higher degrees are designated by the use of Capitals, LARGER or SMALLER, according to the degree of intensity.

EXAMPLES.

1. To *arms!* to ARMS! to ARMS! they cry.
2. *Awake*, my heart, AWAKE!
   Green *vales* and icy *cliffs*, ALL join my hymn.
3. And Agrippa said unto Paul: *Almost* thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian. And Paul said: I would to God that not only *thou*, but also *all* that hear me this day, were both *almost* and ALTOGETHER such as *I* am, except these bonds.
4. The thing that *hath* been, it is that which *shall* be, and that which *is* done, is that which *shall* be done, and there is no *new* thing under the sun.

NOTE IV.—Emphasis, as before intimated, varies in degrees of intensity.

EXAMPLES OF INTENSIVE EMPHASIS.

1. ARM, warriors, ARM for the conflict!
2. The *war* is *inevitable*—and LET IT COME! I repeat it, Sir,—LET IT COME! *Patrick Henry.*
3. I know not what course *others* may take; but as for *me*, give me LIBERTY, or give me DEATH! *Idem.*
4. The conflict deepens! ON, ye brave,
   Who rush to *glory*, or the *grave!*
5. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms.—NEVER, NEVER, *never.* *Pitt.*

NOTE V.—Emphasis sometimes changes the seat of accent from its ordinary position.

QUESTIONS.—How are emphatic words often denoted? How are those denoted, which are very emphatic? How is Emphasis varied? Repeat the examples of intensive emphasis. What effect has Emphasis sometimes on accent? Give examples.

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EXAMPLES.

1. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.
2. Joseph attends school *reg'*ularly; but William, *ir'*regularly.
3. Did he perform his part *grace'*fully, or *un'*gracefully?
4. There is a difference between *pos'*sibility and *prob'*ability.
5. We are not to inquire into the *just'*ice or *in'*justice. the *hon'*or or *dis'*honor of the deed; nor whether it was *law'*ful or *un'*lawful, wise or *un'*wise.

NOTE VI.—There are two kinds of Emphasis:—*Absolute* and *Antithetic*. ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is used to designate the important words of a sentence, without any direct reference to other words.

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

1. Be we *men*,
And suffer such dishonor? MEN, and wash not
The stain away in BLOOD?

2. *To-morrow*, didst thou say? TO-MORROW?
It is a period *nowhere* to be found
In all the *hoary registers* of time. *Cotton.*

3. I shall know but *one* country. The ends *I* aim at, shall be "MY COUNTRY'S, my GOD'S, and TRUTH'S." *Webster.*

4. I was *born* an American; I *live* an American; I shall *die* an American. *Id.*

5. SPEAK OUT, my friends; would you exchange it for the DEMON'S DRINK, ALCOHOL? A *shout*, like the *roar* of a tempest, answered "NO!"

6. YOU, noble Americans, *we bless in the name of the God of liberty.* *Kossuth.*

7. He paused a moment, and with an enchanting smile, whispered softly the name, "*England!*" Louder he cried, "ENGLAND!" He waved his handkerchief and shouted, "ENGLAND!"

8. O SACRED FORMS! how *proud* you look!
How *high* you lift your heads into the sky;
How *huge* you are! how *mighty* and how *free!* *Knowles.*

9. "HOLD!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "INDEPENDENCE or DEATH!"

QUESTIONS.—How many kinds of Emphasis are there? What is Absolute Emphasis? Give examples.

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NOTE VII.—ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS is that which is founded on the contrast of one word or clause with another.

EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. If we have no regard for our *own* character, we ought, at least, to regard the characters of *others*.

2. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth;* but the *righteous* are bold as a lion. *Bible.*

3. *Living* I shall assert it, *dying*, I shall assert it. *Webster.*

4. You were paid to *fight* Alexander, not to *rail* at him.

5. He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours* only, but for the sins of the *whole world.* *Bible.*

6. *Ye* worship ye know not what: we *know* what *we* worship.

NOTE VIII.—The following examples contain two or more sets of Antitheses.

1. I will make the *stars* of the *west* the *suns* of the *east.* *Kossuth.*

2. We must hold *them* as we hold the *rest* of mankind—*enemies* in *war*, in *peace*, *friends.* *Jefferson.*

3. The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation, the *fool*, when he gains that of *others.*

4. *Without* were *fightings*, *within* were *fears.* *Bible.*

5. When the *righteous* are in authority, the people *rejoice;* but when the *wicked* beareth rule, the people *mourn.* *Ibid.*

6. *Faithful* are the *wounds* of a *friend;* but the *kisses* of an *enemy* are *deceitful.* *Ibid.*

7. Set *honor* in *one* eye, and *death* in the *other.*
And I will look on *both* indifferently.

8. A man's *first* care should be to avoid the *reproaches* of his own heart; his *next*, to escape the *censure* of the world.

9. *Religion* raises men *above* themselves; *irreligion* sinks them *beneath* the brutes.

10. It is my *living* sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment; independence NOW, and independence FOREVER! *Webster.*

NOTE IX.—The sense of a passage is varied by changing the place of the emphasis.

QUESTIONS.—What is Antithetic Emphasis? Give examples. What effect has a change of Emphasis on the sense of a passage? Examples.

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EXAMPLES.

1. Has *James* seen his brother to-day? No; but *Charles* has.
2. Has James *seen* his brother to-day? No; but he has *heard* from him
3. Has James seen *his* brother to-day? No; but he saw *yours*.
4. Has James seen his *brother* to-day? No; but he has seen his *sister*.
5. Has James seen his brother *to-day*? No; but he saw him *yesterday*.

REMARK.—To determine the emphatic words of a sentence, as well as the *degree* and *kind* of emphasis to be employed, the reader must be governed wholly by the *sentiment* to be expressed. The idea is sometimes entertained, that emphasis consists merely in *loudness* of tone. But it should be borne in mind, that the most *intense* emphasis may often be effectively expressed, even by a whisper.

SECTION III.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice, made in reading or speaking; as, Will you go to New York, or to Boston?

All the various sounds of the human voice may be comprehended under the general appellation of *tones*. The principal modifications of these tones are the MONOTONE, the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

QUESTION.—How are the emphatic words of a sentence determined? What are inflections? What are the principal modifications of the human voice?

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The Horizontal Line (–) denotes the Monotone.
The Rising Slide (/) denotes the Rising Inflection.
The Falling Slide (\ ) denotes the Falling Inflection.
The Curve (⌣) denotes the Circumflex.

The MONOTONE is that sameness of sound, which arises from repeating the several words or syllables of a passage in one and the same general tone.

REMARK.—The Monotone is employed with admirable effect in the delivery of a passage that is solemn or sublime.

EXAMPLES.

1. Măn thăt īs bōrn ōf ă wōmăn, īs ōf fēw dāys ănd fūll ōf trōuble. Hē cōmēth fōrth līke ă flōwēr, ănd īs cūt dōwn; hē flēēth ălsō ăs ă shădōw, ănd cōntīnūēth nōt.

2. Măn dīēth, ănd wāstēth ăwāy: yēă, măn gīvēth ūp thē ghōst, ănd whēre īs hē? As thē wāters fāil frōm thē sēă, ănd thē flōōd dēcāyēth ănd drīēth ūp, sō măn līēth dōwn, ănd rīsēth nōt; tīll thē hēāvēns bē nō mōrē, thēy shăll nōt ăwāke, nōr bē rāised ōūt ōf thēīr slēēp.

3. Fōr thūs sāith thē hīgh ănd lōfty ōne thăt ĭnhăbītēth ētērnīty, whōse nāme īs Hōly, I dwēll īn thē hīgh ănd hōly plāce.

4. Lōrd, thōu hăst bēēn ōūr dwēllĭng-plāce īn ăll gēnērātīōns. Bēfōre thē mōūntaĭns wēre brōught fōrth, ōr ēvēr thōū hădst fōrmed thē ēarth ănd thē wōrld, ēvēn frōm ēvērlăstĭng tō ēvērlăstĭng, Thōu ărt Gōd. *Bible.*

5. O thōū thăt rōllēst ābōve, rōūnd ăs thē shiēld ōf mў fāthērs! whēnce ăre thў bēams, O sūn! thў ēvērlăstĭng lĭght? *Ossian.*

6. Hīgh ōn ă thrōne ōf rōyăl stāte, whĭch fār
Ōūtshōne thē wēalth ōf Ormūs ōr ōf Ind,
Or whēre thē gōrgēōūs ēast, wĭth rīchēst hāund,
Shōwērs ōn hēr kĭngs bārbārĭc pēal ănd gōld,
Sātān ēxăltēd sāt! *Milton.*

REMARK.—But the inappropriate use of the monotone,—a fault into which young people naturally fall, is a very grave

QUESTION.—How are they sometimes denoted? What is the Monotone? What passages should be read with the monotone? Give examples?

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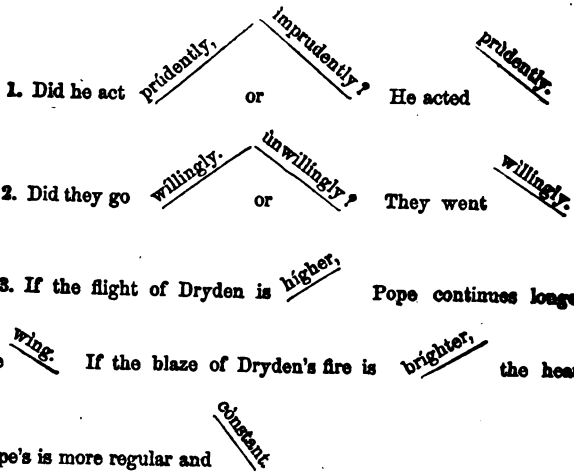
and obstinate error. It is always tedious, and often even ridiculous. It should be studiously avoided.

The RISING INFLECTION is an upward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, Are you prepared to recite your lessons?

The FALLING INFLECTION is a downward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, What are you doing?

In the falling inflection, the voice should not sink below the *general pitch*; but in the rising inflection, it is raised above it.

The two inflections may be illustrated by the following diagrams:


1. Did he act prudently, imprudently? or He acted prudently.
2. Did they go willingly, unwillingly? or They went willingly.
3. If the flight of Dryden is higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If the blaze of Dryden's fire is brighter, the heat of Pope's is more regular and constant.

QUESTION.—What is the Rising Inflection? What is the Falling Inflection? In the falling inflection should the voice sink below the general pitch? Is it raised above the general pitch in the rising inflection?

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4. And hath man the power, with his pride and skill,
To arouse all nature with storms at will?
Hath he power to color the summer clóud,—
To allay the tempest, when hills are bówed?
Can he waken the spring with her festal wréath?
Can the sun grow dim by his latest bréath?
Will he come again when death's vale is tród?
Who then shall dare murmur,—"There is no Gòd!"

REMARK.—The same *degree* of inflection is not, at all times, used, or indicated by the notation. The due degree to be employed, depends on the *nature* of what is to be expressed. For example; if a person, under great excitement, asks another: Are you in earnest? the degree of inflection would be much greater, than if he playfully asks: Are you in earnest? The former inflection may be called *intensive*, the latter, *common*.

RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

RULE I.

Direct questions, or those which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the rising inflection; but their answers, the falling.

EXAMPLES

1. Will you send me those flówers? Yès; or, I will.
2. Did you give me séven? No; I gave you six.
3. Are we better than théy? No; in nò wise.
4. Is he the God of the Jews ónly? is he not also of the Géntiles? Yès; of the Gèntiles also.

QUESTIONS.—Is the same degree of inflection to be used at all times? Repeat Rule I. Give examples.

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5. Do we then make void the law through fàith? God forbid: we estàblish the law. *Bible.*

6. Will he plead against me with his great pówer? Nò; but he will put strèngth in me. *Id.*

7. Was it ambition that induced Regulus to return to Cárthage? Nò: but a love of coùntry and respect for trùth—an act of moral sublimity, arising out of the firmest intègrity.

8 Hark! comes there from the pyramids
And from Siberian wastes of snow
And Europe's hills; a voice that bids
The world be awed to mourn him? Nò. *Pierpont.*

NOTE I.—When the direct question becomes an appeal, and the reply to it is anticipated, it takes the intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. William, *did* we not recite our lessons còrrectly?
2. *Can* a more *inconsistent* argument be urged in its fàvor?
3. *Did* he not perform his part most *àdmirably?*
4. *Was* the Crystal Palace in New York, equal in size to that in Lòndon?

RULE II.

Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the falling inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. How many lessons have you lèarned? Thrèe.
2. Which has the most credit marks to-dáy? Jùlia.
3. Where did your father go, last wèek? To Bòston.
4. When do you expect him to retùrn? Next weék.
5. Who first discovered Amèrica? Christopher Colùmbus.

NOTE I.—When the indirect question is one asking a repetition of what was not, at first, understood, it takes the *rising* inflection.

QUESTIONS.—Does the direct question ever require the falling inflection? Give examples. Repeat Rule II. Give examples. Does the indirect question ever require the rising inflection?

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EXAMPLES.

1. Where did you find those flowers? In the lawn.
   Where did you sáy? In the lawn.
2. *When* did you say congress adjóurned? Last week.

NOTE II.—Answers to questions, whether direct or indirect, when expressive of indifference, take the *rising* inflection, or the circumflex.

EXAMPLES.

1. Where shall we go? I am not partícular.
2. Shall William go with us? If he chŏses.
3. Which do you prefer? I have no chóice.
4. Did you care for his friendship? Not múch.

NOTE III.—In some instances, direct questions become indirect by a change of the inflection from the rising to the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you come to-mórrow or néxt day? Yes.
2. Will you come to-mòrrow, or néxt day? I will come to-morrow.

REMARK.—The first question asks if the person addressed will *come* within the two days, and may be answered by *yes* or *no;* but the second asks on *which* of the two days he will come, and it can not be thus answered.

RULE III.

When questions are connected by the conjunction *or*, the first requires the *rising*, and the second, the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Does Napoleon merit práise, or cènsure?
2. Was it an act of moral coúrage, or còwardice, for Cato to fall on his sword?

Repeat Note II. How do direct questions become indirect? What is Rule III. Give examples.

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3. Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath dàys, or to do èvil? to sáve life, or to kill? *Bible.*

4. Art thou he that should cóme, or do we look for anòther?

RULE IV.

Antithetic terms or clauses usually take opposite inflections; generally, the former has the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. It appears more like a dréam than real life; more like a rómance than a dreadful reàlity.

2. By hónor and dishonor, by evil repórt and good repòrt; as deceív-ers, and yet trùe; as únknown, and yet well knòwn; as dying, and behold, we live; as chástened, and not killed; as sórrowful, yet always rejòicing; as póor, yet making many rìch; as having nóthing, yet possessing àll things. *Bible.*

NOTE I.—When one of the antithetic clauses is a *negative*, and the other an *affirmative*, generally the negative has the *rising*, and the affirmative the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Aim not to shów knowledge, but to acquire it.

2. Let another man pràise thee, and not thine own mòuth; a stràn̄ger, and not thine own líps.

3. You should not say góverment, but gòvernment.

4. Show your courage by your deèds, not by your wórds.

RULE V.

The Pause of Suspension, denoting that the sense is incomplete, usually has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Sír, I implore gentlemen, I adjure them by all they hold dear in this wórld, by all their love of líberty, by all their veneration for their

---

Repeat Rule IV. Give examples. Repeat Note I., and examples. Repeat Rule V., and examples.

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áncestors, by all their regard for postérity, by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed on them such unnumbered and countless blessings, by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and by all the duties which they owe to thémselves, to pàuse, solemnly pause at the edge of the prècipice, before the fearful and dangerous leap is taken into the yawning abyss belòw, from which none who ever take it, shall return in sàfety

NOTE I.—The ordinary direct address, not accompanied with strong emphasis, takes the *rising* inflection, on the principle of the pause of suspension.

EXAMPLES.

1. Ye men of Judéa, and all ye that dwell in Jerúsalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words. *Bible.*

2. Fight, gentlemen of E'ngland! fight, bold yeóman!
Draw, árchers, draw your arrows to the head.

NOTE II.—In some instances of a pause of suspension, the sense requires an intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The prodigal, if he does not become a *pàuper*, will, at least, have but little to bestow on others.

REMARK.—If the *rising* inflection is given on *pauper*, the sense would be perverted, and the passage made to mean, that, in order to be able to bestow on others, it is necessary that he should become a pauper.

RULE VI.

Expressions of tenderness, as of grief, or kindness, commonly incline the voice to the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. O my son Ab'salom! my són, my son Ab'salom! Would God I had died for thée, Ab'salom, my són, my són! *Bible.*

Note I., and examples. Repeat Note II., and example. Rule VI., and example.

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RULE VII.

The Penultimate Pause, or the last but one, of a passage, is usually preceded by the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The changing seasons declare the knòwledge, pòwer, wísdom, and goòdness of God.

2. When the savage provides himself with a hut or a wigwam for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the ràbbit, the bèaver, the beé, and bìrds of every species.

REMARK.—The rising inflection is employed at the penultimate pause in order to promote variety, since the voice generally falls at the end of a sentence.

RULE VIII.

Expressions of strong emotion, as of anger or surprise, and also the language of authority and reproach, are expressed with the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Strike for your homes and liberty,
And the Hèavens you worship o'er you!

2. O Foòls! and *slow of heart* to believe all that the pròphets have written concerning mè! *Bible.*

3. *Hùsh!* breathe it not *aloùd*,
The wild winds must not *heàr* it! Yet, again,
I tell thee—we are FRÈE!

4. *Arise! shine!* for thy light is come, and the glòry of the Lord is rìsen upon thee. *Bible.*

RULE IX.

An emphatic succession of particulars, and emphatic repetition, require the *falling* inflection.

Rule VII., and examples. Rule VIII., and examples. Repeat Rule IX.

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EXAMPLES.

1. Hâil, holy light! ôffspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the eternal, co-eternal bèam.

2. The tèar,
The grôan, the knèll, the pàll, the bièr,
And all we knòw, or drèam, or fèar
Of agony, are thine.

REMARK.—The stress of voice on each successive particular, or repetition, should gradually be increased as the subject advances.

The CIRCUMFLEX is a union of the two inflections on the same word, beginning either with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, or with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*; as, If he goes to [illegible] I shall go to [illegible]

RULE I.

The circumflex is mainly employed in the language of irony, and in expressing ideas implying some condition, either expressed or understood.

EXAMPLES.

1. Nero was a vĭrtuous prince!
2. O, ĕxcellent interpreter of the laws!
3. Am I a dŏg, that thou comest to me with staves?
4. If yoŭ do that, wĕ will do this.
5. Thĕy said, too, as yoû say: "It is our dêstiny."
6. That power is used, not to bĕnefit mankind, but to crûsh them.
7. It has been said that this law is a measure of pêace! Yes; such pêace as the wŏlf gives to the lâmb—the kĭte to the dôve!
8. Thĕy follow an adventurer, whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; wê serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.

QUESTIONS.—What is the Circumflex? When is the circumflex mainly employed? Give examples.

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REMARK.—The rising inflection and circumflex are so nearly allied, that, in many instances, it may be difficult to determine which should receive the preference in the reading of a passage. This is particularly the case where *intense* inflection is not required. But the difference between the *circumflex* and the *falling* inflection is so obvious, that no one would be liable to mistake which should be employed.

SECTION IV.

MODULATION.

MODULATION implies those variations of the voice, heard in reading or speaking, which are prompted by the feelings and emotions that the subject inspires.

EXAMPLES.

EXPRESSIVE OF COURAGE AND CHIVALROUS EXCITEMENT.

FULL TONE. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, *once more*,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

MIDDLE TONE. In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;

SHORT AND QUICK. But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.

HIGH AND LOUD. *On*, ON, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

QUICK AND VERY LOUD. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot;
Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge,
CRY—HEAVEN FOR HARRY! ENGLAND! AND ST. GEORGE!

Shakspeare.

QUESTIONS.—What is Modulation? Give an example.

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REMARK.—To read the foregoing example in one dull, monotonous tone of voice, without regard to the sentiment expressed, would render the passage extremely insipid and lifeless. But by a proper modulation of the voice, it infuses into the mind of the reader or hearer the most animating and exciting emotions.

A correct modulation of the voice is one of the most important requisites in the speaker. For if the voice is kept for a considerable length of time on one continuous key or pitch, he will not only fail to present that variety and force which the subject contains, but he will weary both himself and his hearers.

The voice is modulated in *three* different ways. *First*, it is varied in PITCH; that is, from *high* to *low* tones, and the reverse. *Secondly*, it is varied in QUANTITY, or in *loudness* or *volume* of sound. *Thirdly*, it is varied in QUALITY, or in the *kind* of sound expressed.

PITCH OF VOICE.

PITCH OF VOICE has reference to its degree of elevation.

Every person, in reading or speaking, assumes a certain pitch, which may be either *high* or *low*, according to circumstances, and which has a governing influence on the variations of the voice, above and below it. This degree of elevation is usually called the KEY NOTE.

As an exercise in varying the voice in pitch, the practice of uttering a sentence on the several degrees of elevation, as represented in the following scale, will be found beneficial. First, utter the musical syllables, then the vowel sound, and lastly, the proposed sentence,—ascending and descending.

QUESTIONS.—In how many ways is the voice modulated? What is meant by pitch of voice? What practice is recommended for varying the pitch of voice?

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8.—do—●—*e*–in–*me*.—Virtue alone survives.
7. si ● *i* in *die*. Virtue alone survives.
6.—la—●—*o*–in–*do*.—Virtue alone survives.
5. sol ● *o* in *no*. Virtue alone survives.
4.—fa—●—*a*–in–*at*.—Virtue alone survives.
3. mi ● *a* in *ate*. Virtue alone survives.
2.—re—●—*a*–in–*far*.—Virtue alone survives.
1. do ● *a* in *all*. Virtue alone survives.

Although the voice is capable of as many variations in speaking, as are marked on the musical scale, yet for all the purposes of ordinary elocution, it will be sufficiently exact if we make but *three* degrees of variation, viz., the *Low*, the *Middle*, and the *High*.

1. The Low Pitch is that which falls below the usual speaking key, and is employed in expressing emotions of *sublimity*, *awe*, and *reverence*.

EXAMPLES.

1. It thunders! Sons of dust in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! thou speakest from above;
Almighty! Trembling like a timid child!
I hear thy awful voice! Alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head!

2. The Middle Pitch is that usually employed in common conversation, and in expressing *unimpassioned thought* and *moderate emotion*.

EXAMPLES.

1. When the sun rises or sets in the heavens, when spring paints the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its fruits, or winter returns in its awful forms, we view the Creator manifesting himself in his works.

2. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry heavens, are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder.

Questions.—What is the Low Pitch, and when is it employed? Give examples. For what is the Middle Pitch employed? Examples.

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3. The High Pitch is that which rises above the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing *joyous*, and *elevated feelings*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Ye crags and peaks, I 'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! *Knowles.*

QUANTITY.

Quantity has reference to *fullness* and *duration* of sound.

Quantity is two-fold;—consisting in fullness or volume of sound, as *soft* or *loud;* and in time, as *slow* or *quick*. The former has reference to stress; the latter, to movement.

The degrees of variation in quantity, are numerous, varying from a slight, soft whisper, to a vehement shout. But for all practical purposes, they may be considered as *three*, the same as in pitch;—the *soft*, the *middle*, and the *loud*.

For exercise in quantity, let the pupil read any sentence; as,

"Beauty is a fading flower,"

first in a slight, soft tone, and then repeat it, gradually increasing in quantity to the full extent of the voice. Also, let him read it first very slowly, and then repeat it gradually increasing the movement. In doing this, he should be careful not to vary the pitch.

In like manner, let him repeat any vowel sound, or all of them, and also inversely. Thus:

Question.—What is the High Pitch, and for what is it used? Examples. What is meant by Quantity?

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o o o o o o o o o O O

O O o o o o o o o o o o

REMARK.—Quantity is often mistaken for Pitch. But it should be borne in mind that quantity has reference to *loudness* or *volume* of sound, and pitch to the *elevation* or *depression* of a tone. The difference may be distinguished by the slight and heavy strokes on a bell :—both of which produce sounds alike in *pitch ;* but they differ in *quantity* or *loudness*, in proportion as the strokes are light or heavy.

RULES FOR QUANTITY.

1. SOFT, OR SUBDUED TONES, are those which range from a whisper to a complete vocality, and are used to express *fear*, *caution*, *secrecy*, *solemnity*, and all *tender emotions.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

2. Tread softly—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

2. A MIDDLE TONE, or medium loudness of voice, is employed in reading *narrative*, *descriptive*, or *didactic sentences.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

2. There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of a speaker, as in the choice of his words.

QUESTIONS.—What is the difference between Quantity and Pitch? What are soft, or subdued Tones used to express? Give examples. For what is the Middle Tone employed? Give examples.

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3. A LOUD TONE, or fullness and stress of voice, is used in expressing *violent passions* and *vehement emotions.*

EXAMPLES.

1. And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
THE ETERNAL CITY SHALL BE FREE!

2. On whom do the maledictions fall, usually pronounced in our assemblies? Is it not on this man? Can you point to a more enormous instance of iniquity in any speaker, than this inconsistency between his words and actions.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to *the kind of sound* uttered.

Two sounds may be alike in quantity and pitch, yet differ in quality. The sounds produced on the clarinet and flute, may agree in pitch and quantity, yet be very unlike in quality. The same is often true in regard to the tones of the voice of two individuals. This difference is occasioned mainly by the different positions of the vocal organs.

The qualities of voice mostly used in reading or speaking, and which should receive the highest degree of culture, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Aspirated*, and the *Guttural.*

RULES FOR QUALITY.

1. THE PURE TONE is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, usually accompanied with the middle pitch of voice, and is adapted to express emotions of *joy*, *cheerfulness*, *love*, and *tranquillity.*

EXAMPLES.

1. There is joy in the mountain—the bright waves leap
Like a bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly they flash along—
Let the heavens ring with song!

QUESTIONS.—For what is the Loud Tone used? Give examples. What is meant by Quality? What qualities of voice should receive the highest degree of culture? What is said of the Pure Tone?

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2. THE OROTUND is a full, deep, round, and pure tone of voice, peculiarly adapted to the expression of *sublime* and *pathetic* emotions.

EXAMPLES.

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year!

3. THE ASPIRATED TONE of voice is not a pure, vocal sound, but rather a forcible breathing utterance, and is used to express *amazement*, *fear*, *terror*, *anger*, *revenge*, *remorse*, and *fervent emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

2. For this, of all their wrongs the worst
Great Spirit, let them be accursed.

4. THE GUTTURAL QUALITY is a deep, aspirated tone of voice, used to express *aversion*, *hatred*, *loathing*, and *contempt*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Thou worm! thou viper! to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon! Thou scum! Thou reptile!

2. Tell me I hate the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word:
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!

QUESTIONS.—What, of the Orotund voice? Give an example of the Orotund voice. Describe the Aspirated Tone of voice. What is it used to express? Give examples. What is said of the Guttural Quality? Give examples.

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REMARK.—Whenever a habit of reading or speaking in a *nasal, shrill, harsh,* or *rough* tone of voice is contracted by the pupil, no pains should be spared in eradicating it, and in securing a clear, full, round, and flexible tone.

NOTATION IN MODULATION.

(°) high.	(*p.*) soft.
(°°) high and loud.	(*pp.*) very soft.
(₀) low.	(*f.*) loud.
(₀₀) low and loud.	(*ff.*) very loud.
(=) quick.	(*pl.*) plaintive.
(") short and quick.	(<) increase.
(*sl.*) slow.	(>) decrease.

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN MODULATION.

(*p.*) Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
(*f.*) But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

(*sl.*) When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
(=) Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

(99) Quick! Man the boat! Away they spring
The stranger ship to aid,
And loud their hailing voices ring,
As rapid speed they made.

(*sl.* ₀) All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay;
The Eternal spoke Creation's word,
And called to being—Day!
(=) It streamed from on high,
All reddening and bright,
And angel's song welcomed
The new-born light.

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(∞) Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land! *Halleck.*

(*sl.*) Long years have passed,—and I behold
My father's elms and mansions old,—
The brook's bright wave;
(*pl.*) But, ah! the scenes which fancy drew,
Deceived my heart,—the friends I knew,
Are sleeping now beneath the yew,—
(o) Low in the grave. *Heap.*

(<) Shall man, the possessor of so many noble faculties, with all the benefits of learning and experience, have less memory, less gratitude, less sensibility to danger than the beasts! (<) Shall man, bearing the image of his Creator, sink thus low?

Thomas H. Benton.

(>) The thunders hushed,—
The trembling lightning fled away in fear,—
(*p.*) The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest,—
The raging winds grew still,—
(*pp.*) There was a calm!

(″) Hark! a brazen voice
Swells from the valley, like the clarion
That calls to battle. Skirting all the hills,
(=) Speeds the blithe tone, and wakes an answer up
In rock and forest, till the vale hath talked
With all its tongues, and in the fastnesses
Of the far dingle, (*p.*) faint and (*pp.*) fainter heard,
(>) Dies the last sullen echo.

He said, and on the rampart hights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
(*sl.*) Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
(*pp.*) Still as the breeze, (oo) but dreadful as the storm!
(*po.*) Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
(*ff.*) REVENGE, or DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
(∞) Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
(*f.*) And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! *Campbell.*

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(*f.*) Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,—
And fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in.
(oo) Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there! *A. G. Greene.*

(oo) The combat deepens! ON! YE BRAVE!
Who rush to GLORY, or the GRAVE!
(*ff.*) WAVE, *Munich*, all thy banners WAVE!
And CHARGE with all thy CHIVALRY!
(*pl.*) Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher! *Campbell.*

(*sl.*) At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,
(oo) "LAND! LAND!" cry the sailors; (*ff.*) "LAND! LAND!—he awakes,—
(″) He runs,—yes! behold it! it blesseth his sight!
The land! O dear spectacle! transport! delight!

(*sl.*) His speech was at first low-toned and slow. Sometimes his voice would deepen, (oo) like the sound of distant thunder; and anon, (″) his flashes of wit and enthusiasm would light up the anxious faces of his hearers, (<) like the far-off lightning of a coming storm.

He woke to hear his sentry's shriek,
(oo) To ARMS! they come, (*ff.*) the GREEK! the GREEK!

(oo) Huzza for the sea! the all-glorious sea!
Its might is so wondrous, its spirit so free!
(″) And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul,
Which, impatient, like them, can not yield to control.

(″) Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
Away! away! we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.

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SECTION V.

THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

RHETORICAL PAUSES are those which are frequently required by the voice in reading and speaking, although the construction of the passage admits of no grammatical pause.

These pauses are as manifest to the ear, as those which are made by the comma, semicolon, or other grammatical pauses, though not commonly denoted in like manner by any visible sign. In the following examples they are denoted thus, (‖).

EXAMPLES.

1. And there lay the steed‖ with his nostril all wide,
   But through them there rolled‖ not the breath of his pride;
   And the foam of his gasping‖ lay white on the turf,
   And cold as the spray‖ of the rock-beaten surf.

This pause is generally made before or after the utterance of some important word or clause, on which it is especially desired to fix the attention. In such cases it is usually denoted by the use of the dash (—).

EXAMPLES.

1. Earth's highest station ends in—"HERE HE LIES!"
2. And, lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
   Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
   And blushing, murmured—"LIGHT!"
3. The path of wisdom is—THE WILL OF GOD.
4. There, in his dark, carved oaken chair
   Old Rudiger sat—DEAD! *A. G. Greene.*

QUESTIONS.—What are Rhetorical Pauses? What is said of this pause? Give an example. When is the Rhetorical Pause generally made? Give examples.

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No definite rule can be given with reference to the length of the rhetorical, or grammatical pauses. The correct taste of the reader or speaker must determine it. For the voice should sometimes be suspended much longer at the same pause in one situation than in another; as in the two following

EXAMPLES.

LONG PAUSE.

Pause a moment. I heard a footstep. Listen now. I heard it again; but it is going from us. It sounds fainter,—still fainter. It is gone.

SHORT PAUSE.

John, be quick. Get some water. Throw the powder overboard. "It can not be reached." Jump into the boat, then. Shove off. There goes the powder. Thank Heaven. We are safe.

QUESTIONS.—Are the Rhetorical, or Grammatical Pauses always of the same length? Give examples of a Long Pause. Of a Short Pause.

REMARK TO TEACHERS.

It is of the utmost importance, in order to secure an easy and elegant style of utterance in reading, to refer the pupil often to the more important principles involved in a just elocution. To this end, it will be found very advantageous, occasionally to review the rules and directions given in the preceding pages, and thus early accustom him to apply them in the subsequent reading lessons.

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SANDERS'

HIGH SCHOOL READER.

PART SECOND.

EXERCISES IN RHETORICAL READING.

EXERCISE I.

1. AN ARTIST is a person skilled in any of the fine, or liberal arts; as, Poetry, Music, Painting, Sculpture. An ARTISAN, or mechanic, is one practiced in one of the common or useful arts. The former exercises his skill under the guidance of taste and science; the latter is required merely to follow the rules of his trade, or handicraft.

TRUE FAME.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

1. THE painter who is content with the praise of the world in respect to what does not satisfy himself, is not an artist,[1] but an artisan; for, though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic for his time, and not for his art. He that seeks popularity in art, closes the door on his own genius; as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.

2. Reputation is but a synonym of popularity; dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters. It is the creature, so to speak, of its particular age, or rather of a particular state of society; consequently, dying with that which sustained it. Hence we can scarcely go over a page of history, that we do not, as in a church-yard, tread upon some buried reputation.

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3. But fame can not be voted down, having its immediate foundation in the essential. It is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated, nor is it ever made visible but in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is that light by which the shadow is projected, that is seen of the multitude, to be wondered at and reverenced, even while so little comprehended as to be often confounded with the substance,—the substance being admitted from the shadow, as a matter of faith. It is the economy of Providence to provide such lights: like rising and setting stars, they follow each other through successive ages; and thus the monumental form of Genius stands forever relieved against its own imperishable glory.

4. All excellence of every kind is but variety of truth. If we wish, then, for something beyond the true, we wish for that which is false. According to this test, how little truth is there in art! Little indeed! but how much is that little to him who feels it! Fame does not depend on the *will* of any man, but reputation may be given or taken away; for Fame is the sympathy of kindred intellects, and sympathy is not a subject of *willing;* while Reputation, having its source in the popular voice, is a sentence which may either be uttered or suppressed at pleasure. Reputation, being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the Envious and the Ignorant. But Fame, whose very birth is *posthumous*, and which is only *known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds*, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of willfulness.

5. What *light* is in the natural world, such is fame in the intellectual; both requiring an *atmosphere* in order to become perceptible. Hence the fame of Michael Angelo is, to some minds, a nonentity; even as the sun itself would be invisible *in vacuo*. Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise: it may exist without the breath of a word: it is a *recognition of excellence*, which *must be felt*, but need not be *spoken*. Even the envious must feel it,—feel it, and hate it in silence.

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6. I can not believe that any man who deserved fame, ever labored for it; that is, *directly*. For, as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like an attempt to project a shadow before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied: "I write and paint for fame," has often been repeated: it should have been, "I write, I paint for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about fame, should be placed to the account of reputation. A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained *excellence*, when it is not all in all to him. Nay, I may add, that if he looks beyond it, he has not reached it.

7. An original mind is rarely understood until it has been *reflected* from some half-dozen congenial with it: so averse are men to admitting the *true* in an unusual form; while any novelty, however fantastic, however false, is greedily swallowed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for all truth demands a response, and few people care to *think*, yet they must have something to supply the place of thought. Every mind would appear original, if every man had the power of *projecting* his own into the mind of others.

8. All effort at originality must end either in the quaint or the monstrous. For no man knows himself as an original: he can only belive it on the report of others to whom *he is made known as he is by the projecting power* before spoken of. There is an essential meanness in the wish to *get the better* of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise man, is with himself. Reverence is an ennobling sentiment: it is felt to be degrading only by the vulgar mind, which would escape the sense of its own littleness, by elevating itself into the antagonist to what is above it.

9. He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit to look down: of such minds are the mannerists in art; and, in the world, the tyrants of all sorts. The phrenologists are right in putting the organ of self-love in the back part of the head. It being there that a vain man carries his light: the consequence is that every object he approaches becomes obscure by his own shadow. A witch's skiff can not more easily sail in

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the teeth of the wind, than the human *eye* can lie against fact; but the truth will often quiver through *lips* with a lie upon them.

10. It is a hard matter for a man to lie *all over*, Nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane, to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way: the knees smite together, and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance: the legs shake with anger, when all above is calm. Make no man your idol! For the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art, as in morals.

11. There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can *give*, but which every one, however poor, is bound to *pay*. This is Praise. He can not give it, because it is not his own; since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another, can never become to him a *possession;* nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a *consequence*. As praise, then, can not be made a *gift*, so, neither, when not his due, can any man receive it; he may *think* he does, but he receives only *words;* for desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other.

EXERCISE II.

1. ENTHUSIASM, (from two Greek words, EN, *in, or within*, and THEOS, *a god*,) signifies, literally, the state, or condition of having a *god within;* that is, being under the inspiration of a god; hence strong mental excitement; the state in which imagination gets the better of judgment; ardent feeling.

TRUE ENTHUSIASM

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

1. Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm;[1] and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest

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sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisitions or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart? Its light may illumine, but it can not inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom; it sets free no ice-bound fountains.

2. There are influences which environ humanity, too subtle for the dissecting-knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and, if there is any barrier to their blessed agency, it is a formalized intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but records of toils and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries?

3. Dante composed his immortal poem amid exile and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us, are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his Madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Corregio again and again meet in their works.

4. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts *the children of Love.* The deep interest with which the Italians hail gifted men, inspires them to the mightiest efforts. National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius. When Cellini's statue of Perseus was first exhibited on the Piazza at Florence, it was surrounded for days by an admiring throng, and hundreds of tributary sonnets were placed upon its pedestal. Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome for his poetical labors, and crowds of the unlettered may still be seen on the Mole at Naples, listening to a reader of Tasso.

5. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley

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of the Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here, and two in paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart. Constituted as human nature is, it is in the highest degree natural that rare powers should be excited by voluntary and spontaneous appreciation. Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvas displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts?

6. Lord Brougham calls the word "impossible" the mother-tongue of little souls. What, I ask, can counteract self-distrust, and sustain the higher efforts of our nature, but enthusiasm? While the mere intellectual man speculates, and the mere man of acquisition cites authority, the man of feeling acts, realizes, puts forth his complete energies. His earnest and strong heart will not let his mind rest; he is urged by an inward impulse to embody his thought; he must have sympathy, he must have results. And Nature yields to the magician, acknowledging him as her child. The noble statue comes forth from the marble, the speaking figure stands out from the canvas, the electric chain is struck in the bosom of his fellows. They receive his ideas, respond to his appeal, and reciprocate his love.

EXERCISE III.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

J. RODMAN DRAKE.

1. Early on a pleasant day,
In the poet's month of May,
Field and forest looked so fair,
So refreshing was the air,
That despite of morning dew,
Forth I walked, where tangling grew,

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Many a thorn and breezy bush;
Where the redbreast and the thrush
Gayly raised their early lay,
Thankful for returning day.

2. Every thicket, bush, and tree,
Swelled the grateful harmony;
As it mildly swept along,
Echo seemed to catch the song;
But the plain was wide and clear,
Echo never whispered near!
From a neighboring mocking-bird
Came the answering notes I heard.

3. (*p.*) Soft and low the song began,
I scarcely caught it as it ran
Through the melancholy trill
Of the plaintive whippowil,
Through the ringdove's gentle wail,
Chattering jay and whistling quail,
Sparrow's twitter, cat-bird's cry,
Redbird's whistle, robin's sigh,
Blackbird, bluebird, swallow, lark,
Each his native note might mark.
Oft he tried the lesson o'er,
Each time louder than before.
Burst at length the finished song,
Loud and clear it poured along;
All the choir in silence heard,
Hushed before this wondrous bird!

4. All transported and amazed,
Scarcely breathing—long I gazed:
Now it reached the loudest swell,
Lower, lower, now it fell,
(>) Lower, lower, lower still,
Scarce it sounded o'er the rill.

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Now the warbler ceased to sing;
Then he spread his downy wing,
And I saw him take his flight,
Other regions to delight.

5. Thus, in most poetic wise,
I began to moralize—

In fancy, thus the bird I trace,
An emblem of the rhyming race;
Ere with heaven's immortal fire
(*f.*) Loud they strike the quivering lyre;
Ere in high, majestic song,
Thundering roars the verse along;
(*p.*) Soft they time each note they sing,
Soft they tune each varied string;
Till each power is tried and known;
Then the kindling spark is blown.

6. Thus, perchance, has Moore oft sung;
Thus his lyre hath Milton strung;
Thus immortal Harold's Childe
Thus, O Scott! thy witch-notes wild;
Thus has Pope's melodious lyre
Beamed with Homer's martial fire;
Thus did Campbell's war-blast roar
Round the cliffs of Elsinore;
Thus he dug the soldier's grave,
Iser, by thy rolling wave.

EXERCISE IV.

1. MINSTER, (Saxon, *minstre*, or *mynster*,) is a church or chapel belonging to a monastery: which latter term, coming originally from the Greek word MONOS, *alone*, signifies a place or house of religious retirement.

2. ECSTASY, (EC, *out* and STASIS, *a standing*,) is from a Greek word

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signifying, literally, the removal of a thing out of its place. When applied to the mind, it formerly denoted a displacing, or unsettling of its powers, that is, madness: thence it came to indicate a sort of intoxi cation, or bewilderment of joy; rapturous delight.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

1. The world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is vailed,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe, with crystal, in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mold,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

2. The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
Forever charming and forever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far-off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster,[1] where the hand,
Skillful, and moved with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy,[2] to heaven.

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3. 'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.

4. 'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet,* when his lips were coals,
His language winged with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,
Commissioned to affright us and destroy.

EXERCISE V.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF AMUSEMENTS.

ALISON.

1. It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbid by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy

* 1 Kings, xviii. 21–40.

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of human life, and are destined to produce important effects both upon our happiness and character. They are, in the first place, in the language of the Psalmist, "the wells of the desert;" the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may resume its strength and its hopes.

2. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life, which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion, and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes an habitual desire. What the consequences of this inordinate love of amusement are, I shall now endeavor very briefly to show you.

3. It tends to degrade all the powers of the understanding. It is the eternal law of nature, that truth and wisdom are the offspring of labor, of vigor, and perseverance in every worthy object of pursuit. The eminent stations of fame, accordingly, and the distinguished honors of knowledge, have, in every age, been the reward only of such early attainments, of that cherished elevation of mind, which pursues only magnificent ends, and of that heroic fortitude which, whether in action or in speculation, pursues them by the means of undeviating exertion.

4. For the production of such a character, no discipline can be so unfit as that of the habitual love of amusement. It kindles not the eye of ambition, it bids the heart beat with no throb of generous admiration, it lets the soul be calm, while all the rest of our fellows are passing us in the road of virtue or of science. Satisfied with humble and momentary enjoyment, it aspires to no honor, no praise, no pre-eminence, and, contented with the idle gratification of the present hour, forgets alike what man has done, and what man was born to do.

5. If such be the character of the youthful mind, if it be with such aims and such ambition that its natural elevation can be satisfied, am I to ask you what must be the appearances of riper years?—what the effect of such habits of thought upon

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the understanding of manhood? Alas! a greater instructor, the mighty instructor, Experience, may show you in every rank of life what these effects are. It will show you men born with every capacity, and whose first years glowed with every honorable ambition, whom no vice even now degrades, and to whom no actual guilt is affixed, who yet live, in the eye of the world, only as the objects of pity or of scorn—who, in the idle career of habitual amusement, have dissipated all their powers, and lost all their ambition—and who exist now for no purpose but to be the sad memorials of ignoble taste and degraded understanding.

6. The inordinate love of pleasure is, in the second place, equally hostile to the moral character. If the feeble and passive disposition of mind, which it produces, be unfavorable to the exertions of the understanding, it is, in the same measure, as unfavorable to the best employments of the heart. The great duties of life, the duties for which every man and woman is born, demand, in all situations, the mind of labor and perseverance. From the first hour of existence to the last—from the cradle of the infant, beside which the mother watches with unslumbering eye, to the grave of the aged, where the son pours his last tears upon the bier of his father—in all that intermediate time, every day calls for exertion and activity, and the moral honors of our being can only be won by the steadfast magnanimity of pious duty.

7. Alas! experience has here also decided; it tells you that the mind which exists only for pleasure can not exist for duty; it tells you that the feeble and selfish spirit of amusement gradually corrodes all the benevolent emotions of the heart, and withers the most sacred ties of domestic affection; and it points its awful finger to the examples of those, alas! of both sexes, whom the unrestrained love of idle pleasure first led to error and folly, and whom, with sure, but fatal progress, it has since conducted to be the objects of secret shame and public infamy.

8. In the last place, this unmanly disposition is equally fatal to happiness as to virtue. To the wise and virtuous, to those

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who use the pleasures of life only as a temporary relaxation, as a resting-place to animate them on the great journey on which they are traveling, the hours of amusement bring real pleasure; to them the well of joy is ever full, while to those who linger by its side, its waters are soon dried and exhausted.

9. I speak not now of those bitter waters which must mingle themselves with the well of unhallowed pleasure, of the secret reproaches of accusing conscience, of the sad sense of shame and dishonor, and of that degraded spirit which must bend itself beneath the scorn of the world; I speak only of the simple and natural effect of unwise indulgence, that it renders the mind callous to enjoyment, and that, even though the "fountain were full of water," the feverish lip is incapable of satiating its thirst. Alas! here, too, we may see the examples of human folly. We may see around us everywhere the fatal effects of unrestrained pleasure; the young sickening in the midst of every pure and genuine enjoyment; the mature hastening, with hopeless step, to fill up the hours of a vitiated being; and, what is still more wretched, the hoary head wandering in the way of folly, and, with an unhallowed dotage, returning again to the trifles and the amusements of childhood.

10. Such, then, my young friends, are the natural and experienced consequences of the inordinate love even of innocent amusement, and such the intellectual and moral degradation to which the paths of pleasure conduct. Let me entreat you to pause ere you begin your course, ere those habits are acquired which may never again be subdued, and ere ye permit the charms of pleasure to wind around your soul their fascinating powers.

11. Think, with the elevation and generosity of your age, whether this is the course that leads to honor or to fame; whether it was in this discipline that they were exercised, who, in every age, have blessed or have enlightened the world, whose shades are present to your midnight thoughts, and whose names you can not pronounce without the tear of gratitude or admiration.

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EXERCISE VI.

LABOR AND GENIUS.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

1. The prevailing idea with young people has been, the incompatibility of labor and genius; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do, was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

2. It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men, is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

3. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock; Mr. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time; so had Homer. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years; and in that short space

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carried the art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

4. There are instances to the contrary; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility—overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men—thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them, that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world. And then, when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind.

5. Then do the multitude cry out "a miracle of genius!" Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes, as his point of departure, the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

6. But, while I am descanting upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask: "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care; and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knówledge? What is the use of so much life? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains; it flames night and day, and

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is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

7. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coëval with life, what do I say but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain, that may be your lot in the outer world—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud?

8. Therefore, if any young man have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations, and in all the offices of life.

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EXERCISE VII.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE" is a common saying at the West, equivalent to "*Help Yourself.*"

1. Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be,
"*Paddle your own canoe!*"
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back;
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

2. Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon-mark
"*Paddle your own canoe!*"

3. Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day,
"*Paddle your own canoe!*"

4. If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.

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But, if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue;
And to gain the glittering prize,
"*Paddle your own canoe!*"

5. Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fáte?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and greát?
Would you bless your fellow-mén?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
"*Paddle your own canoe!*"

6. Would you crush the tyrant wrong,
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind—
"*Paddle your own canoe!*"

7. Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But, if you succeed, you must
"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE!"

EXERCISE VIII.

1. The MYR' MI DONS, a people of ancient Thessaly, derived their name, according to some, from *Myrmidon*, their sovereign; according to others, from a Greek word signifying *ants:* the fabulous account of them being

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that they were originally ants, and were changed by Jupiter into men. They accompanied Achilles to the Trojan war, and were daring and desperate in action. Hence the application of their name to all persons of like character.

2. TRITON, in the old mythology, was the fabled trumpeter of Neptune, the god of the sea. He was a sort of demi-god, and is represented as being in form half man and half fish.

3. The NE′ RE IDS were sea-nymphs, and always appeared in the train of Neptune. They rode upon sea-horses: being sometimes represented as having the human form throughout, and sometimes with the tail of a fish.

THE YOUNG MARINERS.

ELIZA COOK.

I.

Bred up beside the rugged coast, three brothers bold were we,
Wild urchin mariners who knew no play-place but the sea:
We spurned all space the earth could give—the valley, hill, and field
The main, the boundless main alone, our reckless sports could yield.
We long had borrowed sail and skiff,—obliged to be content
With any crazy, sluggard hull, that kindly fisher lent:
At last, our spirits, like our limbs, all strong and broad had grown,
And all our thoughts were centered in "a vessel of our *own!*"

II.

The eldest-born, our hope and pride, the brightest of the three,
Had entered on the busy world, a sturdy shipwright he;
And mighty projects filled our heads—we sat in council sage,
With earnest speech and gravity beseeming riper age;
We dared to think, we dared to say, that *he* could frame a boat,
And many others said the same, but questioned: "Would it *float?*"
Yet lines were drawn and timbers bought, all well and wisely planned,
And steadily he set to work to try his "'prentice hand."

III.

He soon gave proof of goodly skill, and built a tiny craft,
While gray-haired sailors shook their heads, and beardless landsmen laughed.
"'Tis a sweet cockleshell," cried they, "well-formed to please a boy;
With silken sails the thing will be a pretty water toy."
We took their taunts all quietly, till she was fit to launch,
And then some eyes began to find she looked a little stanch;
All trim and neat, rigged out complete, we hailed our fairy bark,
And chose her name the Petrel, from the bird of storm and dark.

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IV.

We three, and Will, the smuggler's son, composed her stripling crew;
Her sheets were white as breaker's spray, her pennon old true blue;
And blessed was the breezy hour, and happy wights were we,
When first we gave her wings the wind, and saw her take the sea.
She cleared the bay, and shot away with free and steady speed:
Ne'er faster sped the desert child upon his Arab steed.
And, though that squally day had served the fishers to deter,
The Petrel fairly showed us that it failed to frighten her.

V.

We reefed—she slacked; "Helm down!" she tacked. She scudded—went about.
All nobly done, our hopes were won—what triumph filled our shout!
And miser never prized his heaps, nor bridegroom loved his bride,
As we did our brave Petrel when she cut the booming tide.
Full many a fearful trip we made; no hazard did we shun;
We met the gale as readily as butterflies the sun.
No terror seized our glowing hearts; the blast but raised our mirth;
We felt as safe upon the planks as by our household hearth.

VI.

When many a large and stately ship lay rolling like a log,
With more of water in her hold than that which served for grog,
"What, ho!" we 'd cry, while skimming by, "look here ye boasting band;
Just see what boys with water-toys and silken sails can stand!"
Old Nep might lash his dolphins on with fierce and splashing wrath,
And summon all the myrmidons[1] of death about his path;
The Triton[2] trumpeter might sound his conch-horn long and loud,
Till scaly monsters woke and tossed the billows to the cloud.

VII.

The Nereids[3] might scream their glee, bluff Boreas* howl and rave,
But still the little Petrel was as saucy as the wave.
By day or night, in shade or light, a fitting mate was she,
To ramble with her sponsor-bird, and live on any sea.
She tempted with a witching spell, she lured us to forget
A sister's fear, a mother's tear, a father's chiding threat.
Away we 'd dash, through foam and flash, and take the main as soon,
Amid the scowling tempest as beneath the summer moon.

* The North wind.

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VIII.

Some thirty years of toil and moil have done their work since then,
And changed us three young mariners to staid and thoughtful men;
But, when by lucky chance we meet, we ne'er forget to note
The perils that we dared with such a "wee thing of a boat."
Oh! were it so that time could give some chosen moments back,
Full well we know the sunniest that ever lit life's track;
We 'd ask the days beside the coast, of freedom, health, and joy,
The ocean for our play-place, and the Petrel for our toy.

EXERCISE IX.

NEGLECT OF HEALTH.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1. Among the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorse for the succeeding part of our lives, there is scarce any against which warnings are of less efficacy than the neglect of health. When the springs of motion are yet elastic, when the heart bounds with vigor, and the eye sparkles with spirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves which are now braced with so much strength, and the limbs which play with so much activity, will lose all their power under the gripe of time, relax with numbness, and totter with debility.

2. To the arguments which have been used against complaints under the miseries of life, the philosophers have, I think, forgotten to add the incredulity of those to whom we recount our sufferings. But, if the purpose of lamentation be to excite pity, it is surely superfluous for age and weakness to tell their plaintive stories; for pity presupposes sympathy, and a little attention will show them, that those who do not feel pain, seldom think that it is felt; and a short recollection will inform almost every man that he is only repaid the insult which he has given, since he may remember how often he has mocked infirmity, laughed at its cautions, and censured its impatience.

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3. The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous by suffering it to prevail over all other considerations, as the miser has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to share, but to engross, his mind: they both err alike, by confounding the means with the end; they grasp at health only to be well, as at money only to be rich; and forget that every terrestrial advantage is chiefly valuable as it furnishes abilities for the exercise of virtue.

4. Health is indeed so necessary to all the duties, as well as pleasures, of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a short gratification brings weakness and diseases upon himself, and for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamors of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his own happiness, but as a robber of the public,—as a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, and refused that part which Providence assigns him in the general task of human nature.

5. There are, perhaps, very few conditions more to be pitied than that of an active and elevated mind laboring under the weight of a distempered body. The time of such a man is always spent in forming schemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing; his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleases his ambition with the fame he shall acquire, or his benevolence with the good he shall confer. But in the night the skies are overcast, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience, and distraction, and has no longer any wish but for ease, nor any attention but to misery.

6. It may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes; the distinctions which set one man so much above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human

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glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.

7. There is among the fragments of the Greek poets a short hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happiness of life, of hightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one, who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding, from his own experience, new vigor to the wish, and from his own imagination new colors to the picture. The particular occasion of this little composition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been sick, and in the first raptures of returning vigor addressed Health in the following manner:

8. "Health, most venerable of the powers of heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be passed, nor do thou refuse to bless me with thy residence. For whatever there is of beauty or of pleasure in wealth, in descendants, or in sovereign command, the highest summit of human enjoyment, or in those objects of human desire which we endeavor to chase into the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever solace is granted by the celestials, to soften our fatigues, in thy presence, thou parent of happiness, all those joys spread out, and flourish; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure, and without thee no man is happy."

9. Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation every other comfort is torpid and lifeless, as the powers of vegetation without the sun. And yet this bliss is commonly thrown away in thoughtless negligence, or in foolish experiments on our own strength; we let it perish without remembering its value, or waste it to show how much we have to spare; it is sometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and sometimes sold for the applause of jollity and debauchery.

10. Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety,

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by the votaries of business and the followers of pleasure. Some men ruin the fabric of their bodies by incessant revels, and others by intemperate studies; some batter it by excess, and others sap it by inactivity. To the noisy rout of bacchanalian rioters, it will be to little purpose that advice is offered, though it requires no great ability to prove, that he loses pleasure, who loses health; their clamors are too loud for the whispers of caution, and they run the course of life with too much precipitance to stop at the call of wisdom.

11. Nor, perhaps, will they that are busied in adding thousands to thousands, pay much regard to him that shall direct them to hasten more slowly to their wishes. Yet, since lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate, and thoughtful, they might surely consider, that the greater good ought not to be sacrificed to the less. Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured; but thousands and millions are of no small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take shelter in the arms of sickness.

EXERCISE X.

THE BUSY-BODY.

BISHOP HALL.

1. His estate is too narrow for his mind; and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretense of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in a Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question;

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and, rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose* him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets, he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censures of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse.

2. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and, perhaps, would effect it, if the other's ear were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk, and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and, if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taking up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence.

3. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbor's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tails of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbor at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter; whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition: so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict.

4. There can no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He harbors another man's servant; and, amid his entertainment, asks what

* Question.

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fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth at their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests: and when he hath, by curious inquiries, extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on a new.

5. He hates constancy, as an earthen dullness, unfit for men of spirit; and loves to change his work and his place: neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place as every place is weary of him: for, as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; and look, how many masters he hath, so many enemies; neither is it possible that any should not hate him, but who know him not. So, then, he labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say: "*It was pity he died no sooner.*"

EXERCISE XI.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"This poem," says Cleveland, "appeared anonymously in 'Davison's Poetical Rhapsody,' in 1608, and has been ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. I have therefore given it a place here with his poems, although there is no certainty about it. Sir Egerton Brydges, always good authority in every question of English Literature, places it at the end of his edition of Raleigh's poems, and says: 'I know no author so capable of writing it as Raleigh; but, whoever was the author, it is a poem of uncommon beauty and merit, and glowing with all that moral pathos, which is one of the first charms in the compositions of genius.' It is here printed as in Sir E. Brydges's edition."

1. Go, Soul, the Body's guest,
   Upon a thankless errand;
   Fear not to touch the best;
   The truth shall be thy warrant.
   Go, since I needs must die,
   And give them all the lie.

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2. Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like painted wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What 's good, but does no good.
If Court and Church reply,
Give Court and Church the lie.

3. Tell Potentates, they live
Acting, but oh! their actions
Not loved, unless they give;
Nor strong, but by their factions.
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

4. Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition;
Their practice only hate:
And, if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

5. Tell those that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And, if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

6. Tell Zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
Tell Flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

7. Tell Age it daily wasteth;
Tell Honor how it alters;
Tell Beauty that it blasteth;
Tell Favor that she falters:

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And as they do reply,
Give every one the lie.

8. Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In fickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:
And, if they do reply,
Then give them both the lie.

9. Tell Physic of her boldness;
Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
Tell Law it is contention:
And, if they yield reply,
Then give them still the lie.

10. Tell Fortune of her blindness;
Tell Nature of decay;
Tell Friendship of unkindness;
Tell Justice of delay:
And, if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

11. Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell Schools they lack profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

12. Tell Faith it 's fled the city;
Tell how the Country erreth;
Tell Manhood, shakes off pity;
Tell Virtue, least preferreth:
And, if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

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13. So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

EXERCISE XII.

1. PALLAS is one of the appellations of Minerva, or Athene, who, among the ancient Greeks and Romans, was regarded as the goddess of wisdom, and of the liberal arts.

2. CYTHE RE' A is but another name for the goddess Venus.

3. ILISSUS, a small stream rising to the northeast of Athens, in ancient Greece, and from which the city was mainly supplied with water.

ODE TO WISDOM.

ELIZABETH CARTER.

1. The solitary bird of night
Through the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tower
Where, sheltered from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he la
Beneath his ivy bower.

2. With joy I hear the solemn sound
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas!' I attend,
And faithful to thy summons bend,
At Wisdom's awful seat.

3. She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gayly-colored dyes,
As in the glare of day.

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4. O! Pallas, queen of every art
That glads the sense or mends the heart,
Bless'd source of purer joys;
In every form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise;

5. To thine unspotted shrine I bow;
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
But taught, by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

6. Not fortune's gem, ambition's plume,
Not Cytherea's[2] fading bloom,
Be objects of my prayer:
Let avarice, vanity, and pride,
These glittering, envied toys divide,
The dull rewards of care:

7. To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refined:
For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
For power, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

8. When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchanged is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

9. By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie

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Of Ignorance and Spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

10. From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces dressed.

11. He bade Ilissus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her listening sons around
In awful silence stood.

12. Reclaimed, her wild licentious youth
Confessed the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just control;
The passions ceased their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft, persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

13. Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiased tongue,
The hero's generous strife;
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet, endearing ties
Of still, domestic life!

14. No more to fabled names confined,
To Thee, Supreme, All-perfect Mind,
My thoughts direct their flight;
Wisdom's *Thy* gift, and all her force
From *Thee* derived, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

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15. O! send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way
Through life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to control,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

16. Beneath her clear discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly,
Of folly's painted show;
She sees, through every fair disguise,
That all, but virtue's solid joys,
Is vanity and woe.

EXERCISE XIII.

MAN'S WANTS NECESSARY TO HIS IMPROVEMENT AND HAPPINESS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. Man's grand distinction is his intellect, his mental capacity. It is this which renders him highly and peculiarly responsible to his Creator. It is this, on account of which the rule over other animals is established in his hands; and it is this, mainly, which enables him to exercise dominion over the powers of nature, and to subdue them to himself.

2. But it is, also, true that his own animal organization gives him superiority, and is among the most wonderful of the works of God on earth. It contributes to cause, as well as prove, his elevated rank in creation. His port is erect, his face toward heaven, and he is furnished with limbs which are not absolutely necessary to his support or locomotion, and which are at once powerful, flexible, capable of innumerable modes and varieties of action, and terminated by an instrument of wonderful, heavenly workmanship—the human hand.

3. This marvelous physical conformation gives man the power

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of acting with great effect upon external objects, in pursuance of the suggestions of his understanding, and of applying the results of his reasoning power to his own purposes. Without this peculiar formation, he would not be man, with whatever sagacity he might be endowed.

4. No bounteous grant of intellect, were it the pleasure of Heaven to make such grant, could raise any of the brute creation to an equality with the human race. Were it bestowed on the leviathan, he must remain, nevertheless, in the element where he alone could maintain his physical existence. He would still be but the inelegant, misshapen inhabitant of the ocean, "wallowing unwieldy, enormous in his gait."

5. Were the elephant made to possess it, it would but teach him the deformity of his own structure; the unloveliness of his frame, though "the hugest of things;" his disability to act on external matter, and the degrading nature of his own physical wants, which lead him to the deserts, and give him for his favorite home the torrid plains of the tropics. It was placing the King of Babylon sufficiently out of the rank of human beings, though he carried all his reasoning faculties with him, when he was sent away to eat grass, like the ox.

6. And this may properly suggest to our consideration, what is undeniably true, that there is hardly a greater blessing conferred on man than his natural wants. If he had wanted no more than the beasts, who can say how much more than they he would have attained? Does he associate? Does he cultivate? Does he build? Does he navigate? The original impulse to all these lies in his wants. It proceeds from the necessities of his condition, and from the efforts of unsatisfied desire.

7. Every want, not of a low kind, physical as well as moral, which the human breast feels, and which brutes do not feel, and can not feel, raises man by so much in the scale of existence, and is a clear proof, and a direct instance, of the favor of God toward His so much favored human offspring. If man had been so made as to have desired nothing, he would have wanted almost every thing worth possessing.

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EXERCISE XIV.

VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1. Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this gothic aisle, a light, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and, by his side, a young lady. The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

2. Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done; more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step: the second was for the young man: the third was for God. Sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. What a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful crisis on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some mountainous wave, from which, accordingly, as he choses his course, he descries two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "This way lies hope; take the other way, and mourn forever!"

3. Yet, even then, amidst the raving of the seas and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able

* The writer represents himself as riding on the outside of an English mail-coach, in the uncertian light of early morning. The driver has fallen asleep, and the horses are flying over the road at the rate of thirteen miles an hour.

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to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek all his counsel from *Him*. For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more he sate immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five he sate with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for wisdom to guide him toward the better choice.

4. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and, by a sudden strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken toward the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very center of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the twenty seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound forward may avail to clear the ground.

5. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments—*they* hurry! Oh hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. Fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove, to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to his command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's forefeet upon the crown or arching center of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight.

6. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of

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angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly, than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig.

7. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed—that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and, perhaps, in his heart he was whispering—"Father, which art above, do thou finish in heaven what I on earth have attempted." We ran past them faster than ever mill-race in our inexorable flight.

8. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! With the swingle-bar we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its tale, and wrote all its records on my heart forever. The horse was planted immovably with his forefeet upon the paved crest of the central road. He, of the whole party, was alone untouched by the passion of death.

9. The little caney carriage—partly, perhaps, from the dreadful torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man sat like a rock. He stirred not at all. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if any thing remained to do, by him it could no longer be done.

10. But the lady! Oh! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose,

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threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing! Figure to yourself the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your minds the circumstances of the unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night —from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawn-light, dreamlight—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation —suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

11. The moments were numbered. In the twinkling of an eye our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever.

EXERCISE XV.

IMPORTANCE OF THE CORRECT USE OF TERMS.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1. Felicity, *in its proper* sense, is but another word for fortunateness, or happiness; and I can see no advantage in the improper use of words, when proper terms are to be found, but, on the contrary, much mischief. For, by familiarizing the mind to *equivocal* expressions, that is, such as may be taken in two or more different meanings, we introduce confusion of thought, and furnish the sophist with his best and handiest tools. For the juggle of sophistry consists, for the greater part, in using a word in one sense in the premise, and in another sense in the conclusion.

2. We should accustom ourselves to *think* and *reason* in

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precise and steadfast terms, even when custom, or the deficiency, or the corruption of the language, will not permit the same strictness in speaking. The mathematician finds this so necessary to the truths which he is seeking, that his science begins with, and is founded on, the definition of his terms. The botanist, the chemist, the anatomist, &c., feel and submit to this necessity at all costs, even at the risk of exposing their several pursuits to the ridicule of the many, by technical terms, hard to be remembered, and alike quarrelsome to the ear and the tongue.

3. In the business of moral and religious reflection, in the acquisition of clear and distinct conceptions of our duties, and of the relations in which we stand to God, our neighbor, and ourselves, no such difficulties occur. At the utmost, we have only to rescue words, already existing and familiar, from the false or vague meanings imposed on them by carelessness, or by the clipping and debasing misusage of the market. And surely happiness, duty, faith, truth, and final blessedness, are matters of deeper and dearer interest for all men than circles to the geometrician, or the characters of plants to the botanist, or the affinities and the combining principle of the elements of bodies to the chemist, or even than the mechanism, (fearful and wonderful though it be!) of the perishable Tabernacle of the Soul can be to the anatomist.

4. Among the *aids* to reflection, place the following maxim prominent: Let distinctness in expression advance side by side with distinction in thought. For one useless subtlety in our elder divines and moralists, I will produce ten sophisms of equivocation in the writings of our modern preceptors; and for one error resulting in excess in *distinguishing* the indifferent, I would show ten mischievous delusions from the habit of *confounding* the diverse.

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EXERCISE XVI.

THERE IS A GEM WEALTH CAN NOT BUY.

HORACE S. RUMSEY.

1. There is a gem wealth can not buy,
Which labor brings to light,
By mining deep; it brighter shines
Than stars which crown the night;
A stone for which philosophers
Through weary years have wrought;
By synthesis, analysis,
They for the prize have sought;

2. And failed, because their elements
Were of an earthly mold;
Fire would consume, time would destroy;
They found not the pure gold.
Like those who dive for pearls, we must
Go down into the deep
Of our own souls, toil diligent,
If we the prize would reap.

3. Love, knowledge, wisdom, virtue, joined
By heavenly chemistry,
Form one grand lens, through which all good,
All beauty we may see.
Converge the rays of heaven-born truth,
Their focus is the mind
Of him who labors earnestly
This pearl of price to find.

4. Knowledge, the key that doth unlock
Kind Nature's ample store,
And pours her treasures out like rain
To those who love her lore.

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She giveth them an alchemy
Which turneth dross to gold;
The wardrobe of the beautiful
She doth to them unfold.

5. She calleth up the Samuels
From out the dusky past;
Future events she can divine,
By shadows which they cast.
By knowledge we can thread our way
Through currents of the deep,
And enter port through mist and clouds,
Though storms tempestuous sweep.

6. Knowledge can grasp the universe
Within her ample span.
O God! how beautifully wrought
And wonderful is man,
That on the canvas of his soul
All beauty may appear;
And, as he walks this vale terrene,
Thy image he may wear!

7. That on the scrolls of memory
All truth may written be,
And in the chambers of the soul
Rich pearls from Wisdom's sea!
Ah! thus a world new and sublime
Is opened to our view;
The paradise once lost is found—
Jerusalem, the new.

8. O man, behold how great thou art,
Pronounced supremely good,—
The keystone in perfection's arch,
The last, best work of God!

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pleasure,—the man of ignoble and sinister ambition,—the woman of frivolity, extravagance, and fashion,—the idler, the gambler, the voluptuary,—on all these and their myriad compeers, while borne on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment of the world!

7. How many are clearly, vividly impressed with the great truth, that each, in his own sphere, should live for mankind, as Christ did, for the redemption, instruction, and exaltation of the race, and that the power to do this, in his proper sphere, abides equally with the humblest as the highest?

8. A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable,—monstrous,—well-nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind as breath to the body, and its absence alike the inevitable source of pain.

9. A true life must be calm. A life imperfectly directed is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that a decrepit old age steals upon us so soon. We wear out our energies in strife for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and the worthlessness of the meed. "Is not the life more than meat?" Ay, truly! but how few have practically, consistently, so regarded it! And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling?

10. What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude! How like the wars of the infuriated animalculæ in a magnified drop of water, is the strife constantly waged in each little mind? How Sloth is jostled by Gluttony, and Pride wrestled with by Avarice,

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and Ostentation bearded by Meanness! The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue, affords lodgment, and scope, and arena for a hundred vices. But their warfare can not be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

11. A true life must be genial and joyous. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen, may be very sure he has chosen amiss, or is self-deceived. But not merely happier,—he should be kinder, gentler, and more elastic in spirits, as well as firmer and truer. "I love God and little children," says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier, by the presence of the innocent and lovely; and he who finds his religion averse to, or a restraint upon, the truly innocent pleasures and gayeties of life, so that the latter do not interfere with, and jar upon, its sublimer objects, may well doubt whether he has indeed "learned of Jesus."

EXERCISE XVIII.

ASPIRATION AND ACHIEVEMENT.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1. To a limited apprehension, it would seem as if the greater part of the existence here allotted us, were little more than an apprenticeship to the business of living; and that, if ever we come to understand our authentic position and relations in the world, and how our time and talents might have been wisely and most effectually employed, it is at a stage of life, when the journey is drawing to a close, and hardly an opportunity is left us to turn what we have been learning to account.

2. Are we to suppose, then, that the life of man is essentially a failure? Were we created but to be baffled in our efforts to accomplish what all our instincts and intuitions urge us so im-

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peratively to attempt? Plainly enough, men every where fall short of what they hope for, and what they aim after: it is the universal lamentation that the promise of existence is never realized; but are we, therefore, to conclude that life is utterly a delusion, and that it is impossible to achieve the objects which, as active and discerning beings, we seem destined to pursue? (<) Is it rationally conceivable that we are doomed by an inexorable necessity to spend our strength in vain, and, in aiming to reach the hights of our desires, must forever advance only to be prostrated by the force of hostile circumstances?

3. Life can never have been enforced upon us on such unfair conditions. That which we have been sent into the world to do, we are assuredly competent to perform. The ideal of our existence undoubtedly admits of being wrought into a practical result, of taking shape and embodiment as a satisfactory realization. What the Divine Power has proposed as the end of human life, that, in the nature of things, must be actually attainable; for it is held as a fundamental principle, that God has ordained the well-being of humanity; and, if this be a right conclusion, it must, also, be admitted that men are endowed with such capacities as are needed for the fulfillment of the divine intention.

4. Without this adaptation of the constitution of human nature to the order and arrangements of the material creation, and to such moral conditions as men are appointed to be conformable, there would be no happiness or well-being possible to mankind: men would be as unrelated aliens in the universe, cursed with faculties which they could not exercise, and exposed to an unequal conflict with external powers, which must end only in their own confusion and defeat. Thus their destiny would be one of unmitigable misery: not the welfare, but the everlasting perplexity and despair of the human race, would seem to be decreed; and over the portals of existence might be written, as above the gates of Dante's hell—

Abandon hope, all ye that enter here.

5. It is our faith, at least, that God has built the world and created man for an end worthy of Himself, and that in His wis-

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dom He has not failed to provide the means by which the end may be accomplished. Undoubtedly, the powers of humanity are equal to all the tasks and duties required of it, and to the ultimate attainment of the grandest destination. In himself are centered all the attributes and faculties which, being appropriately developed, are essentially to a man's practical well-being.

6. No portion of his constitution has been assigned to him without its corresponding use and adaptation. His wildest desires only indicate the range of his capacities. He has no thought or hope which points not to a possible accomplishment. He is born for the exercise of power, for conquest and dominion over the forces of external nature, for the command and government of his own riotous propensities, and for the general discernment and adoption of truth, order, and perfection.

7. Small as he may look against the mass and incommensurable variety of the universe, he is invested with a potency of intellect and will, which, considered in its results, may be justly pronounced august, and even splendid. Look how, through successive generations, he has changed the face of the visible creation! How different the aspect of the world since the days, when the race began first to explore and work in it! The aggregate of achievement here is literally incalculable! It was not all barren, that toil and enterprise of the foregone years and ages which we briefly denominate the past.

8. Through difficulty and danger man has wrought, and suffered, and left imperishable works behind him. The visible realized world of towered cities, of nations, monarchies, republics, and other manifold institutions, are all the product of his expansive brain and active hands, and, defective as they look in some respects, are grand enough to do him honor. Let us not disparage this wondrous being in whose image we are formed, and whose glorious breath we breathe; nor deny to our buried ancestry the homage which befits that worth and excellency whose memorial-stones are standing where last they worked and fell. For the habitable globe is, in some sort, the shrine and temple of the departed ages, and therein is gathered all the suf-

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fering and laborious dust that was spent in building it to the hight and circumference of its visible magnificence!

9. Man, we repeat, is great, and equal to the destiny before him. Doubtless, in past times, he has consummated many errors, and, in every successive day of his prolonged existence, he is still liable to mistake and failure; but, taking the measure of his blunders over a reasonable range of time, it will be seen that he steadily advances. The errors of five hundred years ago were something very different from the ordinary short-comings of to-day. A constant progress is visible in the ideas, the institutions, and moral tendencies which successively take possession of the world; and, through the prevailing influence of the ascendent principles, our humanity goes forward toward the perfecting of its nature.

10. Whatsoever seeming retrogressions there may be, in the final comparison of the ages, there is an undeniable advancement. And this is the consequence of an increasing and clearer knowledge of the ordained conditions of human life, and of a more strict obedience to the laws by which our existence is overruled. A perfect conformity to those conditions would result in the actual realization of human welfare. Man would be no longer frustrated in his strivings after happiness, but, in mind, body, and estate, he would reach the full completion of his powers, and derive from their employment a whole and perfect satisfaction.

EXERCISE XIX.

ASPIRATION AND ACHIEVEMENT. (CONTINUED.)

1. All shortcoming and imperfection in the ways of human life, are the consequence of an insufficient adaptation of our nature to the appointed conditions of well-being. As an acute thinker has observed: "Every suffering incident to the human body, from a headache up to a fatal illness—from a burn or a

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sprain to accidental loss of life, is traceable to the having placed that body in a situation for which its powers did not fit it. Nor is the expression confined in its application to physical evil: it comprehends moral evil also.

2. Is the kind-hearted man distressed by the sight of misery? Is the bachelor unhappy, because his means will not permit him to marry? Does the mother mourn over her lost child? Does the emigrant lament leaving his fatherland? Are some made uncomfortable by having to pass their lives in distasteful occupation, and others from having no occupation at all? The explanation is still the same. No matter what the special nature of the evil, it is invariably referrible to the one generic cause—want of congruity between the faculties and their sphere of action." To diminish the evil or discomfort of their situation, whatsoever the situation may chance to be, men must approach closer to the ideal law of their constitution—must seek, in short, to adapt their aims and purposes to the unchangeable conditions on which human welfare, and the success of its varied interests, are, in the nature of things, dependent.

3. From the platform of this idea, we are readily enabled to apprehend the uses of aspiring inclinations. Their very presence in the mind would seem to indicate a natural and effective function; and this, on consideration, will be found to be the fact. The office of aspiration, as we take it, is to stimulate exertion, to induce the man to unfold the powers that are latent in his nature, and thus to bring him eventually to a state of mind and character, whereby the ends of his creation may be answered. Whoever earnestly desires to accomplish any thing of eminent note or service in the world, may be usually considered as thereby giving token of a probable capacity in that direction.

4. The capabilities of man foreshadow that which he should do: every tendency within him has reference to the ends of his existence, and may be developed to the extent of its limitations, in working out the purposes of a rational activity. The nature of this activity is indicated by the leading aptitudes of the in-

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dividual, which ought to determine the specialties of his education, and direct him toward pursuits in which he can most effectually manifest his powers. By endeavoring to realize his aspirations, he will best fulfill the objects of his being.

5. To every man it may be said: Follow thy genius, that glowing, lode-star of thy destiny, and it will shine on thee as thou journeyest with a never-fading radiance, and guide thee through all untoward and perplexing paths, to the vocation and the duty which befits thee! Our life is so marred and fruitless, because we miss the work that is most appropriate to our faculties, or perversely labor in the pursuit of objects that are not accordant with the authentic ends of our existence.

6. Could every man apply himself to employments which are most suited to his capabilities, and, in his appointed calling, work only with a view to serviceable, sincere, and ennobling results, the measure of his achievement might still, perchance, fall short of his original aspirations; but, being commensurate with his powers, and conformable to the eternal laws, it could not fail to yield him that assurance of security and contentment which by necessity proceeds from all faithfulness of action. As the very extravagance of our desires is designed to serve a purpose in our constitutional economy, it will be found eventually that the aspiration is no further in excess than is requisite for securing a sufficiency of achievement—that the one transcends the other just as the highest wave of the tide dashes further upon the shore than the rest of the waters will afterwards advance.

7. That discrepancy between the desire and the accomplishment, which was noticed at the beginning, in so far as it implies actual failure of performance, is the plain and natural consequence of the non-observance of the conditions of success. Aspiration may be misdirected; as when a man, under the influence of vanity or ambition, aims to achieve something beyond the compass of his faculties; or when actuated by impure and contracted motives, he seeks after a selfish or debasing gratification. If, after years of painful and unrewarded effort, he should

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find all his plans of aggrandizement or pleasure unsuccessful or unsufficing, it becomes him to understand that he has been working in wrong directions, for objects and purposes that have no reference to his individual well-being, and which are, therefore, incapable of yielding him any abiding satisfactions.

8. It is not for *him* to complain of the emptiness of life, or of the delusiveness of human expectation; for his perverted existence has had no substantial hold on Nature; and her recompenses are stringently reserved for such only as live in conformity with her laws. Had he lived for Nature's ends, and thus partaken of her benefits, he would not have profaned her majesty by questioning the perfection of her ordainments. The wisdom and celestial beauty that are in her, would have won his love and admiration, and thrilled his soul with a sacred and impassioned thankfulness. Working in accordance with her tendencies, he might have realized whatever hope or yearning was grounded in his character, and made his life the manifestation of his noblest aims and strivings.

9. When a man is true and faithful, his "ambition is exactly proportioned to his powers." He will aspire only after that which is possible to his genius, and be content with the result which he can wring from his best exertions. Nothing more can be required of him; and by nothing less can he be justified at the tribunal of the universe. Yet let us not account too much of the offenses of error and shortcoming, which needs must happen while we remain in this probationary state; for these are often but as the casual falls and stumblings of a runner well intent upon the race; and the goal of well-doing may be reached, and the prize achieved, notwithstanding the accidents of the course.

10. When the inner purpose of a life is true, it will not be materially impaired by occasional defect of details. From the divine act of repentance a profounder faith may spring, and, through renewed effort and persistency, the lost ground may be recovered. A man will not advance himself by indulging in unavailing retrospections, nor anywise better his estate by de-

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ploring his instability. The authentic objects of his life are to be gained only by present action, by doing here and now that which has hitherto been left undone, and thus progressively atoning for the deficiencies of the past. Neglected opportunities may never again return, but always the possibilities of to-day are such, that at least something may be done. By steadily pursuing the ideal, when the soul is once open to discern it, a man undoubtedly ascends nearer to that perfection for which his awakened nature longs, and, in the round of his development, fulfills his appointed destination.

EXERCISE XX.

HUMAN LIFE.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1. Life is one, and universal; its forms many and individual. Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation, there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle it flies from birth to death, from death to birth; from the beginning seeks the end, and finds it not; for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer's sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun; so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love.

2. Of all these forms the highest and most perfect in its god-likeness is the human soul. The vast cathedral of nature is full of holy scriptures, and shapes of deep, mysterious meaning; but all is solitary and silent there; no bending knee, no up-lifted eye, no lip adoring, praying. Into this vast cathedral comes the human soul, seeking its Creator; and the universal silence is changed to sound, and the sound is harmonious, and has a meaning, and is comprehended and felt.

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3. It was an ancient saying of the Persians, that the waters rush from the mountains and hurry forth into all the lands to find the lord of the earth; and the flame of fire, when it awakes, gazes no more upon the ground, but mounts heavenward to seek the lord of heaven; and here and there the earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around, to see if the Judge of the World comes not! Thus, in nature herself, without man, there lies a waiting, and hoping, a looking, and yearning, after an unknown somewhat.

4. Yes; when, above there, where the mountain lifts its head over all others, that it may be alone with the clouds and storms of heaven, the lonely eagle looks forth into the gray dawn, to see if the day comes not! When, by the mountain torrent, the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley; and when the soon uprising sun calls out the spicy odors of the thousand flowers, the Alpine flowers, with heaven's deep blue and the blush of sunset on their leaves, then their awakes in nature, and the soul of man can see and comprehend it, an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty.

5. It awakens, also, when, in the fullness of life, field and forest rest at noon, and through the stillness is heard only the song of the grasshopper and the hum of the bee; and when at evening the singing lark, up from the sweet-swelling vineyards rises, or, in the later hours of night, Orion puts on his shining armor, to walk forth in the fields of heaven. But in the soul of man alone is this longing changed to certainty and fulfilled. For lo! the light of the sun and the stars shines through the air, and is nowhere visible and seen; the planets hasten with more than the speed of the storm through infinite space, and their footsteps are not heard, but where the sunlight strikes the firm surface of the planets, where the storm-wind smites the wall of the mountain cliff, there is the one seen and the other heard.

6. Thus is the glory of God made visible, and may be seen

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where in the soul of men it meets its likeness changeless and firm-standing. Thus, then, stands man; a mountain on the boundary between two worlds; its foot in one, its summit far-rising into the other. From this summit the manifold landscape of life is visible, the way of the past and perishable, which we have left behind us; and, as we evermore ascend, bright glimpses of the daybreak of eternity beyond us!

EXERCISE XXI.

TO DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLÜCK.

1. Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'ercanopies the west;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

2. There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity.
These clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

3. These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day,
Life's tedious nothings o'er,
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

4. No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day;

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But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;
One fixed eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide, silent scene.

5. I can not doff all human fear;
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, oh, Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! the rest is bliss!
I would I were away.

EXERCISE XXII.

ODE TO ELOQUENCE.

HENRY CAREY.

1. CE CRO' PI A is the original name of Athens, being derived from Cecrops, who was the earliest founder of that city.

2. HER' MES, among the Greeks, was the name of Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and himself the god of Eloquence and the patron of Orators. Hence the appellation "Son of Hermes," in allusion to Demosthenes, the greatest of all the Grecian orators.

3. NAIADS (*Na' yads*), in the Greek Mythology, were certain inferior deities, represented generally as young and beautiful virgins who presided over rivers, brooks, springs and fountains.

4. Io PÆ' AN is a song of victory, so called from Pæan, or Apollo, in whose praise it was sung. Io! is a mere word of exclamation, like *Huzza!*

5. PHILIPPI'S LORD, that is, Philip of Macedon, against whose ambitious designs the eloquence of Demosthenes was, for many years, directed with singular success.

6. TAR PE' IAN ROCK, a celebrated rock at Rome, overhanging the river Tiber, and from which state criminals were accustomed to be thrown.

1. Heard ye those loud contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's[1] pillared státe?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up and tremble at her fáte?

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2. Who shall calm the angry storm?
Who the mighty task perform,
And bid the raging tumult cease?
See the son of Hermes[3] rise,
With siren tongue, and speaking eyes,
(*p.*) Hush the noise, and soothe to peace!

3. See the olive-branches waving
O'er Ilissus'* winding stream,
Their lovely limbs the Naiads' laving,
The Muses smiling by, supreme!

4. See the nymphs and swains advancing,
To harmonious measures dancing;
Grateful Io Pæans[4] rise
To thee, O Power! who can inspire
Soothing words, or words of fire,
And shook thy plumes in Attic skies.

5. Lo! from the regions of the north,
The reddening storm of battle pours,
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on Olynthian towers.

6. "Where rests the sword?—where sleeps the brave?
Awake! Cecropia's ally save
From the fury of the blast;
Burst the storm on Phocis' walls!
(°°) Rise! or Greece forever falls;
Up, or Freedom breathes her last!"

7. The jarring states, obsequious now,
View the Patriot's hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his brow,
Lightning flashing from his eye.

8. Borne by the tide of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspires the throng!—

* See Note, p. 73.

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(°°) "To arms! to *arms!* to ARMS!" they cry,
"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
Lead us to Philippi's lord,[5]
Let us conquer him, or die!"

9. Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone;
Wast from thy native country driven,
When tyranny eclipsed the sun,
And blotted out the stars of heaven!

10. When Liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew
To where the Tiber pours his urn—
She struck the rude Tarpeian[6] rock,
Sparks were kindled by the shock—
Again thy fires began to burn!

11. Now shining forth thou mad'st compliant
The conscript fathers to thy charms,
Roused the world-bestriding giant,
Sinking fast in Slavery's arms!

12. I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
Pouring the persuasive strain,
Giving vast conceptions birth:
Hark! I hear thy thunders sound,
Shake the Forum round and round,
Shake the pillars of the earth.

13. First-born of Liberty divine!
Put on Religion's bright array,
Speak! and the starless grave shall shine
The portal of eternal day.

14. Rise! kindling with the orient beam,
Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme,
Unfold the garments rolled in blood!
Oh, touch the soul—touch all her chords
With all the omnipotence of words,
And point the way to Heaven—to GOD!

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EXERCISE XXIII.

1 PLEIADES (*Ple' ya dēz*) is the constellation of the seven stars, that rises at the end of Spring. Job says: (chap. xxxviii, v. 31.) "*Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?*" alluding to the agreeableness of the Spring season.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

CHARLES SUMNER

1 Humanity has ever advanced, urged by the instincts and necessities implanted by God, thwarted for a time—a moment only, in the immensity of age—to deviate from its true line, or to seem to retreat, but still ever onward. At last we know the law of this movement; we fasten our eyes upon that star unobserved in the earlier ages, which lights the way to the future, opening into vistas of infinite variety and extension.

2. Amid the disappointments which may attend individual exertions, amid the agitations which now surround us, let us recognize this law, let us follow this star, confident that whatever is just, whatever is humane, whatever is good, whatever is true, according to an immutable ordinance of Providence, in the golden light of the future, must prevail. With this faith, let us place our hands, as those of little children, in the great hand of God. He will ever guide and sustain us—through pains and perils it may be—in the path of Progress.

3. In the recognition of this law, there are motives to beneficent activity which shall endure to the last syllable of life. Let the young embrace it; they shall find in it an ever-living spring. Let the old cherish it still; they shall derive from it fresh encouragement. It shall give to all, both old and young, a new appreciation of their existence, a new sentiment of their force, a new revelation of their destiny.

4. A life filled by this thought shall have comforts and consolations, which else were unknown. In the flush of youthful ambition, in the self-confidence of success, we may be indifferent to the calls of Humanity; but history, reason, and religion, all speak in vain, if any selfish works, not helping the progress of

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mankind, although favored by worldly smiles, can secure that happiness and content which all covet as the crown of life.

5. Look at the last days of Prince Talleyrand, and learn the wretchedness of an old age which was enlightened by no memory of generous toils, by no cheerful hope for his fellow-men. Then, when the imbecility of existence rendered him no longer able to grasp power, or to hold the threads of intrigue, he surrendered himself to discouragement and despair. By the light of a lamp which he trimmed in his solitude, he traced these lines—the most melancholy lines ever written by an old man: "*Eighty-three years of life are now past! filled with what anxieties, what agitations, what enmities, what troublous perplexities! And all this with no other result than a great fatigue, physical and moral, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the Future, and of disgust for the Past.*"

6. Poor old man! Poor indeed! In his loneliness, in his failing age, with death awaiting at his palace gates, what to him were the pomps he had enjoyed! What were titles! What were offices! What was the lavish wealth in which he lived! More precious far, at that moment, would have been the consolation that he had labored for his fellow-men, and the joyous confidence that all his cares had helped the progress of his race.

7. Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement to live, and to labor, ever mindful of the Future. The goal is distant, and ever advancing; but the march is none the less certain. As well attempt to make the sun stand still in his course, or to restrain the sweet influences of the Pleiadés, as to arrest the incessant, irresistible movement, which is the appointed destiny of man.

EXERCISE XXIV.

UNITY AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

1. The authors of the American Revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in

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the service of their own and of all future generations. Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers; and all are bondsmen for one another. All nations, too, are brothers, and each is responsible for that federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none.

2. New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged unity of the race. To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind, was the distinctive glory of the Christian religion. No more were the nations to be severed by the worship of exclusive deities. The world was instructed that all men are of one blood; that for all there is but one divine nature, and but one moral law; and the renovating faith taught the singleness of the race, of which it embodied the aspirations and guided the advancement.

3. In due time appeared the mariner from Genoa. To Columbus, God gave the keys that unlock the barriers of the ocean, so that he filled Christendom with his glory. The voice of the world had whispered to him that the world is one; and as he went forth toward the west, plowing a wave which no European keel had entered, it was his high purpose not merely to open new paths to islands or to continents, but to bring together the ends of the earth, and join all nations in commerce and spiritual life.

4. While the world of mankind is accomplishing its nearer connection, it is, also, advancing in the power of its intelligence. No period of time has a separate being. We are cheered by rays from former centuries, and live in the sunny reflection of all their light. What though thought is invisible, and, even when effective, seems as transient as the wind that raised the cloud! It is yet free and indestructible; can as little be bound in chains as the aspiring flame; and, when once generated, takes eternity for its guardian.

5. We are the children and the heirs of the past with which,

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as with the future, we are indissolubly linked together; and he that truly has sympathy with every thing belonging to man, will, with his toils for posterity, blend affection for the times that are gone by, and seek to live in the vast life of the ages. It is by thankfully recognizing those ages as a part of the great existence in which we share, that history wins power to move the soul. She comes to us with tidings of that which for us still lives, of that which has become the life of our life.

6. And, because the idea of improvement belongs to that of continuous being, history is, of all pursuits, the most cheering. It throws a halo of delight and hope even over the sorrows of humanity, and finds promises of joy among the ruins of empires and the graves of nations. It sees the footsteps of Providential Intelligence everywhere, and hears the gentle tones of His voice in the hour of tranquillity;

> "Nor God alone in the still calm we find;
> He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind."

7. Institutions may crumble, and governments fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth, and mount upward like the eagle. The petals of the flower wither, that fruit may form. The desire of perfection, springing always from moral power, rules even the sword, and escapes unharmed from the field of carnage; giving to battles all that they can have of luster, and to warriors their only glory; surviving martyrdoms, and safe amid the wreck of states.

EXERCISE XXV.

THE MEN AND DEEDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. Often as it has been repeated, it will bear another repetition; it never ought to be omitted in the history of constitutional liberty; it ought especially to be repeated this day;—the various addresses, petitions, and appeals, the correspondence, the

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resolutions, the legislative and popular debates, from 1764 to the Declaration of Independence, present a maturity of political wisdom, a strength of argument, a gravity of style, a manly eloquence, and a moral courage, of which unquestionably the modern world affords no other example.

2. This meed of praise, substantially accorded at the time by Lord Chatham in the British Parliament, may well be repeated by us. For most of the venerated men to whom it is paid, it is but a pious tribute to departed worth. The Lees and the Henrys, Otis, Quincy, Warren, and Samuel Adams, the men who spoke those words of thrilling power, which raised, and directed the storm of resistance, and rang like the voice of fate across the Atlantic, are beyond the reach of our praise. To most of them it was granted to witness some of the fruits of their labors—such fruits as revolutions do not often bear. Others departed at an untimely hour, or nobly fell in the onset; too soon for their country, too soon for every thing but their own undying fame.

3. But all are not gone; some still survive among us, to hail the jubilee of the independence they declared. Go back, fellow-citizens, to that day, when Jefferson and Adams composed the sub-committee who reported the Declaration of Independence. Think of the mingled sensations of that proud, but anxious day, compared to the joy of this. What reward, what crown, what treasure, could the world and all its kingdoms afford, compared with the honor and happiness of having been united in that commission, and living to see its most wavering hopes turned into glorious reality!

4. Venerable men! you have outlived the dark days which followed your more than heroic deed; you have outlived your own strenuous contention, who should stand first among the people whose liberty you had vindicated! You have lived to bear to each other the respect, which the nation bears to you both; and each has been so happy as to exchange the honorable name of the leader of a party, for that more honorable one, the Father of his Country. While this our tribute of re-

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spect, on the jubilee of our independence, is paid to the gray hairs of the venerable survivor in our neighborhood (Adams), let it not less heartily be sped to him (Jefferson) whose hand traced the lines of that sacred charter, which, to the end of time, has made this day illustrious.

5. And is an empty profession of respect all that we owe to the man who can show the original draught of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America, in his own hand-writing? Ought not a title-deed like this to become the acquisition of the nation? Ought it not to be laid up in the public archives? Ought not the price, at which it is bought, to be a provision for the ease and comfort of the old age of him who drew it? Ought not he, who, at the age of thirty, declared the independence of his country, at the age of eighty, to be secured by his country in the enjoyment of his own?

6. Nor would we, on the return of this eventful day, forget the men who, when the conflict of council was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint out this picture, in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day.

7. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war, as well as council, are seen, in fancy's eye, to take their stations on the Mount of Remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war! With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us

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for their brethren who survive; and command us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves!

EXERCISE XXVI.

TRUE FREEDOM—HOW TO GAIN IT.

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. We want no flag, no flaunting flag,
For Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words;
The mind our battle-plain;
We 've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

2. We love no triumphs sprung of force,—
They stain her brightest cause;
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart,
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

3. We yield to none in earnest love
Of Freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry "Fraternity!"
We keep the march of Time.
And yet we grasp no pike nor spear,
Our victories to obtain;
We 've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

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4. We want no aid of barricade,
To show a front of wrong;
We have a citadel in Truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striven in vain;
They 've won our battle many a time,
And so they shall again.

5. Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widow's groan shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We 've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

EXERCISE XXVII.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

1. There is a voice of magic power
To charm the old, delight the young,—
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue,
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptured on the voice of praise.

2. The timid child, at that soft voice,
Lifts, for a moment's space, the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepared to fly;
'Tis pleasure breathes that short, quick sigh,

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And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

3. The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their darling victor near,
Feels he not then his heart rejoice,
Their shouts of love, of praise to hear?
Yes! fame to generous minds is dear;
It pierces to their inmost core;
He weeps, who never shed a tear;
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

4. The poet, too—ah! well I deem
Small is the need the tale to tell—
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
On thee at noon, at midnight dwell?
Who knows not that thy magic spell
Can charm his every care away?
In memory cheer his gloomy cell;
In hope can lend a deathless ray?

5. 'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh
When friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But, oh! a thousand times more sweet,
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

6. That voice can quiet passion's mood,
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise and from the good
It breathes of immortality!
There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine,
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh,—
My mother! need I say, 'tis thine?

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EXERCISE XXVIII.

1. GE' NI I are imaginary beings that perform an important part in the interesting legends of the East. They are said to be created from fire, and to occupy a place intermediate between men and angels. Some of them are represented as being good, and some bad.

WHAT 'S HALLOWED GROUND?

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. What 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knée?

2. What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep,
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii[1] twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

3. But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die!

4. Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight,
The sword he draws:
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

5. Give that; and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's welkin space!

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The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear!

6. And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! But Heaven rebukes my zeal:
The cause of truth and human weal—
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love!

7. Peace, Love—the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not;
The *heart* alone can make divine
Religion's spot!

8. To incantation dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See moldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.

9. The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigot's dare not ban—
Its space is heaven!

10. Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

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11. Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of Heavenly love!

12. And in your harmony sublime,
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

13. What 's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

EXERCISE XXIX.

THE NOBLENESS OF A TRUE LIFE.

HORACE MANN.

1. Whoever yields to temptation debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise. This, indeed, is the calamity of calamities, the bitterest dreg in the cup of bitterness. Every unrighteous act tells with a thousandfold more force upon the actor than upon the sufferer. The false man is more false to himself than to any one else. He may despoil others, but himself is the chief loser. The world's scorn he might sometimes forget, but the knowledge of his own perfidy is undying. The fire of guilty passions may torment whatever lies within the circle of its radiations; but fire is always hottest at the center, and that center is the profligate's own heart.

2. A man can be wronged and live; but the unresisted, un-

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checked impulse to do wrong is the first and second death. The moment any one of the glorious faculties with which God has endowed us, is abused or misused, that faculty loses, forever, a portion of its delicacy and its energy. Every injury, which we inflict upon our moral nature in this life, must dull forever and ever our keen capacities for enjoyment, though in the midst of infinite bliss, and weaken our power of ascension, where virtuous spirits are ever ascending.

3. It must send us forward into the next stage of existence maimed and crippled, so that, however high we may soar, our flight will always be less lofty than it would otherwise have been; and, however exquisite our bliss, it will always be less exquisitely blissful than it was capable of being. Every instance of violated conscience, like every broken string in a harp, will limit the compass of its music, and mar its harmonies forever. Tremble, then, and forbear, oh man! when thou wouldst forget the dignity of thy nature and the immortal glories of thy destiny; for, if thou dost cast down thine eyes to look with complacency upon the tempter, or lend thine ear to listen to his seductions, thou dost doom thyself to move forever and ever through inferior spheres of being; thou dost wound and dim the very organ with which alone thou canst behold the splendors of eternity.

4. The world is entering upon a new moral cycle. The great heart of humanity is heaving with hopes of a brighter day. All the higher instincts of our nature prophesy its approach; and the best intellects of the race are struggling to turn that prophecy to fulfillment. Thoughts of freedom, duty, benevolence, equality, and human brotherhood agitate the nations. Were these thoughts imprisoned in the center of the earth, they would burst its granite folds, speed onward in their career, and fulfill their destiny. They are imbued with a deathless vigor. They must prevail, or the idea of a Moral Governor of the universe is an imposture, and the divine truths of the Gospel a fable.

5. Here, then, is opened a new and noble career for the am-

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bition of emulous youth; not the ambition for subduing men into slaves, but the holy ambition of elevating them into peers; not for usurping principality or kingdom, but for building himself up into principality and kingdom; not merely for gathering renown, as it were, star by star, to be woven into a glittering robe for his person, or to make a crown of glory for his head; but to expand his own soul into grander proportions, to give it angelic and archangelic loftiness of stature and to fill it perpetually with that song of joy, which even the morning stars could not but sing, when they beheld the splendor of the Godhead reflected from the new creation.

6. Here are opportunities, means, incitements, through which the young man may build himself up more and more into a likeness of the universe in which he dwells, and configure himself more and more to the Infinite Perfection that governs it. In a physical and in a spiritual sense, the universe around is full; and, as we can not go beyond the circumference of present physical discoveries without discovering new theaters of being, so we can not go beyond the circumference of existing spiritual relations without finding new spiritual relation.

7. Columbus was devoted to the study of geography. As the result of that study, he felt that there was a continent to be discovered; and he discovered it. The mind of Newton pondered on astronomical truths. His contemplations engendered the belief that some cohesive principle bound together the worlds on high: and he demonstrated the law of gravitation. Washington was a patriot. He yearned for liberty; and by his valor and his wisdom our republic was established.

8. So new moral blessings and beauties are certain to reward the efforts of new moral power, whatever direction that power may take. Grander discoveries than any which have yet been made, revelations that lay beyond the ken of Bacon's far-seeing vision, and beauties that shone outside the imagination of the vast-minded Shakspeare, await the invoking power of philanthropic genius.

9. Benevolence is a world of itself, a world which mankind,

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as yet, have hardly begun to explore. We have, as it were, only skirted along its coasts for a few leagues, without penetrating the recesses, or gathering the riches of its vast interior. Hostile nations and repugnant races of men are wayward and devious orbs, yet to be brought into a system of brotherhood by the attractions of love. Justice, honor, love, and truth, are the corner-stones of the holy government which is yet to be organized upon earth. For all true-hearted adventurers into these new realms of enterprise, there are moral Edens to be planted, such as Milton with his celestial verse could never describe, and there are hights of moral sublimity to be attained, such as Rosse with his telescope could never descry.

10. Glowing with a vivid conception of these truths, so wonderful and so indisputable, let me ask, whether, among all the spectacles which earth presents, and which angels might look down upon with an ecstasy too deep for utterance, is there one fairer and more enrapturing to the sight than that of a young man, just fresh from the Creator's hands, and with the unspent energies of the coming eternity wrapped up in his bosom, surveying and recounting, in the solitude of his closet or in the darkness of midnight, the mighty gifts with which he has been endowed, and the magnificent career of usefulness and of blessedness, which has been opened before him; and resolving, with one all-concentrating and all-hallowing vow, *that he will live, true to the noblest capacities of his being, and in obedience to the highest law of his nature!*

EXERCISE XXX.

MORAL DANGERS OF BUSINESS.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

1. I ask, if there is not good ground for the admonitions on this point, of every moral and holy teacher of every age? What means, if there is not, that eternal disingenuity of trade,

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that is ever putting on fair appearances and false pretenses—of "the buyer that says, it is naught, it is naught, but when he is gone his way, then boasteth"—of the seller who is always exhibiting the best samples, not fair but false samples, of what he has to sell; of the seller, I say, who, to use the language of another, "if he is tying up a bundle of quills, will place several in the center of not half the value of the rest, and thus sends forth a hundred liars, with a fair outside, to proclaim as many falsehoods to the world?"

2. These practices, alas! have fallen into the regular course of the business of many. All men expect them; and, therefore, you may say, that nobody is deceived. But deception is intended: else why are these things done? What if nobody is deceived? The seller himself is corrupted. He may stand acquitted of dishonesty in the moral code of worldly traffic; no man may charge him with dishonesty; and yet to himself he is a dishonest man. Did I say that nobody is deceived? Nay, but somebody is deceived. This man, the seller, is grossly, woefully deceived. He thinks to make a little profit by his contrivances: and he is selling, by pennyworths, the very integrity of his soul.

3. Yes, the prettiest shop where these things are done, may be, to the spiritual vision, a place of more than tragic interest. It is the stage on which the great action of life is performed. There stands a man who, in the sharp collisions of daily traffic, might have polished his mind to the bright and beautiful image of truth, who might have put on the noble brow of candor, and cherished the very soul of uprightness. I have known such a man. I have looked into his humble shop. I have seen the mean and soiled articles with which he is dealing. And yet the process of things going on there was as beautiful as if it had been done in Heaven!

4. But now, what is this man—the man who always turns up to you the better side of every thing he sells—the man of unceasing contrivances and expedients, his life long, to make things appear better than they are? Be he the greatest merchant or the poorest huckster, he is a mean, a knavish—and

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were I not awed by the thoughts of his immortality, I should say—a contemptible creature, whom nobody that knows him can love, whom nobody can trust, whom nobody can reverence.

5. Not one thing in the dusty repository of things, great or small, which he deals with, is so vile as he. What *is* this *thing*, then, which is done, or may be done, in the house of traffic? I tell you, though you may have thought not so of it—I tell you that *there*, even *there*, a soul may be lost!—that that very structure, built for the gain of earth, may be the gate of hell! Say not that this fearful appellation should be applied to worse places than that. A man may as certainly corrupt all the integrity and virtue of his soul in a warehouse or a shop, as in a gambling-house.

EXERCISE XXXI.

ROUND OF AMERICAN LIFE.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

1. *In this New World, life's changing round,*
In three descents, is often found.
The *first*, firm, busy, plodding, poor,
Earns, saves, and daily swells his store;
By farthings first, and pence, it grows;
In shillings next, and pounds, it flows;
Then spread his widening farms abroad;
His forests wave; his harvests nod;
Fattening, his numerous cattle play,
And debtors dread his reckoning day.
Ambitious then t' adorn with knowledge
His son, he places him at college;
And sends, in smart attire, and neat,
To travel, through each neighboring state;
Builds him a handsome house, or buys,
Sees him a gentleman, and—dies.

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2. The *second*, born to wealth and ease,
And taught to think, converse, and please,
Ambitious, with his lady-wife,
Aims at a higher walk of life.
Yet, in those wholesome habits trained,
By which his wealth and weight were gained,
Bids care in hand with pleasure go,
And blends economy with show.

3. His houses, fences, garden, dress,
The neat and thrifty man confess.
Improved, but with improvement plain,
Intent on office, as on gain,
Exploring, useful sweets to spy,
To public life he turns his eye.
A townsman first; a justice soon;
A member of the House anon;
Perhaps, to board, or bench invited,
He sees the state and subjects righted;
And, raptured with politic life,
Consigns his children to his wife.

4. Of household cares amid the round,
For her too hard the task is found.
At first she struggles, and contends;
Then doubts, desponds, laments, and bends;
Her sons pursue the sad defeat,
And shout their victory complete;
Rejoicing, see their father roam,
And riot, rake, and reign, at home,
Too late he sees, and sees to mourn,
His race of every hope forlorn,
Abroad for comfort turns his eyes,
Bewails his dire mistakes, and—dies.

5. His *heir*, *trained only to enjoy*,
Untaught his mind, or hands t' employ,

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Conscious of wealth, enough for life,
With business, care, and worth at strife,
By prudence, conscience, unrestrained,
And none but pleasure's habits gained,
Whirls on the wild career of sense,
Nor danger marks, nor heeds expense.
Soon ended is the giddy round;
And soon the fatal goal is found.
His lands, secured for borrowed gold,
His houses, horses, herds, are sold.

6. And now, no more for wealth respected,
He sinks, by all his friends neglected;
Friends, who before his vices flattered,
And lived upon the loaves he scattered.
Unacted every worthy part,
And pining with a broken heart,
To dirtiest company he flies,
Riots, gambles, turns a sot, and dies.
His children born to fairer doom,
In rags pursue him to the tomb.

7. Apprenticed then to masters stern,
Some real good the orphans learn;
Are bred to toil, and hardy fare,
And grow to usefulness and care;
And, following their great-grandsire's plan,
Each slow becomes a useful man.

8. Such here is life's swift-circling round;
So soon are all its changes found.
Would you prevent th' allotment hard,
And fortune's rapid whirl retard,
In all your race, industrious care
Attentive plant, and faithful rear;

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With life, th' important task begin,
Nor but with life, the task resign;
To habit, bid the blessings grow,
Habits alone yield good below.

EXERCISE XXXII.

THE POOR MAN.

G. STEARNS.

1. They call him *poor;* yet hath he not an eye
To trace the glory of created things?
Which lingers long upon the sunset sky,
And 'mid the loveliness each season brings?
Which oft allures the willing spirit, even
To follow beauty to the shores of héaven?

2. They call him *poor;* yet hath he not an ear
For mellow lute, or maiden-tuned guitar?
To list the warbles of the vernal year,
And roaring water-fall echoed from afar?
To catch from human lips the winged desire,
And drink in words which social joys inspire?

3. They call him *poor;* yet hath he not a mind
To relish books of philosophic lore?
To grasp the truths a Newton groped to find,
And tread where reason only can adore?
In Nature's book to read, in every line
The ruling purpose, and the cause divine?

4. They call him *poor;* yet hath he not a heart
Susceptive of volition and its meed?
Which knows love's gifts to take and to impart,
And crave the sweetness of a generous deed?
Which draws the honey from the flowers of earth,
And is the touchstone of immortal worth?

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5. They call him *poor;* yet hath he not a soul
Angelic life in prospect to assume?
Which spurns the manacles of time's control,
And hails the dawn of bliss beyond the tomb!
A soul allied in nature to the God
Who sways creation with volition's nod?

6. They call him *poor.* He hath a competence
Which just doth suffering's threatening arm defy;
His health and mental power are sources whence
He daily draws necessity's supply.
With Nature's beverage his cup runs o'er;
He has his "daily bread," nor asks no more.

7. Why call him *poor?* He lacks a store of gold
To kindle strife when he is in his grave,
And gay saloons where summer friends grow old
For sake of dainties nature does not crave.
No midnight robbers break his boltless door.
Know ye the reason why they call him POOR!

EXERCISE XXXIII.

It is sometimes desirable to have each member of a class read a piece complete in itself. To answer this end, the following collection of brief, though beautiful productions, have been brought together all under one head.

I.

GOD HATH A VOICE.

ELIZA COOK.

1. God hath a voice that ever is heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird;
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom;
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice,
What do they all tell thee but God hath a voice?

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2. God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noonday, the star of the night;
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

II.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BISHOP HEBER.

1. Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

2. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and Eternal.

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III.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BEAUMONT.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies:
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew 's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

IV.

A SUMMER EVENING.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveler 's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

2. Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace.
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

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V.

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Liberty is order. Liberty is strength. Look round the world, and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible,—that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered, that men bred in liberty,—the first of human kind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact,—can be condemned to silence upon their rights? Is it to be conceived that men who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained, and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation? (As well might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river! The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way; and the only consequence of the impotent attempt would be, that, having collected new force by its temporary suspension, enforcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream. Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can arrest it in its passage; and short-sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course.)

VI.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

JOHN WILSON.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;

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Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

VII.

POETRY.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. To me the world 's an open book,
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way toward the sea.
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

2. The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,
And all the world with poety.

VIII.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

1. How beautiful is Truth! Who is like to her among the daughters? Her features are comely, her form is divine, her

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robes are whiter than snow. The purity of Heaven sits upon her brow; grace and dignity are in her steps; peace and joy, virtue and love, are her companions. She frequents the simple cottage, the shady dell, or the calm retreat, and, in that glorious temple erected by nature and religion, she delights to worship the Divinity. It is here she presides an infallible priestess, and hither the pure in heart come to dwell upon her perfections, and obtain oracles that can never deceive. Happy, indeed, is he to whom she reveals herself in all her charms! Who can behold her without loving her? Who can love without being happy?

2. Falsehood may be compared to a base and gilded coin. Truth, on the other hand, is like rubies, and more precious than fine gold. Falsehood is the faint light which, glimmering amid the darkness of the noisome fens, leads the unfortunate traveler to destruction. Truth is the radiant sun in Leo, when he has gained the zenith, and pours a flood of light upon the wanderer's path. Falsehood brings misfortune and misery in her train, like the spreading pestilence or the wind of the desert; but truth, like the odoriferous gales of summer, imparts health and vigor, while she administers pleasure and delight.

IX.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

When first peeps out from earth the modest vine,
  Asking but little space to live and grow,
How easily some step, without design,
  May crush the being from a thing so low!
  But let the hand that doth delight to show
Support to feebleness, the tendril twine
  Around some lattice-work, and 't will bestow
Its thanks in fragrance, and with blossoms shine.
  And thus, when Genius first puts forth its shoot—
So timid that it scarce dare ask to live—

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The tender germ, if trodden under foot,
Shrinks back again to its undying root;
While kindly training bids it upward strive,
And to the future, flowers immortal give.

X.

TO-MORROW.

ANNE HUNTER.

1. How heavy falls the foot of Time!
How slow the lingering quarters chime,
Through anxious hours of long delay!
In vain we watch the silent glass,
More slow the sands appear to pass,
While disappointment marks their way.

2. *To-morrow*—still the phantom flies,
Flitting away before our eyes,
Eludes our grasp, is passed and gone;
Daughter of hope, Night o'er thee flings
The shadow of her raven wings,
And in the morning thou art flown!

3. Delusive sprite! from day to day,
We still pursue thy pathless way:
Thy promise, broken o'er and o'er,
Man still believes, and is thy slave;
Nor ends the chase but in the grave,
For there *to-morrow* is no more.

XI.

NECESSITY OF RETIREMENT.

ROBERT HALL.

He must know little of the world, and still less of his own heart, who is not aware how difficult it is, amid the corrupting examples with which it abounds, to maintain the spirit of devotion unimpaired, or to preserve, in their due force and delicacy, those vivid moral impressions, that quick perception of good, and instinctive abhorrence of evil, which form the chief

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characteristics of a pure and elevated mind. These, like the morning dew, are easily brushed off in the collisions of worldly interest, or exhaled by the meridian sun. Hence the necessity of frequent intervals of *retirement*, when the mind may recover its scattered powers, and renew its strength by a devout application to the Fountain of all grace.

XII.

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

POPE.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

XIII.

A GREAT NAME.

PARK BENJAMIN.

Time! thou destroy'st the relics of the past,
And hidest all the footprints of thy march
On shattered column and on crumbled arch,
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.
Hurled into fragments by the tempest-blast,
The Rhodian monster lies: the obelisk,
That with sharp line divided the broad disc
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast:

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And where these stood, no remnant-trophy stands,
And even the art is lost by which they rose:
Thus with the monuments of other lands,.
The place that knew them now no longer knows.
Yet triumph not, oh, Time; strong towers decay,
But a GREAT NAME shall never pass away!

EXERCISE XXXIV.

1. HAROUN AL RASCHID, that is, Haroun, the Just, the most powerful prince of his race, became Calif of the Saracens, A.D. 786. He died in the 23d year of his reign, and in the 47th of his age, renowned for his victories, his valor, his magnificence and his encouragement of learning. He was, however, cruel and tyrannical, and ill deserved the title of the Just.

2. ALLAH, or ALLA, is the Arabic name of the Supreme Being. It signifies the true God.

THE MAN THAT WANTED BUT ONE THING; THE MAN THAT WANTED EVERY THING; AND THE MAN THAT WANTED NOTHING.

J. K. PAULDING.

1. Every body, young and old, children and gray-beards, has heard of the renowned Haroun Al Raschid, the hero of Eastern history and Eastern romance, and the most illustrious of the califs of Bagdad, that famous city on which the light of learning and science shone, long ere it dawned on the benighted regious of Europe, which has since succeeded to the diadem that once glittered on the brow of Asia. Though, as the successor of the Prophet, he exercised a despotic sway over the lives and fortunes of his subjects, yet he did not, like the Eastern despots of more modern times, shut himself up within the walls of his palace, hearing nothing but the adulation of his dependents; seeing nothing but the shadows which surrounded him; and knowing nothing but what he received through the medium of interested deception or malignant falsehood.

2. That he might see with his own eyes, and hear with his

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own ears, he was accustomed to go about through the streets of Bagdad by night, in disguise, accompanied by Giafer, the Barmecide, his grand vizier, and Mesrour, his executioner; one to give him his counsel, the other to fulfill his commands promptly, on all occasions. If he saw any commotion among the people, he mixed with them and learned its cause; and, if, in passing a house, he heard the moanings of distress or the complaints of suffering, he entered for the purpose of administering relief. Thus he made himself acquainted with the condition of his subjects, and often heard those salutary truths which never reached his ears through the walls of his palace, or from the lips of the slaves that surrounded him.

3. On one of these occasions, as Al Raschid was thus perambulating the streets at night, in disguise, accompanied by his vizier and his executioner, in passing a splendid mansion, he overheard through the lattice of a window, the complaints of some one who seemed in the deepest distress, and silently approaching, looked into an apartment exhibiting all the signs of wealth and luxury. On a sofa of satin embroidered with gold, and sparkling with brilliant gems, he beheld a man richly dressed, in whom he recognized his favorite boon companion, Bedreddin, on whom he had showered wealth and honors with more than Eastern prodigality. He was stretched out on the sofa, slapping his forehead, tearing his beard, and moaning piteously, as if in the extremity of suffering. At length, starting up on his feet, he exclaimed in tones of despair: "Oh, Allah!! I beseech thee to relieve me from my misery, and take away my life."

4. The Commander of the Faithful, who loved Bedreddin, pitied his sorrows, and being desirous to know their cause that he might relieve them, knocked at the door, which was opened by a black slave, who, on being informed that they were strangers in want of food and rest, at once admitted them, and informed his master, who called them into his presence, and bade them welcome. A plentiful feast was spread before them, at which the master of the house sat down with his guests, but of

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which he did not partake, but looked on, sighing bitterly all the while.

5. The Commander of the Faithful at length ventured to ask him what caused his distress, and why he refrained from partaking in the feast with his guests, in proof that they were welcome. "Has Allah afflicted thee with disease, that thou canst not enjoy the blessings he has bestowed? Thou art surrounded by all the splendor that wealth can procure: thy dwelling is a palace, and its apartments are adorned with all the luxuries which captivate the eye, or administer to the gratification of the senses. Why is it then, oh! my brother, that thou art miserable?"

6. "True, O stranger!" replied Bedreddin. "I have all these. I have health of body; I am rich enough to purchase all that wealth can bestow, and, if I required more wealth and honors, I am the favorite companion of the Commander of the Faithful, on whose head lies the blessing of Allah, and of whom I have only to ask, to obtain all I desire, save one thing only."

7. "And what is that?" asked the Calif. "Alas! I adore the beautiful Zuleima, whose face is like the full moon, whose eyes are brighter and softer than those of the gazelle, and whose mouth is like the seal of Solomon. But she loves another, and all my wealth and honors are as nothing. The want of one thing renders the possession of every other of no value. I am the most wretched of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be a blessing."

8. "By the beard of the Prophet," cried the Calif, "I swear thy case is a hard one. But Allah is great and powerful, and will, I trust, either deliver thee from thy burden, or give thee strength to bear it." Then thanking Bedreddin for his hospitality, the Commander of the Faithful departed, with his companions.

9. Taking their way toward that part of the city inhabited by the poorer classes of people, the Calif stumbled over something, in the obscurity of night, and was nigh falling to the ground; at the same moment a voice cried out: "Allah, preserve me! Am I not wretched enough already, that I must be

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trodden under foot by a wandering beggar like myself, in the darkness of night!"

10. Mezrour, the executioner, indignant at this insult to the Commander of the Faithful, was preparing to cut off his head, when Al Raschid interposed, and inquired of the beggar his name, and why he was there sleeping in the streets, at that hour of the night.

11. "Mashallah," replied he, "I sleep in the street because I have nowhere else to sleep, and, if I lie on a satin sofa, my pains and infirmities would rob me of rest. Whether on divans of silk or in the dirt, all is one to me, for neither by day nor by night do I know any rest. If I close my eyes for a moment, my dreams are of nothing but feasting, and I awake only to feel more bitterly the pangs of hunger and disease."

12. "Hast thou no home to shelter thee, no friends or kindred to relieve thy necessities, or administer to thy infirmities?" "No," replied the beggar; "my house was consumed by fire; my kindred are all dead, and my friends have deserted me. Alas! stranger, I am in want of every thing—health, food, clothing, home, kindred, and friends. I am the most wretched of mankind, and death alone can relieve me."

13. "Of one thing, at least, I can relieve thee," said the Calif, giving him his purse. "Go and provide thyself food and shelter, and may Allah restore thy health!" The beggar took the purse, but instead of calling down blessings on the head of his benefactor exclaimed—"Of what use is money; it can not cure disease?" and the Calif again went on his way with Giafer, his vizier, and Mezrour, his executioner.

14. Passing from the abodes of want and misery, they, at length, reached a splendid palace, and, seeing lights glimmering from the windows, the Calif approached, and looking through the silken curtains, beheld a man walking backwards and forwards, with languid step, as if oppressed with a load of cares. At length, casting himself down on a sofa, he stretched out his limbs, and yawning desperately, exclaimed: "Oh! Allah, what shall I do; what will become of me! I am weary of life; it

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is nothing but a cheat, promising what it never purposes, and affording only hopes that end in disappointment, or, if realized, only in disgust."

15. The curiosity of the Calif being awakened to know the cause of his despair, he ordered Mezrour to knock at the door, which being opened, they pleaded the privilege of strangers to enter, for rest and refreshments. Again, in accordance with the precepts of the Koran, and the customs of the East, the strangers were admitted to the presence of the lord of the place, who received them with welcome, and directed refreshments to be brought. But, though he treated his guests with kindness, he neither sat down with them, nor asked any questions, nor joined in their discourse, walking back and forth languidly, and seeming oppressed with a heavy burden of sorrows.

16. At length, the Calif approached him reverently and said: "Thou seemest sorrowful, O my brother! If thy suffering is of the body, I am a physician, and, peradventure, can afford thee relief; for I have traveled into distant lands, and collected very choice remedies for human infirmity."

17. "My sufferings are not of the body, but of the mind," answered the other. "Hast thou lost the beloved of thy heart, the friend of thy bosom, or been disappointed in the attainment of that on which thou hast rested all thy hopes of happiness?"

18. "Alas! no. I have been disappointed not in the means, but in the attainment of happiness. I want nothing but a want. I am cursed with the gratification of all my wishes, and the fruition of all my hopes. I have wasted my life in the acquisition of riches, that only awakened new desires, and honors that no longer gratify my pride, or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated in the pursuit of pleasures that weary me in the enjoyment, and am perishing for lack of the excitement of some new want. I have every thing I wish, yet enjoy nothing."

19. "Thy case is beyond my skill," replied the Calif; and the man, cursed with the fruition of all his desires, turned his back on him in despair. The Calif, after thanking him for his hospitality, departed with his companions, and when they had

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reached the street exclaimed: "Allah preserve me! I will no longer fatigue myself in a vain pursuit; for it is impossible to confer happiness on such a perverse generation. I see it is all the same, whether a man wants one thing, every thing, or nothing. Let us go home and sleep."

EXERCISE XXXV.

A CONTENTED MAN.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. In the garden of the Tuileries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavor of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning, it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges.

2. Hither, also, resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eyeing the buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

3. Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three-cornered cocked hat of the *ancien régime;** his hair was frizzed over each ear into *ailes de pigeon,*† a style strongly savoring of Bourbonism; and a cue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed.

* Ancient rule, or system of things. † Pigeon wings.

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His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant, though old-fashioned, gold box.

4. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex.

5. I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of the politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

6. Where there is a favorable disposition, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the East; from that time our acquaintance was established.

7. I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good-humored remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuileries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel* in Paris; but the Revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of every thing.

* *Hotel*, among the French, signifies a mansion, or a palace of persons of rank and wealth.

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8. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the Revolution, and a number of the blood-hounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders: several of his neighbors having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

9. When he reached London he had but a *louis* in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by Port wine, which, from its color, he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-colored box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theater!

10. He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbor in the very act of extorting music from a huge violoncello.

11. As soon as the evening's performance was over, he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a means of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

12. Here, therefore, he lived for many years during the ascendency of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living, like himself, by the exercise of their talents.

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They associated together, talked of France and of old times, and endeavored to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the center of London.

13. They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurateur in the neighborhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James's Park, and endeavored to fancy it the Tuileries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed, the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens;** and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

14. The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily.

15. As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hôtel garni*,† he hired a small chamber in the attic; it was but, as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs. He was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favorable terms; among them was a favorite opera-dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the Revolution.

16. The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees; he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm; for he still felt toward them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty he

* Brave people. † Lodging-house.

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made light of it, and, indeed, had a good-humored way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his château in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command.

17. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing. When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand seignior himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estates is a perfect *Sans Souci*,* where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner.

18. All Paris is my theater, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me, I pay them, discharge them, and there 's an end: I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good-humor, when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I can not but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.

19. Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the Revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them, but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them to the surface. This may be called the re-

* *Sans Souci*, literally, *without care;* applied to any thing that affords comfort without care or solicitude.

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sult of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and, if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have, at length, found, what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—A CONTENTED MAN.

20. P. S. There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gayety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety.

21. I congratulated him on his good fortune. "Good fortune?" echoed he; "bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they give me a pittance as an indemnity."

22. Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is a repining attendant in the ante-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gayety; he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate; for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man.

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EXERCISE XXXVI.

THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1. The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles, and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

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5. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7. O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9. Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God,

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Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

EXERCISE XXXVII.

VISIONS.

ROBERT NICHOLL.

1. "My hand is strong, my heart is bold,
My purpose stern," I said;
"And shall I rest till I have wreathed
Fame's garland round my héad?
No! men shall point to me and say,
See what the bold can do!"
"You dream!" a chilling Whisper said,
And quick the vision flew.

2. "Yes, I will gain," I musing thought,
"Power, pomp, and potency;
Whate'er the proudest may have been
That straightway will I be.
I'll write my name on human hearts
So deep, 't will ne'er decay!"
"You dream!" and as the Whisper spoke,
My vision fled away.

3. "I'm poor," I said; "but I will toil,
And gather store of gold;
And in my purse the fate of kings
And nations I will hold:
I'll follow Fortune, till my path
With wealth untold she strew!"
Again "You dream!" the Whisper said,
And straight my vision flew.

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4. "I'll breathe to men," I proudly thought,
"A strain of poesy,
Like the angelic songs of old
In fire and energy.
My thoughts the thoughts of many lands,
Of many men, shall grow!"
"You dream!" the Whisper scorning said—
I dared not answer, No.

5. "If I can gain nor name nor power,
Nor gold, by high emprise,
Bread to the hungry I will give,
And dry the orphan's eyes;
Through me the sun of joy shall find
Its way to sorrow's door!"
"The wildest dream of all," then said
The Whisper—"you are poor."

6. "I'm poor, unheeded; but I'll be
An honest man," I said;
"Truth I shall worship, yea and feel
For all whom God hath made;
The poor and honest man can stand
With an unblenching brow
Before earth's highest—such I'll be!"
The Whisper spoke not now!

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

CORNELIA AND GRACCHUS.

LOUISA S. McCORD.

CORNELIA, the mother of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, a noble Roman lady, celebrated for the purity and excellence of her private character and for the care with which she educated her children, appears, in the following dialogue, seeking to temper the democratic ardor of her son, Caius. She is described as a pattern of a mother. It is said that a

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certain Campanian lady who was on a visit to her one day, displayed some very splendid ornaments of her own, and requested Cornelia to show hers. Cornelia, entertaining the lady with various conversation until her children returned from school, pointed to them and exclaimed:— "*These are my ornaments!*"

GRACCHUS.

Wolves breed not lambs, nor can the lioness
Rear fawns among her litter. You but chide
The spirit, mother, which is born from you.

CORNELIA.

Curb it, my son; and watch against ambition!
Half demon and half god, she oft misleads
With the bold face of virtue. I know well
The breath of discontent is loud in Rome;
And a hoarse murmuring vengeance smolders there
Against the tyrannous rule which, iron shod,
Doth trample out man's life. The crisis comes,
But oh! beware my son, how you shall force it!

GRACCHUS.

Nay, let it come, that dreaded day of doom,
When, by the audit of his cruel wrongs
Heaped by the rich oppressor on the crowd
Of struggling victims, he must stand condemned
To vomit forth the ill-got gains which gorge
His luxury to repletion. Let it come!
The world can sleep no longer. Reason wakes
To know man's rights, and forward progress points.

CORNELIA.

By reason led, and peaceful wisdom nursed,
All progress is for good. But the deep curse
Of bleeding nations follows in the track
Of mad ambition, which doth cheat itself
To find a glory in its lust of rule;

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Which, piling private ill on public wrong,
Beneath the garb of patriotism hides
Its large-mawed cravings; and would thoughtless plunge
To every change, however riot waits,
With feud intestine, by mad uproar driven,
And red-eyed murder, to reproach the deed.
Death in its direst forms doth wait on such.

GRACCHUS.

Man lives to die, and there 's no better way
To let the shackled spirit find its freedom
Than in a glorious combat 'gainst oppression.
I would not grudge the breath lost in the struggle.

CORNELIA.

Nor I, when duty calls. I am content,
May but my son prove worthy of the crisis;
Not shrinking from the trial, nor yet leaping
Beyond the marked outline of licensed right;
Curbing his passions to his duty's rule;
Giving his country all—life, fortune, fame,
And only clutching back, with miser's care,
His all untainted honor. But take heed!
The world doth set itself on stilts, to wear
The countenance of some higher, better thing.
'Tis well to seek this wisely; but with haste
Grasping too high, like child beyond its reach
It trips in the aspiring, and thus falls
To lowlier condition. Rashness drags
Remorse and darkest evil in her train.
Pause, ere the cry of suffering pleads to Heaven
Against this fearful mockery of right;
This license wild, which smothers liberty
While feigning to embrace it.

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GRACCHUS.

Thought fantastic
Doth drapery evil thus with unsketched ills.
No heart-sick maid nor dream-struck boy am I
To scare myself with these. There 's that in man
Doth long to rise by nature. Ever he
Couching in lethargy, doth wrong himself.

CORNELIA.

Most true and more. I reverence human mind;
And with a mingled love and pride I kneel
To Nature's inborn majesty in man.
But as I reverence, therefore would I lend
My feeble aid, this mighty power to lead
To its true aim and end. Most often 'tis
When crowds do wander wide of right, and fall
To foul misuse of highest purposes.
The madness of their leaders drags them on.
I would not check aspiring, justly poised;
But rather bid you "on"—where light is clear
And your track plainly marked. I scorn the slang
Of "greedy populace," and "dirty crowd,"
Nor slander thus the nature which I bear.
Men in the aggregate not therefore cease
Still to be men; and where untaught they fall,
It is a noble duty, to awake
The heart of truth, that slumbers in them still.
It is a glorious sight to rouse the soul,
The reasoning heart that in a nation sleeps!
And Wisdom is a laggard at her task
When but in closet speculations toiling
She doth forget to share her thought abroad,
And make mankind her heir.

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EXERCISE XXXIX.

TAMMANY is the name of a sort of mythic Indian personage, assumed as the patron Saint of the Tammany Society, a political organization formed in New York city many years ago. The Society was fancifully divided into thirteen tribes, answering to the number of States then in the Union: each tribe having some well-known animal as the symbol of its character.

In an address of Dr. Mitchell before the Society, delivered May 12th, 1795, Tammany is set forth as a person of extraordinary wisdom and foresight. Being on the eve of his departure on an important public mission, he is represented as calling together his native tribes, and addressing them each in the manner following:

SPEECH OF TAMMANY.

DR. SAMUEL L. MITCHELL.

1. CHILDREN OF THE FIRST TRIBE!

The *Eagle* should be *your* model. He soars above the clouds, loves the mountain-tops, takes a broad survey of the country round, and his watchfulness in the day-time lets nothing escape him. From him learn to direct your thoughts to elevated objects, to rise superior to the fogs of prejudice and passion, to behold in the clear atmosphere of reason all things in their true light and posture; and never expose yourselves to be surprised, while the sun shines, in a fit of drowsiness or slumber.

2. CHILDREN OF THE SECOND TRIBE!

The *Tiger* affords a useful lesson for you. The exceeding agility of this creature, the extraordinary quickness of his sight, and, above all, his discriminating power in the dark, teach you to be stirring and active in your respective callings, to look sharp to every engagement you enter into; and to let neither misty days, nor gloomy nights, make you lose sight of the worthy object of your pursuit.

3. CHILDREN OF THE THIRD TRIBE!

You are to pay attention to the good qualities of the *Deer*. He possesses uncommon readiness of hearing, can judge of

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sounds at a great distance, and where danger threatens, and a retreat is advisable, can force his passage surprisingly through the thickets, or even make his escape across the lakes and rivers by swimming. In like manner, open *ye* your ears to whatever is passing; collect the substance of distant rumors; and learn, before danger surrounds your corn-fields and wigwams, what is going on at a distance. Thus shall you be forewarned, and prepared against calamity from abroad; and, if it thickens and threatens you with irresistible force, you will know how to avoid with prudence what you could not oppose with success.

4. CHILDREN OF THE FOURTH TRIBE!

There is one quality of the *Wolf*, to which I request your attention. His wide extent of nostrils, catches the atoms floating in the air, and gives him notice of the approach of his prey or his foe. Thus, when power grows rank, and, like a contagion, sends abroad its pestilent steams, I see the wolf-like myrmidons* of Tammany, the first to rouse, turn round their heads and snuff oppression in every tainted breeze.

5. CHILDREN OF THE FIFTH TRIBE!

You, my children, are to take useful hints from the *Buffalo*. He is one of the strongest animals of the wilderness; but strong as he is, he loves the company of his kind, and is not fond of venturing alone upon distant excursions. This is wise in the buffalo, and wise will it be in you to imitate him. It will, indeed, be your duty to acquire, by hunting, swimming, running, and all other manly exercises, great bodily vigor and personal strength. But it will be ridiculous to value yourselves highly on these; a fall, a cramp, or a sprain, but too frequently disables an individual; and then, if he is alone in the woods, he may perish for want of help. Operate in concert, stand together, support each other, and you will be a mountain that nobody can move; fritter down your strength in divisions, become the sport of parties, let wigwam be divided against wigwam, you will be an ant-hill, which a baby can kick over.

* See Note, page 62.

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6. Children of the Sixth Tribe!

That social and valuable creature, the *Dog*, affords something for *you* to profit by. The warmth of his attachment, the disinterestedness of his friendship, and the unchangeableness of his fidelity, mark him as the object of your kindness and imitation. Oh! my children, I weep for the faithlessness, the falsehood, and the deceit of man! Do but love each other with half the warmth, sincerity, and steadiness with which these your constant hunting companions love you all, and happiness, comfort, and joy will make your land their dwelling-place, and ye shall experience all the pleasure that human nature can bear.

7. Children of the Seventh Tribe!

You are to take a pattern from the *Beaver*. His industry merits your observance. His perseverance claims your regard. His judgment, in the choice of a place for him to live in, demands your consideration. Like him, you are to avail yourselves of natural advantages, and opportunities in all cases; and to superadd to these your manual improvements and works of art. In the pursuit of your industrious project, no difficulty should deter, no obstacle discourage you. Forests must be cleared, hills leveled, rivers turned, to accomplish your plans; and land and water be made to afford their joint aid in promoting your undertaking: labor and perseverance overcome every thing;—for I have heard the old people say, their ancestors assisted in making the sun-light, immense as he appears, by collecting into a heap all the fire-flies and glow-worms they could find; and the moon, whose light is fainter, and size smaller, was in like manner formed by their gathering into a pile all the fox-fire, or phosphoric rotten wood, they could procure.

8. Children of the Eighth Tribe!

The *Squirrel*, my children, offers somewhat profitable to you. It is his practice, as he has a foresight of winter, to collect acorns, chestnuts, and walnuts, and carry them in large quantities to his hole; and these thus treasured up, supply him

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with nourishment during the stormy season, when, after the fall of the leaf, it would be dangerous to venture far abroad. In like manner it becomes you to look forward to old age, the winter of life, and have some provision ready to help yourselves with, at that needy time. You can not labor to equal advantage every day; it is, therefore, your duty to collect something ahead, and lay it by in store against the pinching severity of an unproductive season. This you may enjoy by your firesides, while all around you the frost rends the trees asunder, and the white powder lies so thick upon the ground that you can not venture out without your snow-shoes.

9. CHILDREN OF THE NINTH TRIBE!

You are to learn a lesson of caution from the *Fox*. He looks well before him as he travels, examines carefully the ground he treads upon, and takes good care that his enemies come not on him by surprise. By reason of his wariness he is not easily led into a stratagem, and when entangled, by his contrivance, he is very successful in making his escape. Thus may you proceed in your business with circumspection, examine all things around you with prudence, and never suffer the artifices of the deceiver to entrap you unawares. Such keen examination will guard you from difficulties, and, if in the course of nature, you should be, in spite of all this, beset by them, nothing will more effectually enable you to extricate yourselves.

10. CHILDREN OF THE TENTH TRIBE!

The *Tortoise*, that supports on his back the world* we inhabit, offers a world of instruction to you. Was it not for his benevolence in keeping afloat on the immense ocean on which he swims, this land we inhabit would soon go to the bottom. And the displeasure he feels when men lead lives of idleness

* Tammany is here made to assume the truth of one of the old and absurd notions respecting the foundation of the earth; namely, that it rests upon the back of a huge Tortoise. We venture to affirm that this fanciful theory never was turned to better account than in the above address to the Tenth Tribe.

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and vice, when they quarrel and injure their neighbors, or neglect their families, has induced him more than once to dip a part of his shell under the waters, and drown a set of wretches no longer fit to live. In other cases, where he wished rather to terrify than to extirpate, the angry movements of his body have caused distressful earthquakes, which have made our valleys to tremble, and have rocked our mountains from their foundations. Let the winds blow from what quarter they list, let the storm and the tempest howl, he withdraws from their fury, and wraps himself up securely in his impenetrable coat. His moderation, for he possesses none of that feverish fretfulness, which shortens life, secures to him great length of days. His temperance, for he does not waste his vital energy in frolics and carousing, gives him an animation so quick and inherent in every joint and member, that it is difficult to kill him. If then you wish to attain to long life, and possess sensibility and comfort while it lasts, imitate the virtues of the tortoise, for so shall you be protected with armor less vulnerable than his shell, or your own shields of bark and hides, and arrive to good old age without danger of earthquakes or inundations.

11. Children of the Eleventh Tribe!

I recommend to your attention the wholesome counsel derived to man from the Eel. He was never known to make a noise or disturbance in the world, nor speak an ungentle sentence to any living creature. Slander never proceeded from his mouth, nor does guile rest under his tongue. He forms his plans in silence, carries them into effect without tumult, and glides and slips along through life in a most easy and gentle course. Are you desirous, my children, of modest stillness and quiet? Do you wish for the unenvied condition of retirement and humility? Would you like to live peaceably among men in the uninterrupted pursuit of your business, without attracting the broad stare of the surrounding crowd? If such are your desires, learn a lesson of wisdom from the eel; who, although he knows neither his birth nor parentage, but is cast an orphan

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upon creation, yet shows, by his strength and his numbers, the excellence of the mode of life he has chosen.

12. CHILDREN OF THE TWELFTH TRIBE!

I shall point out for your improvement some excellent traits of character in the *Bear*. He is distinguished for his patient endurance of those inconveniences which he finds it impossible to ward off. When frost and snow, with all their chilling horrors, surround him in winter, he learns to live with a smaller degree of heat than he did before; and, by aid of his furry skin, protects himself as well as he can from the rigor of the season. When from these causes his supplies of nourishment are cut off, and little or nothing is to be obtained to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he endures with resolution the calamities which await him, until the foodful season shall arrive. Thus, when scarcity threatens your country with famine, when diseases among the beasts strew your hunting-grounds with carcases, when insects destroy the stalks of your beans, and worms corrode the roots of your corn, when the streams refuse their accustomed supplies of fish, when hurricanes and hail lay waste your plantations, or when the clouds withhold their stores of rain, what is to be done? Why certainly, when every effort has been tried in vain, and discouraged and spiritless you lay you down, *lay not yourselves down to die;* but bear with patience and resignation whatever necessity imposes upon you, make the allowance of your meal correspond to your stock of provision; and, if you have but little, contrive with all your skill to make that little do. Show yourselves *men;* for it is adversity that gives scope to great talents, by enabling you to endure with fortitude what your best-directed efforts have failed to surmount.

13. CHILDREN OF THE THIRTEENTH TRIBE!

I call your attention to the order and economy of the *Bee*. You observe among these creatures a discipline not surpassed by any thing the woods afford. The community is, like yourselves, divided into tribes and each has its allotted em-

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ployment. Hours of labor, of refreshment, and of rest are assigned, and each member is obedient to the summons of duty. Idlers, vagrants, and embezzlers of the public property, have no toleration there; and it seems to be a pretty well established maxim, with but few exceptions, among them, that he who works not, shall have nothing to eat. Regularity and method pervade every department of a government whose unwearied inhabitants in their flights to distant places, possess the singular secret of extracting honey from nauseous and fetid blossoms, and of collecting, without injury to any one, the whole sweets of the surrounding country, in their own inimitable commonwealth.

Borrow from the Bee an idea of arrangement in business; of the importance of system to make matters go on aright, of the advantage accruing from an accurate division and distribution of labor; of the equity causing every one to contribute his share to the support of the general weal, or be precluded from participating its benefits and blessings. And, above all, derive from their instructive example that alchemy of mind, which, by an operation somewhat analogous to the production of nectar from venom, converts private failings into public advantages, and makes even crimes and vices ultimately conducive to good.

EXERCISE XL.

IRON AND GOLD.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1. Those who are skilled in the extraction and preparation of metals, declare that iron is everywhere to be found; and that not only its proper ore is copiously treasured in the caverns of the earth, but that its particles are dispersed throughout all other bodies.

2. If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, I believe it would be found invari-

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ably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty which the condition of life makes of greatest use; and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed far from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational felicity.

3. Iron is common and gold is rare. Iron contributes so much to supply the wants of nature, that its use constitutes much of the difference between savage and polished life, between the state of him that slumbers in European palaces, and him that shelters himself in the cavities of a rock from the chillness of the night, or the violence of the storm. Gold can never be hardened into saws or axes; it can neither furnish instruments of manufacture, utensils of agriculture, nor weapons of defense; its only quality is to shine, and the value of its luster arises from its scarcity.

4. Throughout the whole circle, both of natural and moral life, necessaries are as iron, and superfluities as gold. What we really need we may readily obtain; so readily, that far the greater part of mankind has, in the wantonness of abundance, confounded natural with artificial desires, and invented necessities for the sake of employment, because the mind is impatient of inaction, and life is sustained with so little labor that the tediousness of idle time can not otherwise be supported.

5. Thus plenty is the original cause of many of our needs; and even the poverty, which is so frequent and distressful in civilized nations, proceeds often from that change of manners which opulence has produced. Nature makes us poor only when we want necessaries; but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

6. When Socrates passed through shops of toys and ornaments, he cried out: "*How many things are here which I do not need!*" And the same exclamation may every man make who surveys the common accommodations of life. Superfluity and difficulty begin together. To dress food for the stomach is easy,—the art is to irritate the palate when the stomach is sufficed. A rude hand may build walls, form roofs, and lay floors,

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and provide all that warmth and security require; we only call the nicer artificers to carve the cornice, or to paint the ceilings. Such dress as may enable the body to endure the different seasons, the most unenlightened nations have been enabled to procure; but the work of science begins in the ambition of distinction, in variations of fashion, and emulation of elegance. Corn grows with easy culture; the gardener's experiments are only employed to exalt the flavors of fruits, and brighten the colors of flowers.

7. Even of knowledge, those parts are most easy which are generally necessary. The intercourse of society is maintained without the elegances of language. Figures, criticisms, and refinements, are the work of those whom idleness makes weary of themselves. The commerce of the world is carried on by easy methods of computation. Subtilty and study are required only when questions are invented merely to puzzle, and calculations are extended to show the skill of the calculator, The light of the sun is equally beneficial to him whose eyes tell him that it moves, and to him whose reason persuades him that it stands still; and plants grow with the same luxuriance, whether we suppose earth or water the parent of vegetation.

8. If we raise our thoughts to nobler inquiries, we shall still find facility concurring with usefulness. No man needs stay to be virtuous till the moralists have determined the essence of virtue; our duty is made apparent by its proximate consequences, though the general and ultimate reason should never be discovered. Religion may regulate the life of him to whom the Scotists and Thomists are alike unknown; and the assertors of fate and free-will, however different in their talk, agree to act in the same manner.

9. It is not my intention to depreciate the politer arts or abstruser studies. That curiosity which always succeeds ease and plenty, was undoubtedly given us as a proof of capacity which our present state is not able to fill, as a preparative for some better mode of existence, which shall furnish employment for the whole soul, and where pleasure shall be adequate to our

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powers of fruition. In the mean time let us gratefully acknowledge that goodness which grants us ease at a cheap rate, which changes the seasons where the nature of heat and cold has not been yet examined, and gives the vicissitudes of day and night to those who never marked the tropics, or numbered the constellations.

EXERCISE XLI.

1. SIS' Y PHUS, according to the mythology of the Greeks, was, on account of his crimes, condemned in the lower regions to roll a huge stone up a high hill, which became a never-ending toil; for no sooner had the stone reached the top of the hill than it rolled irresistibly back to the bottom.

2. PRO ME' THE US, which name signifies *Fore-thinker*, was a person of extraordinary foresight and sagacity. He was the inventor of many arts, especially those of working in metal and clay. His zeal in behalf of the human race is said to have incurred the displeasure of Jove, who bound him with chains to a rock or pillar, and sent an eagle or vulture to prey upon his liver every day; which, however, grew as much during the night as it was diminished during the day.

3. VULCAN was the deity who presided over fire, and was the patron of all those who worked in iron or other metals. He was the husband of Venus, who, in the following piece, is called "the Queen of Love," and, also, the father of Cupid, her celebrated son.

4. ATLAS, literally, *the Endurer*, is a mythical character, represented in the earlier legends of Greece, as supporting the heavens on his head and shoulders.

IRON.

SARAH J. HALE.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—PSALM lxxxv. 11.

1. As, in lonely thought, I pondered
On the marvelous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wondered
At their beauty, power, and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling,
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the spirit's clear revealing,
What, of all his works below

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Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

2. Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate and lone,
Their scarred heads were threatening o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice, from out the mountains,
As an earthquake shook the ground,
And like frightened fawns the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound;
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear,
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crushed mine ear!

3. "Iron! *Iron!* IRON!"—crashing,
Like the battle-ax and shield;
Or the sword on helmet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field:
"Iron! *Iron!* IRON!"—rolling,
Like the far-off cannon's boom;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom:
"Iron! *Iron!* IRON!"—swinging,
Like the summer winds at play;
Or as bells of Time were ringing
In the blest Millennial Day!

4. Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;
Truth could tread a footing stable,
O'er the gulf of mysteries!

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Words, the prophet bards had uttered,
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the weird-like Sibyl muttered,
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendor,
Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render—
All portend a better age.

5. Sisyphus,[1] forever toiling,
Was the type of toiling men,
While the stone of power, recoiling,
Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus,[2] bound and bleeding,
Imaged man in mental chain,
While the vultures, on him feeding,
Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
Vulcan[3] to the Queen of Love.

6. Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man!
Darkly was this doctrine taught us
By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us,
When the Gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change expected
Could be wrought, was then made free
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged Iron forms the key!

7. "Truth from out the earth shall flourish,"
This the word of God makes known;
Thence are harvests men to nourish;
There let Iron's power be shown.

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Of the swords, from slaughter gory,
Plowshares forge to break the soil;
Then will Mind attain its glory,
Then will Labor reap the spoil;
Error cease the soul to wilder,
Crime be checked by simple good,
As the little coral builder
Forces back the furious flood.

8. While our faith in good grows stronger,
Means of greater good increase;
Iron, slave of war no longer,
Leads the onward march of peace;
Still new modes of service finding,
Ocean, earth, and air it moves,
And the distant nations binding,
Like the kindred tie it proves;
With its Atlas'-shoulder sharing
Loads of human toil and care;
On its wing of lightning bearing
Thought's swift mission through the air!

9. As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth,
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus, by Iron's aid, pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing,
Here, as angels do above.

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EXERCISE XLII.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

1. Far away from the hill-side, the lake, and the hamlet,
The rock, and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;
From the footpath, that winds by the side of the streamlet,
From his hut and the grave of his friend far away;
He is gone where the footsteps of men never ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild tangled forest are centered,
Where no beam of the sun, or the sweet moon has entered,
No blood-hound has roused up the deer with his bay.

2. He has left the green valley for paths where the bison
Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood;
Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest poison,
And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food.
But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,
The eye shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,
That trusts naught but Heaven, in his way through the wood.

3. Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer,
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile,
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
Far from the track of the mean and the vile;
And, when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
He 'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

4. And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and luster,
There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread;
The sweet-brier shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster,
And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.

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There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather;
The wolf with his wild dogs shall lie there together,
And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

EXERCISE XLIII.

THE SETTLER.

ALFRED B. STREET.

1. His echoing ax the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung,
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

2. Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame, disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare that reigned
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest tamer decked.

3. The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kissed their flowers,
The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast, the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his pleasures there.

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4. His roof adorned, a pleasant spot,
'Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

5. The violet sprung at Spring's first tinge,
The rose of Summer spread its glow,
The maize hung on its Autumn fringe,
Rude Winter brought his snow;
And still the settler labored there,
His shout and whistle woke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden-spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

6. He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood,
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

7. His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed its savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
Its fangs with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,

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Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

8. Humble the lot, yet his the race,
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in Conflict's deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die!
Who cumbered Bunker's hight of red,
By hope, through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
A Nation's freedom won.

EXERCISE XLIV.

THE SON.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

1. There is no virtue without a characteristic beauty to render it particularly loved of the good, and to make the bad ashamed of their neglect of it. To do what is right, argues superior taste, as well as morals; and those whose practice is evil, have a certain feeling of inferiority in intellectual power and enjoyment, even where they take no concern for a principle. Doing well has something more in it than the mere fulfilling of a duty. It is a cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought; it widens our benevolence, and makes the current of our peculiar affections strong and deep.

2. Never yet was a sacrifice offered to a principle, that was not more than made up to us by self-approval, and the consideration of what our degradation would have been, had we done otherwise. Certainly it is a pleasant and a wise thing, then, to

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follow what is right, even when we only go along with our affections, and take the easy way of the better propensities of our nature.

3. The world is sensible of these truths, let it act as it may. It is not because of his integrity alone that it relies on an honest man. It has more confidence in his judgment and wise conduct, in the long run, than in the schemes of those of greater intellect, who go at large without any landmarks of principle; so that virtue seems of a double nature, and to stand oftentimes in the place of what we call talents.

4. This reasoning, or rather feeling, of the world is right; for the honest and good man only falls in with the order of nature, which is grounded in truth, and will endure along with it. And such a hold upon the world has a man of this character,—even where he has not been called upon to make a sacrifice to a principle, or to take a stand against wrong, but has merely avoided running into vices, and suffered himself to be borne along by the delightful and kind affections of private life, and has found his pleasures in the duties of home,—that he is looked up to with respect, as well as regarded with kindness.

5. We attach certain notions of refinement to his thoughts, and of depth to his sentiment; and the impression he makes on us, is beautiful and peculiar. Although we may have nothing in particular to object to in other men, and though they may be very well in their way, still, while in his presence, they strike us as lacking something, we can hardly say what,—a certain sensitive delicacy of character and manner, wanting which, they affect us as more or less insensible, and even coarse.

6. No creature in the world has this character so finely marked in him as a respectful and affectionate son,—particularly in his relation to his mother. Every little attention he pays her, is not only an expression of filial attachment, and a grateful acknowledgment of past cares, but is an evidence, also, of a tenderness of disposition, which moves us the more, because not

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so much looked on as an essential property in a man's character, as it is in the light of an added grace which is bestowed only upon a few.

7. His regards do not appear like mere habits of duty, nor does his watchfulness of his mother's wishes seem like taught submission to her will. They are the native courtesies of a feeling mind, showing themselves amid stern virtues and masculine energies, like gleams of light on points of rocks. They are delightful as evidences of power yielding voluntary homage to the delicacy of the soul. The armed knee is bent, and the heart of the mailed man laid bare.

8. Feelings that would seem to be at variance with each other, meet together and harmonize in the breast of a son. Every call of the mother, which he answers to, and every act of submission which he performs, are not only so many acknowledgments of her authority, but so many instances, also, of kindness, and marks of protecting regard. The servant and defender, the child and guardian, are mingled in him. The world looks on him in this way; and to draw upon a man the confidence, the respect, and the love of the world, it is enough to say of him,—He is a good Son!

EXERCISE XLV.

IMPORTANCE OF OUR LIFE.

JOHN FOSTER.

1. Every one knows with what interest it is natural to retrace the course of our own lives. The past states and periods of a man's being are retained in a connection with the present by that principle of self-love which is unwilling to relinquish its hold on what has once been his. Though he can not but be sensible of how little consequence his life can have been in the creation, compared with many other trains of

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events, yet he has felt it more important to himself than all other trains together; and you will very rarely find him tired of narrating again the little history, or at least the favorite parts of the little history, of himself.

2. We have all accounted our life an inestimable possession, which it deserved incessant cares and labors to retain, and which continues in most cases to be still held with anxious attachment. What has been the object of so much partiality, and has been delighted and pained by so many emotions, might claim, even if the highest interest were out of the question, that a short memorial should be retained by him who has possessed it, has seen it all to this moment depart, and can never recall it.

3. With respect to any friend that greatly interests us, we have always a curiosity to obtain an accurate account of the past train of his life and feelings; and, though there may be several reasons for such a wish, it partly springs from a consciousness how much this retrospective knowledge would assist to decide or confirm our estimate of that friend; but our estimate of ourselves is of more serious consequence.

4. The elapsed periods of life acquire importance, too, from the prospect of its continuance. The smallest thing becomes respectable, when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced, or is advancing, into magnificence. The first rude settlement of Romulus would have been an insignificant circumstance, and might justly have sunk into oblivion, if Rome had not, at length, commanded the world. The little rill, near the source of one of the great American rivers, is an interesting object to the traveler, who is apprised, as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its bank, that this is the stream which runs so far, and which gradually swells into so immense a flood.

5. So, while I anticipate the endless progress of life, and wonder through what unknown scenes it is to take its course, its past years lose that character of vanity, which would seem to belong to a train of fleeting perishing moments, and I see

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them assuming the dignity of a commencing eternity. In them I have *begun* to be that conscious existence which I *am* to be through infinite duration; and I feel a strange emotion of curiosity about this little life, in which I am setting out on such a progress: I can not be content without an accurate sketch of the windings thus far of a stream which is to bear me on forever.

6. I try to imagine how it will be to recollect, at a far distant point of my era, what I was when here, and wish, if it were possible, to retain, as I advance, the whole course of my existence within the scope of clear reflection; to fix in my mind so strong an idea of what I have been in this original period of my time, that I shall possess this idea in ages too remote for calculation. The review becomes still more important, when I learn the influence which this first part of the progress will have on the happiness or misery of the next.

EXERCISE XLVI.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF LITERATURE.

RUFUS CHOATE.

1. I come to add the final reason why the *working man*—by whom I mean the whole *brotherhood of industry*—should set on mental culture and that knowledge which is wisdom, a value so high—only not supreme—subordinate alone to the exercises and hopes of religion itself; and that is, that therein he shall so surely find rest from labor; succor under its burdens; forgetfulness of its cares; composure in its annoyances.

2. It is not always that the busy day is followed by the peaceful night. It is not always that fatigue wins sleep. Often some vexation outside of the toil that has exhausted the frame; some loss in a bargain; some loss by an insolvency; some unforeseen rise or fall in prices; some triumph of a mean or

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fraudulent competitor; "the law's delay, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, or some of the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes"—some self-reproach, perhaps, follow you within the door; chill the fireside; sow the pillow with thorns; and the dark care is lost in the last waking thought, and haunts the vivid dream.

3. Happy, then, is he who has laid up in youth, and has held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading. True balm of hurt minds; of surer and more healthful charm than "poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world"—by that single taste, by that single capacity, he may bound, in a moment, into the still regions of delightful studies, and be at rest.

4. He recalls the annoyance that pursues him; reflects that he has done all that might become a man to avoid or bear it; he indulges in one good long, human sigh, picks up the volume where the mark kept his place, and in about the same time that it takes the Mohammedan, in the Spectator, to put his head in the bucket of water and raise it out, he finds himself exploring the arrow-marked ruins of Nineveh with Layard; or worshiping at the spring-head of the stupendous Missouri with Clarke and Lewis; or watching with Columbus for the sublime moment of the rising of the curtain from before the great mystery of the sea; or looking reverentially on while Socrates—the discourse of immortality ended—refuses the offer of escape, and takes in his hand the poison, to die in obedience to the unrighteous sentence of the law; or, perhaps, it is in the contemplation of some vast spectacle or phenomenon of Nature that he has found his quick peace—the renewed exploration of one of her great laws—or some glimpse opened by the pencil of St. Pierre, or Humboldt, or Chateaubriand, or Wilson, of the "blessedness and glory of her own deep, calm, and mighty existence."

5. Let the case of a busy lawyer testify to the priceless value of the love of reading. He comes home, his temples throbbing, his nerves shattered, from a trial of a week; surprised

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and alarmed by the charge of the judge, and pale with anxiety about the verdict of the next morning, not at all satisfied with what he has done himself, though he does not yet see how he could have improved it; recalling with dread and self-disparagement, if not with envy, the brilliant effort of his antagonist, and tormenting himself with the vain wish that he could have replied to it—and altogether a very miserable subject, and in as unfavorable condition to accept comfort from wife and children as poor Christian in the first three pages of the Pilgrim's Progress.

6. With a superhuman effort he opens his book, and in a twinkling of an eye he is looking into the full "orb of Homeric or Miltonic song," or he stands in the crowd breathless, yet swayed as forests or the sea by winds, hearing and to judge the Pleadings for the Crown; or the philosophy which soothed Cicero or Boethius in their afflictions, in exile, in prison, and the contemplation of death, breathes over his petty cares like the sweet south; or Pope or Horace laugh him into good humor, or he walks with Æneas and the Sybil in the mild light of the world of the laureled dead, and the court-house is as completely forgotten as the dream of a pre-adamite life. Well may he prize that endeared charm, so effectual and safe, without which the brain had long ago been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire by insanity!

EXERCISE XLVII.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

BIBLE—PSALM XXXVII.

1. Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

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Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and He shall bring it to pass.

And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.

2. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him; fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

3. The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The Lord shall laugh at him: for He seeth that his day is coming.

The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of many wicked.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

4. The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be forever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.

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The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.

For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth: and they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

5. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not His saints; they are preserved forever, but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

6. The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein forever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

7. Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree.

Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

8. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: He is their strength in the time of trouble.

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And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

EXERCISE XLVIII.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

1. Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies;
(*sl.*) And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,—
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet, and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

2. Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mold and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest in mien and mind
Of gentle woman-kind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;
Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

3. Nor deem that, when the hand that molders here,
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east,

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Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vultures' feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
Alone her task was wrought;
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

4. She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good in her great Master's name.

5. Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But, when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from His seat;
He who, returning glorious from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

6. See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.

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O gentle sleeper! from thy grave I go
Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won;
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory
That ministered to thee, is open still.

EXERCISE XLIX.

TALK WITH THE SEA.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. I said with a moan, as I roamed alone,
By the side of the solemn sea,
"Oh, cast at my feet which thy billows meet
Some token to comfort me!
'Mid thy surges cold, a ring of gold
I have lost, with an amethyst bright,
Thou hast locked it so long, in thy casket strong,
That the rust must have quenched its light.

2. "Send a gift, I pray, on thy sheeted spray,
To solace my drooping mind;
For I 'm sad and grieve, and ere long must leave
This rolling globe behind."
Then the Sea answered: "Spoils are mine
From many an argosy;
And pearl-drops sleep in my bosom deep,
But naught have I there for thee!"

3. "When I mused before, on this rock-bound shore,
The beautiful walked with me:
She hath gone to her rest in the church-yard's breast,
Since I saw thee last, thou Sea!

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Restore! restore! the smile she wore,
When her cheek to mine was pressed;
Give back the voice of the fervent soul
That could lighten the darkest breast!"

4. But the haughty Sea, in its majesty
Swept onward as before,
Though a surge in wrath from its rocky path,
Shrieked out to the sounding shore:
"Thou hast asked of our king a harder thing
Than mortal e'er claimed before;
For never the wealth of a loving heart
Could Ocean or Earth restore."

EXERCISE L.

ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

1. Light of the world, Immortal Mind,
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye, that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast,
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

2. Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave,
Yet 't was thy goodness still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its towering mind to thee.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

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3. And still this poor contracted span,
This life that bears the name of man,
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal Source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

4. Through error's maze, through folly's night,
The lamp of reason lends me light;
Where stern Affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When Nature shrinks, oppressed with woes,
Even then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

5. Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendor burns;
Gay Love with all his smiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again;
These, these, I know, 't was thine to give;
I trusted; and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

6. O may I still thy favor prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love!
Let truth and virtue guard my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart:
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

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EXERCISE LI.

THE LITTLE IRON SOLDIER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

1. Aminadab Ivison started up in his bed. The great clock at the head of the staircase, an old and respected heir-loom of the family, struck one.

"Ah," said he, heaving up a great sigh from the depths of his inner man, "I've had a tried time of it!"

"And so have I," said his wife. "Thee 's been kicking, and thrashing about all night. I do wonder what ails thee."

2. And well she might; for her husband, a well-to-do, portly, middle-aged gentleman, being blessed with an easy conscience, a genial temper, and a comfortable digestion, was able to bear a great deal of sleep, and seldom varied a note in the gamut of his snore from one year's end to another.

3. "A very remarkable exercise," soliloquized Aminadab; "very!"

"Dear me! what was it?" inquired his wife.

"It must have been a dream," said Aminadab.

"O, is that all?" returned the good woman. "I'm glad it 's nothing worse. But what has thee been dreaming about?"

4. "It 's the strangest thing, Hannah, that thee ever heard of," said Aminadab, settling himself slowly back into his bed. "Thee recollects Jones sent me yesterday a sample of castings from the foundry. Well, I thought I opened the box, and found in it a little iron man, in regimentals, with his sword by his side, and a cocked hat on, looking very much like the picture in the transparency over neighbor O'Neal's oyster cellar across the way.

5. "I thought it rather out of place for Jones to furnish me with such a sample, as I should not feel easy to show it to my customers, on account of its warlike appearance. However, as the work was well done, I took the little image and

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set him upon the table, against the wall; and, sitting down opposite, I began to think over my business concerns, calculating how much they would increase in profit, in case a tariff man should be chosen our ruler for the next four years.

6. "Thee knows I am not in favor of choosing men of blood and strife to bear rule in the land; but it, nevertheless, seems proper to consider all the circumstances in this case, and, as one or the other of the candidates of the two great parties must be chosen, to take *the least of two evils.* All at once I heard a smart, quick tapping on the table; and, looking up, there stood the little iron man close at my elbow, winking and chuckling. 'That 's right, Aminadab!' said he, clapping his little metal hands together till he rang all over like a bell, 'take the least of two evils!'

7. "His voice had a sharp, clear, jingling sound, like that of silver dollars falling into a till. It startled me so that I woke up; but, finding it only a dream, presently fell asleep again. Then I thought I was down in the Exchange, talking with neighbor Simpkins about the election and the tariff. 'I want a change in the administration, but I can't vote for a military chieftain,' said neighbor Simpkins, 'as I look upon it unbecoming a Christian people to elect men of blood for their rulers.'

8. "'I don't know,' said I, 'what objection thee can have to a fighting man; for thee 's no Friend, and has n't any conscientious scruples against military matters. For my own part, I do not take much interest in politics, and never attended a caucus in my life, believing it best to keep very much in the quiet, and avoid, as far as possible, all letting and hindering things; but there may be cases where a military man may be voted for as a choice of evils, and as a means of promoting the prosperity of the country in business matters.'

9. 'What!' said neighbor Simpkins, 'are you going to vote for a man whose whole life has been spent in killing people?' This vexed me a little, and I told him there was such a thing as carrying a good principle too far, and that he might live to

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be sorry that he had thrown away his vote, instead of using it discreetly.

10. "'Why, there 's the iron business,' said I; but just then I heard a clatter beside me; and, looking round, there was the little iron soldier clapping his hands in great glee. 'That 's it, Aminadab!' said he; 'business first, conscience afterward! Keep up the price of iron with peace, if you can, but keep it up at any rate.' This waked me again in a good deal of trouble; but, remembering that it is said that 'dreams come of the multitude of business,' I once more composed myself to sleep."

11. "Well, what happened next?" asked his wife.

"Why, I thought I was in the meeting-house, sitting on the facing seat as usual. I tried hard to settle my mind down into a quiet and humble state; but somehow the cares of the world got uppermost, and, before I was well aware of it, I was far gone in a calculation of the chances of the election, and the probable rise in the price of iron, in the event of the choice of a president favorable to a high tariff.

12. "Rap, rap, went something on the floor. I opened my eyes, and there was the little image, red-hot, as if just out of the furnace, dancing, and chuckling, and clapping his hands. 'That 's right, Aminadab!' said he; 'go on as you have begun; take care of yourself in this world, and I 'll promise you you 'll be taken care of in the next. Peace and poverty, or war and money. It 's a choice of evils at best; and here 's Scripture to decide the matter; "Be not righteous overmuch."'

13. "Then the wicked-looking little image twisted his hot lips, and leered at me with his blazing eyes, and chuckled and laughed with a noise exactly as if a bag of dollars had been poured out upon the meeting-house floor. This waked me just now in such a fright. I wish thee would tell me, Hannah, what thee can make of these three dreams?"

14. "It don't need a Daniel to interpret them," answered Hannah. "Thee 's been thinking of voting to-morrow for a wicked old soldier, because thee cares more for thy iron busi-

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ness than for thy testimony against wars and fightings. I don't a bit wonder at thy seeing the iron soldier thee tells of; and, if thee votes to-morrow for a man of blood, it would n't be strange, if he should haunt thee all thy life."

15. Aminadab Ivison was silent; for his conscience spoke in the words of his wife. He slept no more that night, and rose up in the morning a wiser and a better man.

When he went forth to his place of business, he saw the crowds hurrying to and fro; there were banners flying across the streets, huge placards were on the walls, and he heard all about him the bustle of the great election.

16. "Friend Ivison," said a red-faced lawyer, almost breathless with his hurry, "more money is needed in the second ward; our committees are doing a great work there. What shall I put you down for? Fifty dollars? If we carry the election, your property will rise twenty per cent. Let me see; you are in the iron business, I think?"

17. Aminadab thought of the little iron soldier of his dream, and excused himself. Presently a bank director came tearing into his office—

"Have you voted yet, Mr. Ivison? It 's time to get your vote in. I wonder you should be in your office now. No business has so much at stake in this election as yours."

"I don't think I should feel entirely easy to vote for the candidate," said Aminadab.

18. "Mr. Ivison," said the bank director, "I always took you to be a shrewd, sensible man, taking men and things as they are. The candidate may not be all you could wish for; but, when the question is between him and a worse man, the best thing you can do is, to choose the least of the two evils."

19. "Just so the little iron man said," thought Aminadab. "'Get thee behind me, Satan!' No, neighbor Discount," said he, "I 've made up my mind. I see no warrant for choosing evil at all. I can't vote for that man."

"Very well," said the director, starting to leave the room; "you can do as you please; but, if we are defeated through

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the ill-timed scruples of yourself and others, and your business pinches in consequence, you need n't expect us to help men who won't help themselves. Good-day, sir!"

20. Aminadab sighed heavily, and his heart sank within him; but he thought of his dream, and remained steadfast. Presently he heard heavy steps and the tapping of a cane on the stairs; and, as the door opened, he saw the drab surtout of the worthy and much-esteemed friend who sat beside him at the head of the meeting.

21. "How 's thee do, Aminadab?" said he. "Thee 's voted, I suppose."

"No, Jacob," said he: "I don't like the candidate. I can't see my way clear to vote for a warrior."

"Well, but thee does n't vote for him, because he is a warrior, Aminadab," argued the other; "thee votes for him as a tariff man, and an encourager of home industry. I don't like his wars and fightings better than thee does; but I 'm told he 's an honest man, and that he disapproves of war in the abstract, although he has been brought up to the business.

22. "If thee feels tender about the matter, I don't like to urge thee; but it really seems to me thee had better vote. Times have been rather hard, thou knows; and, if by voting at this election, we can make business matters easier, I don't see how we can justify ourselves in staying at home. Thou knows we have a command to be diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit, and that the Apostle accounted him who provided not for his own household, worse than an infidel.

23. "I think it important to maintain on all proper occasions our Gospel testimony against wars and fightings; but there is such a thing as going to extremes, thou knows, and becoming over-scrupulous, as I think thou art in this case. It is said, thou knows, in Ecclesiastes: 'Be not righteous overmuch: why shouldst thou destroy thyself?'"

24. "Ah," said Aminadab to himself, "that 's what the little iron soldier said in meeting!" So he was strengthened in his resolution, and the persuasions of his friend were lost upon him.

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25. At night Aminadab sat by his parlor fire, comfortable alike in his inner and his outer man. "Well, Hannah," said he, "I've taken thy advice. I did n't vote for the great fighter to-day."

"I'm glad of it;" said the good woman, "and I dare say thee feels the better for it."

Aminadab Ivison slept soundly that night, and saw no more of the little iron soldier.

EXERCISE LII.

LAW OF COMPENSATION IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

LIEUTENANT M. F. MAURY.

1. Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation, with the beauty and nicety with which every department is poised by the others; things and principles are meted out in directions the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced and nicely adjusted, that results the most harmonious are produced.

2. It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand years, the earth, the sun, and the moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come to its proper place at the proper moment.

3. Nay, philosophy teaches us, when the little snow-drop, which in our garden walks we see raising its beautiful head to remind us that spring is at hand, was created, that the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to center, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to the fibers of even this little plant.

4. Botanists tell us that the constitution of this plant is such

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as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect.

5. Now, if the mass of earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different; in that case, the strength of fiber in the snow-drop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been in "itself," and, therefore, it could not reproduce itself.

6. Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment, in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world?

7. When the east winds blow along the Atlantic coast for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the Gulf Stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere; the invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill, because, when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it can not take up, and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused his blood to bring and leave there, that respiration may take up and carry it off. At other times the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls the sensation parching.

8. Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate them in the due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained

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to set out with the assumption that, if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state. But God chose to make those kingdoms what they are; for this purpose it was necessary, in his judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water, and the desert, just as they are, and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it to do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience to order.

9. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, or the property given to the sea by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers or gentle dews? If the proportion and properties of land, sea, and air were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required by each, why should we be told that He "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did He span the heavens, but that He might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which He designed it?

10. Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law, and subject to order in all their movements; when we consult them in the performance of their offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness, and the wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea, are second to none for the good which they do, and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded

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mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear his voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel his presence in every breeze that blows?

EXERCISE LIII.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

1. I love, and have some cause to love, the earth;
She is my Maker's creature; therefore, good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food;
But what 's a creature, Lord, compared with thee!
Or what 's my mother, or my nurse to me!

2. I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what 's the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee!

3. I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore;
But Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

4. To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky;
But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence heaven 's no heaven to me.

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5. Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

6. The highest honors that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

7. Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

8. In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And, having thee alone, what have I not;
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of thee.

EXERCISE LIV.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;

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With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

2. Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

3. O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,

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And the architectural plans
Of gray, hornet artizans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on that barefoot boy!

4. O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone:
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides*!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

* HES PER' I DES ("*the Western Maidens,*") is the name of three celebrated nymphs, who, in a famous old Grecian legend, are represented as guarding trees bearing golden apples.

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5. O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude,
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

6. Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

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EXERCISE LV.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

ROBERT GILFINNAN.

1. Sun of the firmament! Planet of wonderment!
   Now thy far journey of day it is done;
   Still art thou parting bright, shedding immortal light
   Down on thy throne of night,—hail! setting Sun!

2. Slow thou depart'st away, far from the realms of day,
   Ling'ring in pity on Summer's loved bowers.
   Thy last ray is streaming, thy farewell tint gleaming,
   Yet soon thou 'lt appear to refreshen the flowers!

3. Thy parting brings sadness; yet nations, in gladness,
   Are waiting to worship thee, Fountain of light!
   Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see,
   Thou kindlest day in the dwellings of night!

4. Where sleeps the thunder, there dost thou wander,
   Down 'neath the ocean deep there dost thou stray;
   Kissing the stars at morn, high in the air upborne,
   Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!

5. Grandeur and glory, they travel before thee,
   Brightness and majesty walk in thy train;
   Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,
   When thou awakest from the ocean again!

6. All thy own influence, kindly thou dost dispense,
   Blessings o'er nature where'er its bounds be,—
   Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence,
   And Lapland is turned into Summer by thee!

7. Time can not conquer thee, age can not alter thee,
   Years have no power to limit thy sway;
   Strength and sublimity, still they attend on thee,
   Pilgrim of age, but not of decay!

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8. Sun of the firmament! Planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still thou art parting bright, shedding immortal light
Down on thy throne of night,—hail! setting Sun!

EXERCISE LVI.

CHRISTIAN IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, therefore, you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault.

2. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow; because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

3. Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and

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cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her, also, what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counseled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them, as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

4. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and, understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits, (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits,) and lost for a time the use of his hands: wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

5. *Chr.* "Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. 'My soul

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shooseth strangling rather than life,' and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?"

6. *Hope.* "Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus forever to abide; but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said: Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to any man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides he that kills another, can but commit murder on his own body; but, for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, &c. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands.

7. "Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and, if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers." With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together, in the dark, that day in their sad and doleful condition.

8. Well, toward the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive;

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at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

9. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

10. *Hope.* "My brother," said he, "rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; what hardships, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through! and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also, this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience: remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor the cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore let us, (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in,) bear up with patience as well as we can."

11. Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied: "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves." Then said she: "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

12. So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims, as

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you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do you: go, get ye down to your den again!" and with that he beat them all the way thither.

13. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence, and her husband, the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could, neither by his blows nor counsel, bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied: "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some one will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

14. Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, broke out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful: "That 's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

15. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could, by no means, go after them. Then they went on, and

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came to the king's highway, and so were safe; because they were out of his jurisdiction.

16. Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

EXERCISE LVII.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MACAULAY.

1. The characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But the pleasure which is produced by the Vision of Mirza, or the Vision of Theodore, the genealogy of Wit, or the contest between Rest and Labor, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's Odes, or from a Canto of Hudibras. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever.

2. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the "House of Pride," and the "House

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of Temperance." One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the "Faëry Queen." We become sick of Cardinal Virtues and Deadly Sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first Canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the First Book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator, would have held out to the end.

3. It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics, and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack, the Giant-killer."

4. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius—that things which are not, should be as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men

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kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulcher; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside; the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, are all as well known to us as the sights of our own street.

5. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where, afterwards, the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amid the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished, lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amid the bones and ashes of those whom they had slain. * * * *

6. The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language

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is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

7. Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose, Lord Roscommon's "Essay on Translated Verse," and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's "Essay on Poetry," appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the "Paradise Lost;" the other the "Pilgrim's Progress."

EXERCISE LVIII.

WHAT IS THE USE?

ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

1. I saw a man, by some accounted wise,
For some things said and done before their eyes,
Quite overcast, and in a restless muse,
Pacing a path about,
And often giving out:
"What is the use?"

2. Then I, with true respect: "What meanest thou
By those strange words, and that unsettled brow?
Health, wealth, the fair esteem of ample views,
To these things thou art born."
But he, as one forlorn:
"What is the use?"

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3. "I have surveyed the sages and their books,
Man, and the natural world of woods and brooks,
Seeking that perfect good that I would choose;
But find no perfect good,
Settled and understood.
What is the use?

4. "Life, in a poise, hangs trembling on the beam,
Even in a breath bounding to each extreme
Of joy and sorrow; therefore, I refuse
All beaten ways of bliss,
And only answer this:
What is the use?

5. "The hoodwinked world is seeking happiness.
'Which way?' they cry, 'here?' 'no!' 'there?' 'who can guess?'
And so they grope, and grope, and grope, and cruise
On, on, till life is lost,
At blindman's with a ghost.
What is the use?

6. "Love first, with most, then wealth, distinction, fame,
Quicken the blood and spirit on the game.
Some try them all, and all alike accuse,—
'I have been all,' said one,
'And find that all is none.'
What is the use?

7. "Some pray for wealth, and seem to pray aright:
They heap until themselves are out of sight;
Yet stand, in charities, not over shoes,
And ask of their old age,
As an old ledger page,
What is the use?

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8. "Some covet honors, and they have their choice,
Are dogged with dinners and the popular voice;
They ride a wind—it drops them—and they bruise;
Or, if sustained, they sigh:
'That other is more high.'
What is the use?

9. "Some try for fame, the merest chance of things
That mortal hope can wreak toward the wings
Of soaring Time: they win, perhaps, or lose,—
Who knows? Not he, who, dead,
Laurels a marble head.
What is the use?

10. "The strife for fame and the high praise of power,
Is as a man, who, panting up a tower,
Bears a great stone, then, straining all his thews,
Heaves it, and sees it make
A splashing in a lake.
What is the use?

11. "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.
Thus the great lords of spiritual fame amuse
Their souls, and think it good
To eat of angels' food.
What is the use?

12. "They eat their fill, and they are filled with wind.
They do the noble works of noble mind.
Repute, and often bread, the world refuse.
They go unto their place,
The greatest of the race.
What is the use?

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13. "Should some new star, in the fair evening sky,
Kindle a blaze, startling so keen an eye
Of flamings eminent, athwart the dews,
Our thoughts would say: No doubt
That star will soon burn out.
What is the use?

14. "Who 'll care for me, when I am dead and gone?
Not many now, and surely, soon, not one;
And, should I sing like an immortal Muse,
Men, if they read the line,
Read for their good, not mine;
What is the use?

15. "And song, if passable, is doomed to pass—
Common, though sweet as the new-scythed grass.
Of human deeds and thoughts Time bears no news,
That, flying, he can lack,
Else they would break his back,
What is the use?

16. "Spirit of Beauty! Breath of golden lyres!
Perpetual tremble of immortal wires!
Divinely torturing rapture of the Muse!
Conspicuous wretchedness!
Thou starry, sole success!—
What is the use?

17. "Doth not all struggle tell, upon its brow,
That he who makes it is not easy now,
But hopes to be? Vain hope that dost abuse!
Coquetting with thine eyes,
And fooling him who sighs.
What is the use?

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18. "Go pry the lintels of the pyramids;
Lift the old kings' mysterious coffin lids—
This dust was theirs whose names these stones confuse,
These mighty monuments
Of mighty discontents.
What is the use?

19. "Did not he sum it all, whose Gate of Pearls
Blazed royal Ophir, Tyre, and Syrian girls—
The great, wise, famous monarch of the Jews?
Though rolled in grandeur vast,
He said of all, at last:
What is the use?

20. "O! but to take, of life, the natural good,
Even as a hermit, caverned in a wood,
More sweetly fills my sober-suited views,
Than sweating to attain
Any luxurious pain.
What is the use?

21. "Give me a hermit's life, without his beads—
His lantern-jawed and moral-mouthing creeds;
Systems and creeds the natural heart abuse.
What need of any Book,
Or spiritual crook?
What is the use?

22. "I love, and God is love; and I behold
Man, Nature, God, one triple chain of gold—
Nature in all sole Oracle and Muse.
What should I seek, at all,
More than is natural?
What is the use?"

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23. Seeing this man so heathenly inclined,
So wilted in the mood of a good mind,
I felt a kind of heat of earnest thought;
And, studying in reply,
Answered him, eye to eye:

24. "Thou dost amaze me that thou dost mistake
The wandering rivers for the fountain lake.
What is the end of living?—happiness?—
An end that none attain,
Argues a purpose vain.

25. "Plainly, this world is not a scope for bliss,
But duty. Yet we see not all that is,
Or may be, some day, if we love the light.
What man is, in desires,
Whispers where man aspires.

26. "But what and where are we?—what now—to-day?
Souls on a globe that spin our lives away—
A multitudinous world, where Heaven and Hell,
Strangely in battle met,
Their gonfalons have set.

27. "Dust though we are, and shall return to dust,
Yet being born to battles, fight we must;
Under which ensign is our only choice.
We know to wage our best,
God only knows the rest.

28. "Then since we see about us sin and dole,
And some things good, why not, with hand and soul
Wrestle and succor out of wrong and sorrow—
Grasping the swords of strife,
Making the most of life?

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29. "Yea, all that we can wield is worth the end,
If sought as God's and man's most loyal friend.
Naked we come into the world, and take
Weapons of various skill,—
Let us not use them ill.

30. "As for the creeds, Nature is dark at best;
And darker still is the deep human breast.
Therefore, consider well of creeds and Books,
Lest thou mayst somewhat fail
Of things beyond the vail.

31. "Nature was dark to the dim starry age
Of wistful Job; and that Athenian sage,
Pensive in piteous thought of Faith's distress;
For still she cried with tears:
'More light, ye crystal spheres!'

32. "But rouse thee, man! Shake off this hideous death!
(*f*) Be man! Stand up! Draw in a mighty breath!
This world has quite enough emasculate hands,
Dallying with doubt and sin.
Come—here is work—begin!

33. "Come, here is work—and a rank field—begin!
Put thou thine edge to the great weeds of sin;
So shalt thou find the *use of life*, and see
Thy Lord, at set of sun,
Approach and say: 'Well done!'

34. "This at the last: They clutch the sapless fruit.
Ashes and dust of the Dead Sea, who suit
Their course of life to compass happiness;
But be it understood
That, to be greatly good,
All is the use."

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EXERCISE LIX.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

REV. J. G. LYONS.

1. Now gather all our Saxon bards, let harps and hearts be strung
To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue!
For stronger far than hosts that march, with battle-flags unfurled,
It goes with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH, to rouse and rule the world.

2. Stout Albion hears its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar:
It climbs New England's rocky steeps as victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its own.

3. It spreads where Winter piles deep snows on bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks, eternal Summer reigns.
It tracks the loud, swift Oregon through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where California brooks wash down their sands of gold.

4. It kindles realms so far apart, that while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits, and those with flowers of Spring.
It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs orbit fires on high.

5. It goes with all that Prophets told, and righteous Kings desired;
With all that great Apostles taught, and glorious Greeks admired;
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's lofty mind;
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore, to cheer and bless mankind.

6. Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and Error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day!
Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame, take heed, nor once disgrace,
With recreant pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue and race!

7. Go forth, and jointly speed the time, by good men prayed for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise, will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease to pine or roam,—
All taught to prize these English words: FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME!

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EXERCISE LX.

VINDICATION FROM TREASON.

THOMAS F. MEAGHER.

1. It is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time, should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter,—when I shall be no more—the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might, indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct, in a light far different from that in which the jury, by which I have been convicted, will view them; and by the country, the sentence which you, my Lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth.

2. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my Lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance,—nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that those who have tried to save their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With my country, then, I leave my memory,—my sentiments,—my acts,—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day.

3. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime for which I stand indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment toward them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge?

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Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my Lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge, as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown?

4. My Lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and, perhaps, it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done;—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here,—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust; here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave opened to receive me,—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

5. With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the Court. Having done what I felt to be my duty,—having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death,—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies,—whose factions I have sought to still,—whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim,—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom,—the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honored home.

6. Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal,—a

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tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgments of *this* world will be reversed.

EXERCISE LXI.

GENIUS AND ITS REWARDS.

MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

1. What a glorious gift is that of eloquent utterance! The laurels of the warrior are only achieved on the field of blood; the honors of the statesman depend on the fickle breath of the multitude; but the author, the creator, he who in the seclusion of his closet can commune with the solemn majesty of truth, whose oracles he has been chosen to interpret; he who can people the narrow limits of his solitary chamber with images of beauty; he who, amid the sands of worldliness has found the "diamond of the desert," while its sweet waters are welling up in all their freshness and purity; what a noble power is his!

2. And what a strange and mystic faculty is that which gives to "airy nothings" such shapes as make them seem, even to the coarse-minded worldling, like familiar friends; which imparts to unsubstantial dreams a visible and life-like presence; which invests the impalpable shadows of the brain with the attributes of humanity, and demands for these fairy creatures of the fancy our kindliest and warmest sympathy! What a god-like gift is that which enables the lonely student to sway the minds of myriads on whom his eye may never rest with a glance of friendly recognition; to move, as if by one impulse, the hearts of thousands; to stir up high and holy feelings in bosoms which the commerce of the world and the exigencies of life had chilled and hardened!

3. Yet it is with the mind as with the body; the exercise of our physical energies is delightful in proportion as it is

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the act of unfettered volition. The man who, in the sportiveness of health and spirits, will go into the woodland and make the strokes of his ax ring through the forest aisles, would find little pleasure in the same labor, if necessity had driven him to be a hewer of wood. The well trained dancer, whose lithe form moves to the voice of music, as if she were but an embodiment of the spirit of harmony, feels none of the pure joy which once possessed her, when, in the freedom of childish mirth, her dance was but the evidence of a lightsome heart.

4. It is only when the will is left free to direct the faculties that we can derive full gratification from our consciousness of power; and, if this be true of the body, that mere machine which, from its earliest sentient moment, is submitted to restraint and subjection; how much more so is it of the free and unchained mind. It matters not whether the fetters that are laid upon the soul be forged from the iron scepter of necessity, or wrought from the golden treasures of ambition; still they are but chains, and he who would feel the true majesty of mental power must never have worn the badge of thralldom.

5. It is not the triumph of satisfied ambition, which affords the highest gratification to the truly noble-minded. Intellectual toil is its own exceeding great reward. The applause of the world may gladden the heart and quicken the pulse of the aspirant for fame, but the brightest crown that was ever laid on the brow of genius, imparts no such thrill of joy as he felt in that delicious moment, when the consciousness of power first came upon him.

6. It is this sense of power, this innate consciousness of hidden strength, which is his most valued guerdon; and well would it be for him, if the echo of worldly fame never resounded in the quiet, secluded chambers of his secret soul! Well would it be, if no hand ever offered to his lips the cup of adulation, whose magic sweetness awakens a thirst no repeated draughts can slake! Well would it be, if the voice of

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a clamorous multitude never mingled with the sweeter music of his own gentle fancies!

7. Well would it be, if he could always abide in the pure regions of elevated thought, leaving the mists and the darkness, the lightnings and tempests of a lower world, beneath his feet! Titian, living amid wealth and honors, and dying in the arms of a weeping monarch, presents to the eye of thought a far less noble picture than the poor, unfriended, humble Correggio, when, at the sight of some glorious works of art, the vail which had hidden his own resplendent genius was suddenly lifted from his eyes, and he exclaimed, in the ecstasy of an enlightened spirit: "*Io anche so pittore!*" I too am a painter!

8. With the first knowledge of innate power to the mind of genius comes, also, the desire of benefiting humanity, and, at that moment, when the fire which God has lighted within the soul, burns upward with a steady light toward Heaven, while it diffuses its pure splendors on a darkened world around; at such a moment man is, indeed, but little lower than the angels.

> "Could he keep his spirit to this pitch
> He might be happy;"

but, alas! the mists of earth rise up around him; the light is dimmed upon the altar; less holy gleams shoot athwart the growing darkness, and, too often, the fading flame of spiritual existence is rekindled at the bale-fires of the nether world.

9. There is something fearful in the responsibility which attaches to the expression of human thought and feeling. "We may have done that yesterday," says Madame de Stael, "which has colored our whole future life." Appalling as this idea is, the reflection that in some idle mood, and in some uncounted moment now gone past recall, we may have uttered that which has influenced the opinions, the feelings, perhaps, the fate of *another*, is even more terrific to the conscience.

10. Who can not recollect some single word, some careless remark, which, coming from lips fraught with eloquence, or

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uttered from a heart filled with truth, has affected our early fortunes and, perhaps, our life-long destiny? Who can not look back upon some moment in life, when the unconscious accents of another have withheld the foot which already pressed the verge of some frightful precipice? Who can not recall, in bitter anguish of spirit, some hour, when the "voice of the charmer" has won the soul to evil influences and late remorse?

11. If such things come within the experience of each one of us (and that they do, no one can doubt,) may not every human being, however humble, feel awed before the simple power of human expression? Oh! it is a fearful thing to pour out one's soul in eloquent utterance! fearful, because it opens the inner sanctuary to the gaze of vulgar eyes; fearful, because its oracular voice is rarely interpreted aright; doubly fearful, because even its most truthful sayings may be of evil import to those who listen to its teachings.

EXERCISE LXII.

TACT VERSUS TALENT.

1. Talent is something, but not every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable. Tact is all that and more, too; is is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five; it is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows his way through the world.

2. Talent is power, tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows *how* to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him re-

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spected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one. Talent will produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together; hence we have successful pieces which are are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

3. Take them to the *bar*, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent receives many a compliment from the bench, but tact receives fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speak learnedly and logically; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false step, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, it takes all hints, and, by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

4. Take them into the *church*. Talent has always something worth hearing; tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces; tact converts. Talent is an honor to the profession; tact gains honor from the profession. Take them to the *court*. Talent feels its weight; tact finds its way. Talent commands; tact is obeyed. Talent is honored with approbation; and tact is blessed by preferment.

5. Place them in the *senate*. Talent has the ear of the house; but tact wins its heart, and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment; but tact is fitted for it. It seems to know every thing without learning any thing. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship. It needs no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of woudrous wisdom; it has no air of profundity, but plays with the detail of

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place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte.

6. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius. Talent calculates slowly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason; tact refutes without contradiction, puzzles the profound without profundity, and without art outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humor leads.

7. Talent is pleased that it *ought* to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it *has* succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passions of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact for a short lease, and gets good interest. In short, talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable—always alert, marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the application of power, the eye of discrimination, and the right hand of intellect.

EXERCISE LXIII.

EXHORTATION TO DILIGENCE.

THOMSON.

1. Is not the field with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
And fanned by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumberous mass,

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With which sad Nature vails her drooping face?
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

2. It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art,
That soft, yet ardent Athens learned to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart;
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart!
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

3. Had unambitious mortals minded naught,
But in loose joy their time to wear away,
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed;
None e'er had soared to fame, none honored been, none praised.

4. But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require:
Then see how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoyed this, nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act, is dead; absorbed entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath;
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

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5. Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss,
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

6. O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health,
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind?
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds!
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce*
breeds?

7. There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
Who wretched sigh for virtue, yet despair.
"All may be done," methinks I hear them say,
"Even death despised by generous actions fair,—
All, but for those who to these bowers repair!
Their every power dissolved in luxury,
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
And from the powerful arms of sloth get free,
'Tis rising from the dead: alas! it can not be!"

8. (<) Would you, then, learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge, threatening difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way, like lions, stand,
His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?

* Pleasaunce (*plez'ance*), i. e. pleasure.

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Resolve! RESOLVE! and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblest privilege, alone
Here to mankind indulged: control desire!
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word, I WILL!—and it is done.

EXERCISE LXIV.

THE CARELESS WORD.

MRS. NORTON.

1. A word is ringing through my brain;
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had passed away;
It had no meaning, more than all
Which in an idle hour do fall;
It was, when first the sound I heard,
A lightly uttered, careless word.

2. That word—oh! it doth haunt me now
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently played
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power through life to wound;
There is no voice I ever heard,
So deeply fixed as that one word.

3. When in the laughing crowd, some tone
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
Strikes on my ear, I shrink,—for then
The careless word comes back again.

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When all alone I sit, and gaze
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,
Lo! freshly, as when first 't was heard,
Returns that lightly-uttered word.

4. When dreams bring back the days of old,
With all that wishes could not hold,
And from my feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart,—
Amid its beating echoes clear,
That little word I seem to hear;
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep? 't was but a foolish word.

5. It comes,—and with it come the tears,
The hopes, the joys, of former years;
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,
And all as joyless,—though they were
The brightest things life's spring could share.
Oh! would to God, I ne'er had heard
That lightly-uttered, careless word!

6. It was the first,—the only one
Of those which lips forever gone
Breathed, in their love,—which had for me
Rebuke of harshness at my glee;
And if those lips were here to say,
"Beloved, let it pass away;"
Ah! then, perchance,—but I have heard
The last, dear tone—the careless word!

7. Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come
When earth hath but for *one* a home;

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Lest musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell, weeping, on a careless word!

EXERCISE LXV.

THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD

ELIZA COOK.

1. The poet or priest who told us this,
Served mankind in the holiest way;
For it lit up the earth with the star of bliss
That beacons the soul with cheerful ray.
Too often we wander, despairing and blind,
Breathing our useless murmurs aloud;
But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
"A silver lining to every cloud."

2. May we not walk in the dingle ground,
When nothing but autumn's dead leaves are seen,
But search beneath them, and peeping around
Are the young spring-tufts of blue and green.
'Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
The presence of God in Mortality's crowd;
'Tis a saving creed that thinks and believes
"There 's a silver lining to every cloud."

3. Let us look closely before we condemn
Bushes that bear no bloom nor fruit;
There may not be beauty in leaves or stem,
But virtue may dwell far down at the root;
And let us beware how we utterly spurn
Brothers that seem all cold and proud,—
If their bosoms were opened, perchance we might learn
"There 's a silver lining to every cloud."

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4. Let us not cast out Mercy and Truth,
When Guilt is before us in chains and shame,
When Passion and Vice have cankered youth,
And Age lives on with a branded name;
Something of good may still be there,
Though its voice may never be heard aloud,
For, while black with the vapors of pestilent air,
"There 's a silver lining to every cloud."

5. Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
Heavy and dull, and blighting and chill,
Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
Marring our hopes and defying our will;
But let us not sink beneath the woe,
'Tis well, perchance, we are tried and bowed,
For be sure, though we may not oft see it below,
"There 's a silver lining to every cloud."

6. And when stern Death, with skeleton hand,
Has snatched the flower that grew in our breast,
Do we not think of a fairer land,
Where the lost are found, and the weary at rest?
Oh! the hope of the unknown future springs,
In its purest strength o'er the coffin and shroud,
The shadow is dense, but Faith's spirit-voice sings
"There 's a silver lining to every cloud."

EXERCISE LXVI.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

HAWKESWORTH.

1. It pleased our mighty sovereign, Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honor and dominion, to set Mirza, his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impar-

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tiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honor, and the diligent became rich; Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings on his head.

2. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and, when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance, and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

3. He therefore obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and, being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honored, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarcely sufficient to prepare for death. All other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveler, under whose foot they perish forever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colors of the bow, that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the vail of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty."

4. Mirza then bowed himself to the ground, and stood silent. By the command of Abbas it is recorded that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles, but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth, and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

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5. "Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am, as thou art, a reptile of the earth: my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom, then, must the faithful be governed? By those only who have no fear of judgment? by those only whose life is brutal, because, like brutes, they do not consider that they shall die?

6. "Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it can not be a duty. Depart to the house, which has, in this city, been prepared for thy residence; I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

7. Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and, having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My Lord," said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou, the Iman who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honors which I so lately wished to resign."

8. The king who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words: "To Mirza, whom

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the wisdom of Abbas our mighty Lord has honored with dominion, be perpetual health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king, when he is troubled, and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee!

9. "Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet; I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep.

10. "I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money, were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and, renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country. My dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave, with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet.

11. "One morning, after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that, as I looked earnestly for the first beam of

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day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and, at length, I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox, whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox, the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared.

12. "When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself, Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business and vanities of life: but thou hast as yet only done it in part; thou art still, every day, busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest; neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven, also, supply thee with food, when that, which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity, but devotion?

13. "I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience which left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I labored to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: 'Cosrou, I am the angel, who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled like the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emu-

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lation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou doest good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from mortal to divine; and that happiness, which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

14. "At these words, I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill, in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received. As the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I, also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet.

15. "Believe, then, that it is he who tells thee all knowledge is profane, which terminates in thyself; and, by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment. Here thou canst do little more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and, in the mean time, emulate the eagle.

16. "Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest; thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and, if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell! may the smile of him who resides in the heaven of heavens, be upon thee; and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may happiness be written!"

17. The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now

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removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."

EXERCISE LXVII.

E PHEM' E RA, (EP, *on* or *for*, and HEMERA, *a day*,) is a word of Greek origin, and signifies lasting *for a day*, that is, fleeting, transient. The word is applied to a fever of one day's continuance, to the day-fly, and, in general, to all insects that are very short-lived.

THE EPHEMERA; AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

1. You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and staid some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language.

2. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but, as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *musquito;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month.

3. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a

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wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention, but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

4. "It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion; since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably toward the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction.

5. "I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I can not expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer.

6. "What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I can not live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched.

7. "And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art

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is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

EXERCISE LXVIII.

CONVERSATION, AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1. The flight of our human hours, not really more rapid at any one moment than another, yet oftentimes to our feelings *seems* more rapid, and this flight startles us, like guilty things, with a more affecting *sense* of its rapidity, when a distant church-clock strikes in the night-time, or when, upon some solemn summer evening, the sun's disk, after settling for a minute with farewell horizontal rays, suddenly drops out of sight. The record of our loss, in such a case, seems to us the first intimation of its possibility; as if we could not be made sensible that the hours were perishable, until it is announced to us that already they have perished.

2. We feel a perplexity of distress when that which seems to us the cruelest of injuries, a robbery committed upon our dearest possession by the conspiracy of the world outside, seems, also, as in part, a robbery sanctioned by our own collusion. The world, and the customs of the world, never cease to levy taxes upon our time; that is true, and so far the blame is not ours; but the particular *degree* in which we suffer by this robbery, depends much upon the weakness with which we ourselves become parties to the wrong, or the energy with which we resist it. Resisting or not, however, we are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts.

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3. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep to find her magnificent ropes of pearl-necklace, by some accident detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down into the water, and pearl after pearl slipping off forever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case. That particular pearl, which at the very moment is rolling off into the unsearchable deeps, carries its own separate reproach to the lady's heart. But it is more deeply reproachful as the representative of so many others, uncounted pearls, that have already been swallowed up irrecoverably while she was yet sleeping, and of many beside that must follow, before any remedy can be applied to what we may call this jewelly hemorrhage. A constant hemorrhage of the same kind is wasting our jewelly hours.

4. A day has perished from our brief calendar of days: and *that* we could endure; but this day is no more than the reiteration of many other days, days counted by thousands, that have perished to the same extent and by the same unhappy means, viz., the evil usages of the world, made effectual and ratified by our own *lacheté.** Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor: "My friend you make very free with your days: pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental, as regards the total harvest of days which this life is likely to yield?

5. Let us consider. Threescore years and ten produce a total sum of 25,550 days; to say nothing of some seventeen or eight een more that will be payable to you as a *bonus* on account of leap years. Now, out of this total, one third must be deducted at a blow for a single item, viz., sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect, also, that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life, (viz., above seven thousand days) before you can have attained any skill or system, or any definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item

* *Lacheté*, (*lash tay,*) negligence.

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which, among the Roman armies, was indicated by the technical phrase, "*corpus curare*,"* tendance on the animal necessities, viz., eating, drinking, washing, bathing, and exercise, deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and, upon summing up all these appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture.

6. Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of "forty days," you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor. A solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After *that*, the night comes when no man can work; brain and arm will be alike unserviceable; or, if the life should be unusually extended, the vital powers will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.

7. Limited thus severely in his *direct* approaches to knowledge, and in his approaches to that which is a thousand times more important than knowledge, viz., the conduct and discipline of the knowing faculty, the more clamorous is the necessity that a wise man should turn to account any INDIRECT and supplementary means toward the same ends; and among these means a chief one by right and potentially is CONVERSATION. Even the primary means, books, study, and meditation, through errors from without and errors from within, are not *that* which they might be made. Too constantly, when reviewing his own efforts for improvement, a man has reason to say: (indignantly, as one injured by others; penitentially, as contributing to this injury himself:) "Much of my studies has been thrown away; many books which were useless or worse than useless, I have read; many books which ought to have been read, I have left unread; such is the sad necessity under the absence of all preconceived plan; and the proper road is first ascertained when the journey is drawing to its close."

* *To take care of the body.*

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8. In a wilderness so vast as that of books, to go astray often and widely is pardonable, because it is inevitable; and in proportion as the errors on this primary field of study have been great, it is important to have reaped some compensatory benefits on the secondary field of conversation. Books teach by one machinery, conversation by another; and, if these resources were trained into correspondence to their own separate ideals, they might become reciprocally the complements of each other. The false selection of books, for instance, might often be rectified at once by the frank collation of experiences, which takes place in miscellaneous colloquial intercourse.

9. But other and greater advantages belong to conversation for the effectual promotion of intellectual culture. Social discussion supplies the natural integration for the deficiencies of private and sequestered study. Simply to rehearse, simply to express in words among familiar friends, one's own intellectual perplexities, is oftentimes to clear them up. It is well known that the best means of learning is by teaching; the effort that is made for others is made eventually for ourselves; and the readiest method of illuminating obscure conceptions, or maturing such as are crude, lies in an earnest effort to make them apprehensible by others. Even this is but one among the functions fulfilled by conversation.

10. Each separate individual in a company is likely to see any problem or idea under some difference of angle. Each may have some difference of views to contribute, derived either from a different course of reading, or a different tenor of reflection, or, perhaps, a different train of experience. The advantages of colloquial discussion are not only often commensurate in *degree* to those of study, but they recommend themselves, also, as being different in *kind;* they are special and *sui generis.** It must, therefore, be important that so great an organ of intellectual development should not be neutralized by mismanagement, as generally it is, or neglected through insensibility to its latent capacities.

* Of its own kind; peculiar to itself.

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EXERCISE LXIX.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1. With the dissolution of Roman liberty, and the decline of Roman taste, the reputation and the excellency of the oratorical art, fell alike into decay. Under the despotism of the Cæsars, the end of eloquence was perverted from persuasion to panegyric, and all her faculties were soon palsied by the touch of corruption, or enervated by the impotence of servitude. Then succeeded the darkness of the middle ages, when with the other liberal arts, she slumbered in the profound darkness of the cloister.

2. At the revival of letters in modern Europe, Eloquence, together with her sister muses, awoke, and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins. In the interval her voice was gone; her favorite languages were extinct; her organs were no longer attuned to harmony, and her hearers could no longer understand her speech. The discordant jargon of feudal anarchy had banished the musical dialects in which she had always delighted.

3. The theaters of her former triumphs were either deserted, or they were filled with the babblers of sophistry and chicane. She shrunk intuitively from the forum; for the last object she remembered to have seen there was the head of her darling Cicero, planted upon the rostrum. She ascended the tribunals of justice; there she found her child, Persuasion, manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; there she beheld an image of herself, stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes.

4. Her heart fainted within her. She lost all confidence in herself. Together with her irresistible powers, she lost proportionably the consideration of the world, until, instead of comprising the whole system of public education, she found herself excluded from the circle of science, and declared an outlaw from the realms of learning.

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5. She was not, however, doomed to eternal silence. With the progress of freedom and of liberal science, in various parts of modern Europe, she obtained access to mingle in the deliberations of their parliaments. With labor and difficulty she learned their languages, and lent her aid in giving them form and polish. But she has never recovered the graces of her former beauty, nor the energies of her ancient vigor.

EXERCISE LXX.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

THOMAS HOOD.

I.

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers,—folks that fish with literary Hooks,—
Who call and take some favorite tome, but never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.

II.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I 've but a quarter left, nor could I save my "Bacon;"
And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go;
And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

III.

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker;
And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
While studying, o'er the fire one day, my "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

IV.

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth!
If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went my "Steele."

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V.

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated;
But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage;
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 't was mine to lose,—a "Savage."

VI.

Even "Glover's" works I can not put my frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed; my "Taylor," too, must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered "Bayle."

VII.

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," O! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle" touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle,"—and surely Mickle's much.

VIII.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,
To think I can not read my "Reid," nor even use my "Hughes;"
My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

IX.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray," there 's gray upon my locks;
I 'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton" I reply.

X.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs divide;
For O! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me "Sterne."

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EXERCISE LXXI.

1. FAUNS, or FAU'NI, is the name applied by the Romans to certain gods of the woods, held in especial reverence by the tillers of the soil. They are represented as having the legs, feet, and ears of goats, and the remaining parts those of a human being.

2. DRY'ADS, or DRY'A DES, that is, Wood-Nymphs, form one of the various classes of nymphs, or female deities, with which the imagination of the ancient Greeks peopled the woods and groves. The nymphs were the attendants of the goddesses. They waited on Juno and Venus, and, arrayed in the attire of a huntress, accompanied Diana in the chase.

3. SAT'YRS, or SATYRI, were a sort of demi-gods presiding over, or dwelling in, the country. They had feet and legs like those of goats, short horns on the head, and the whole body covered with hair. The Satyrs were among the Greeks what the Fauns were among the Romans. They were very fond of music, and always appeared at the festivals of Bacchus, dancing, and playing on musical instruments.

4. TEM'PE, a valley in Thessaly in ancient Greece, between Mount Olympus at the north and Ossa at the south, through which flowed the river Peneus. It is greatly celebrated by the poets.

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

COLLINS.

1. When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,*
Thronged around her magic cell:
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;

* That is, the lyre: the lyre being originally nothing more than the shell of a tortoise with strings drawn over it.

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And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each,—for madness ruled the hour,—
Would prove his own expressive power.

2. First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid:
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

3. Next, Anger rushed; his eyes on fire
(<) In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

4. With woeful measures wan Despair,—
(♯♭) Low, sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

5. But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

6. And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;

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And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though, sometimes, each dreary pausé between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

7. Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And, now it courted Love; now raving, called on Hate.

8. With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
(*sl.*) Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound:
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,)
In hollow murmurs died away.

9. But, O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
(") Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung!
The hunter's call to Faun[1] and Dryad[2] known!
The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs[3] and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

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10. Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:—
(=) He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hands addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempë's[4] vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,)
And he amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

EXERCISE LXXII.

1. FAUNA, (from FAUNI, rural deities,—see Note, p. 235) is a collective term for the various animals belonging to a given region, just as *Flora* is applied to the various flowers, trees, or plants of a particular country.

2. LE VI' A THAN and BE' HE MOTH are names applied in Scripture (See Job, chap. xl. and xli.) to certain enormous animals: the former, according to some, being the whale, or the crocodile; the latter the elephant, or the hippopotamus.

THE APPROPRIATE SPHERE OF SCIENCE.

ROBERT WINTHROP.

1. There are fields enough for the wildest and most extravagant theorizings, within our own appropriate domain, without overleaping the barriers which separate things human and divine. Indeed, I have often thought that modern science had afforded a most opportune and providential safety-valve for the intellectual curiosity and ambition of man, at a moment when the progress of education, invention, and liberty, had

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roused and stimulated them to a pitch of such unprecedented eagerness and ardor.

2. Astronomy, Chemistry, and more than all, Geology, with their incidental branches of study, have opened an inexhaustible field for investigation and speculation. Here, by the aid of modern instruments and modern modes of analysis, the most ardent and earnest spirits may find ample room and verge enough for their insatiate activity and audacious enterprise, and may pursue their course not only without the slightest danger of doing mischief to others, but with the certainty of promoting the great end of scientific truth.

3. Let them lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies, and detect new planets in their hiding-places. Let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight, and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits, and to give bonds for their punctual return. Let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealments." Let them resolve the unresolvable nebulæ of Orion or Andromeda. They need not fear. The sky will not fall, nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

4. Let them perfect and elaborate their marvelous processes for making the light and the lightning their ministers, for putting "a pencil of rays" into the hand of art, and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence. Let them foretell the path of the whirlwind and calculate the orbit of the storm. Let them hang out their gigantic pendulums, and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions. Let them annihilate human pain, and literally "charm ache with air, and agony with *ether*." The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs.

5. Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth. Let them rive asunder the massive rocks, and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled-up strata. Let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost Fauna,[1] reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the

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seas, bringing them together, bone to his bone, till Leviathan[3] and Behemoth[3] stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again! Let them put Nature to the rack, and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and confidences. They need not forbear. The foundations of the round world have been laid so strong that they can not be moved.

6. But let them not think by searching to find out God. Let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection. Let them not dare to apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom. Let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the Divine Nature. Let them not break through the bounds to gaze after the Invisible,—lest the day come when they shall be ready to cry "To the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us!"

EXERCISE LXXIII.

THE LIFE OF BURNS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1. Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and manhood; but only youth; for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character: in his thirty-seventh year, he is still, as it were, in youth. With all that resoluteness of judgment, that penetrating insight, and singular maturity of intellectual power exhibited in his writings, he never attains to any clearness regarding himself: to the last he never ascertains his peculiar aim, even with such distinctness as is common among ordinary men; and, therefore, never can pursue it with that singleness of will, which insures success and some contentment to such men.

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2. To the last, he wavers between two purposes: glorying in his talent, like a true poet, he yet can not consent to make this his chief and sole glory, and to follow it as the one thing needful, through poverty or riches, through good or evil report. Another far meaner ambition still cleaves to him; he must dream and struggle about a certain "Rock of Independence;" which, natural and even admirable as it might be, was still but a warring with the world, on the comparatively insignificant ground of his being more or less completely supplied with money than others; of his standing at a higher, or at a lower altitude in general estimation, than others. For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colors: he expects from it what it can not give to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstances, in love, friendship, honor, pecuniary ease.

3. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively, and from some ideal cornucopia of enjoyments, not earned by his own labor, but showered on him by the beneficence of Destiny. Thus, like a young man, he can not steady himself for any fixed or systematic pursuit, but swerves to and fro, between passionate hope, and remorseful disappointment: rushing onward with a deep tempestuous force, he surmounts or breaks asunder many a barrier; travels, nay, advances far, but advancing only under certain guidance, is ever and anon turned from his path: and to the last, can not reach the only true happiness of a man, that of clear, decided activity in the sphere for which, by nature and circumstances, he has been fitted and appointed.

4. We do not say these things in dispraise of Burns: nay, perhaps, they but interest us the more in his favor. This blessing is not given soonest to the best; but rather, it is often the greatest minds that are latest in obtaining it; for where most is to be developed, most time may be required to develop it. A complex condition had been assigned him from without, as complex a condition from within: "no pre-established harmony" ex-

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isted between the clay soil of Mossgiel and the empyrean soul of Robert Burns; it was not wonderful, therefore, that the adjustment between them should have been long postponed, and his arm long cumbered, and his sight confused, in so vast and discordant an economy, as he had been appointed steward over. Byron was, at his death, but a year younger than Burns; and through life, as it might have appeared, far more simply situated; yet in him, too, we can trace no such adjustment, no such moral manhood; but, at best, and only a little before his end, the beginning of what seemed such.

5. By much the most striking incident in Burns's Life is his journey to Edinburg; but, perhaps, a still more important one is his residence at Irvine, so early as in his twenty-third year. Hitherto his life had been poor and toil-worn; but otherwise not ungenial, and, with all its distresses, by no means unhappy. In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate: his father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more; a man with a keen insight, and devout heart; reverent toward God, friendly, therefore, at once, and fearless toward all that God has made; in one word, though but a hard-handed peasant, a complete and fully unfolded *Man*.

6. Such a father is seldom found in any rank in society; and was worth descending far in society to seek. Unfortunately he was very poor; had he been even a little richer, almost ever so little, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a straw; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns' small seven acres of nursery ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some University; came forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular well-trained intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British Literature,—for it lay in him to have done this!

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7. But the nursery did not prosper; poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school-system: Burns remained a hard-worked plow-boy, and British literature took its own course. Nevertheless, even in this rugged scene, there is much to nourish him. If he drudges, it is with his brother, and for his father and mother whom he loves, and would fain shield from want. Wisdom is not banished from their poor hearth, nor the balm of natural feeling: the solemn words, *Let us worship God!* are heard there from a "priest-like father:" if threatenings of unjust men throw mother and children into tears, these are tears not of grief only, but of holiest affection: every heart in that humble group feels itself the closer knit to every other: in their hard warfare they are there together, a "little band of brethren."

8. Neither are such tears, and the deep beauty that dwells in them, their only portion. Light visits the hearts as it does the eyes of all living: there is force, too, in this youth, that enables him to trample on misfortune; nay, to bind it under his feet to make him sport. For a bold, warm, buoyant humor of character has been given him; and so the thick-coming shapes of evil are welcomed with a gay, friendly irony, and, in their closest pressure, he bates no jot of heart or hope. Vague yearnings of ambition fail not as he grows up; dreamy fancies hang like cloud-cities around him; the curtain of existence is slowly rising, in many-colored splendor and gloom; and the auroral light of first love is gilding his horizon, and the music of song is on his path; and so he walks

> ——— "in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plow, upon the mountain side."

9. We know, from the best evidence, that up to this date, Burns was happy; nay, that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world; more so even than he ever afterwards appeared. But now, at this early age, he quits the paternal roof; goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society; and becomes initiated in those dissipations, those vices, which a certain class of philosophers have

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asserted to be a natural preparative for entering on active life; a kind of mud-bath, in which the youth is, as it were, necessitated to steep, and, we suppose, cleanse himself, before the real toga of manhood can be laid on him.

10. We shall not dispute much with this class of philosophers; we hope they are mistaken: for Sin and Remorse so easily beset us at all stages of life, and are always such indifferent company, that it seems hard we should, at any stage, be forced and fated not only to meet, but to yield to them; and even serve for a term in their leprous armada. We hope it is not so. Clear we are, at all events, it can not be the training one receives in this service, but only our determining to desert from it, that fits us for true manly action. We become men, not after we have been dissipated, and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure; but after we have ascertained, in any way, what impassable barriers hem us in through this life; how mad it is to hope for contentment to our infinite soul from the *gifts* of this extremely finite world! that a man must be sufficient for himself; and that "for suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing."

11. Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with necessity; begins, at all events, when we have surrendered to necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity; and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in necessity we are free. Surely, such lessons as this last, which, in one shape or other, is the grand lesson for every mortal man, are better learned from the lips of a devout mother, in the looks and actions of a devout father, while the heart is yet soft and pliant, than in collision with the sharp adamant of Fate, attracting us to shipwreck us, when the heart is grown hard, and may be broken before it will become contrite! Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it, in his father's cottage, he would have learned it fully, which he never did,—and been saved many a lasting aberration, many a bitter hour and year of remorseful sorrow.

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EXERCISE LXXIV.

THE BENEVOLENT JEW.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

SIR STEPHEN BERTRAM AND SAUNDERS.

Sir Stephen.—Well, Saunders, what news have you been able to collect of my undutiful son?

Saunders.—I have not seen Mr. Bertram, but I am told he has settled himself in very handsome lodgings, and is gone to remove his lady to them.

Sir Stephen.—His lady, do you call her? Can you find no fitter term? Where should he get the means to settle? He was not furnished with them by me: who else will do it? If he attempts to raise money upon expectancies, be it at their peril, who are fools enough to trust him: no prudent man will be his bubble. If I were sure that was his practice, I should hold it matter of conscience to advertise against his debts.

Saunders.—Perhaps there may be some persons in the world, who think you will not always hold out against an only son.

Sir Stephen.—Then let those persons smart for their opinion: they little know the feelings of an injured father: they can not calculate my hopes, my disappointments, my regret. He might have had a lady with an ample fortune. A wife without a shilling is—but what avails complaint? Could you learn nothing further who supplies him, who holds him up?

Saunders.—I hear that he had money of your broker, Sheva.

Sir Stephen.—That must be false intelligence. He will as soon make gold by transmutation as wring it from the gripe of that old usurer. No, no; Sheva is too wary, too much of a Jew, to help him with a shilling.

Saunders.—Yet I was so informed by his own servant Jabal. He says Mr. Bertram came to old Sheva's house by appointment; that he overheard the whole conversation, in which your son very honorably stated the utter ruin your displeasure had

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brought upon him, and would have refused the money, but that old Sheva forced it upon him.

Sir Stephen.—It mocks all belief; it only proves that Sheva, the most inveterate miser in existence, has a fellow Jew for his servant, one of the completest liars in existence.

Saunders.—I am apt to give him credit for the fact, notwithstanding.

Sir Stephen.—Then give me leave to say, you have more faith than most men living: was I to give so much credit, Mr. Saunders, I should soon stop.

Saunders.—I am not quite so fixed in my persuasion of old Sheva's character as you are. In his dealings, all the world knows he is punctiliously honest: no man's character stands higher in the Alley; and his servant tells me, though he starves himself, he is secretly very charitable to others.

Sir Stephen.—Yes; this you may believe, if you are disposed to take one Jew's word for another Jew's character: I am obstinate against both; and, if he has supplied the money, as I am sure it must be on usurious principles, as soon as ever I have the old miser in my reach, I will wring either the truth from his lips, or the life out of his carcass.

SHEVA, THE JEW, ENTERS.

Sheva.—How does my worthy master? I am your very humble servant, good Sir Stephen Bertram. I have a little private business to impart to you, with your good leave, and if your leisure serves.

Sir Stephen.—Leave us, if you please.

[*Exit* SAUNDERS.

Sheva.—Aha! I am very much fatigued: there is great throng and press in the offices at the bank, and I am aged and feeble.

Sir Stephen.—Hold, sir! Before I welcome you within these doors, or suffer you to sit down in my presence, I demand to know explicitly, and without prevarication, if you have furnished my son with money secretly, and without my leave?

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Sheva.—If I do lend, ought I not to lend it in secret? If I do not ask your leâve, Sir Stephen, may I not dispose of my own money according to my own liking? But, if it is a crime, I do wish to ask you who is my accuser? That, I believe, is justice everywhere, and, in your happy country, I do think it is law likewise.

Sir Stephen.—Very well, sir, you shall have both law and justice. The information comes from your own servant Jabal. Can you controvert it?

Sheva.—I do presume to say my servant ought not to report his master's secrets; but I will not say he has not spoken the truth.

Sir Stephen.—Then you confess the fact—

Sheva.—I humbly think there is no call for that: you have the information from my foot-boy,—I do not deny it.

Sir Stephen.—And the sum—

Sheva.—I do not talk of the sum, Sir Stephen; that is not my practice; neither, under favor, is my foot-boy my cashier. If he be a knave, and listen at my key-hole, the more shame his; I am not in the fault.

Sir Stephen.—Not in the fault! Wretch, miser, usurer! you never let loose a single guinea from your gripe, but with a view of doubling it at the return. I know what you are.

Sheva.—Indeed! 'tis more than I will say of myself. I pray you, good Sir Stephen, take a little time to know my heart, before you rob me of my reputation. I am a Jew, a poor defenseless Jew; that is enough to make me miser, usurer—alas! I can not help it.

Sir Stephen.—No matter: you are caught in your own trap. I tell you now my son is ruined, disinherited, undone. One consolation is, that you have lost your money.

Sheva.—If that be a consolation, you are very welcome to it. If my money is lost, my motives are not.

Sir Stephen.—I'll never pay one farthing of his debts; he has offended me for life; refused a lady with ten thousand pounds, and married a poor miss without a doit.

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Sheva.—Yes, I do understand your son is married.

Sir Stephen.—Do you so? By the same token, I understand you to be a villain.

Sheva.—Aha! that is a very bad word—villain. I did never think to hear that word from one who says he knows me. I pray you now permit me to speak to you a word or two in my own defense. I have done great deal of business for you, Sir Stephen; have put a pretty deal of money in your pocket by my pains and labors: I did never wrong you of one sixpence in my life: I was content with my lawful commission. How can I be a villain?

Sir Stephen.—Do you not uphold the son against the father?

Sheva.—I do uphold the son, but not against the father; it is not natural to suppose the oppressor and the father one and the same person. I did see your son struck down to the ground with sorrow, cut to the heart: I did not stop to ask whose hand had laid him low; I gave him mine, and raised him up.

Sir Stephen.—Yŏu! yŏu to talk of charity!

Sheva.—I do not talk of it: I feel it.

Sir Stephen.—What claim have you to generosity, humanity, or any manly virtue? Which of your money-making tribe ever had sense of pity? Show me the terms on which you have lent this money, if you dare! Exhibit the dark deed by which you have meshed your victim in the snares of usury; but be assured I'll drag you to the light, and publish your base dealings to the world. [*Catches him by the sleeve.*

Sheva.—Take your hand from my coat,—my coat and I are very old, and pretty well worn out together. There, there, be patient,—moderate your passions, and you shall see my terms. They are in little compass; fair dealings may be comprised in few words.

Sir Stephen.—If they are fair, produce them.

Sheva.—Let me see, let me see! Ah, poor Sheva! I do so tremble, I can hardly hold my papers. So, so! Now I am right. Aha! here it is.

Sir Stephen.—Let me see it.

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Sheva.—Take it. Do you not see it now? Have you cast your eye over it? Is it not right? I am no more than broker, look you. If there is a mistake, point it out, and I will correct it.

Sir Stephen.—Ten thousand pounds invested in the three per cents, money of Eliza, late Ratcliffe, now Bertram!

Sheva.—Even so! a pretty tolerable fortune for a poor disinherited son not worth one penny.

Sir Stephen.—I 'm thunderstruck!

Sheva.—Are you so? I was struck too, but not by thunder. And what has Sheva done to be called villain? I am a Jew, what then? Is that a reason none of my tribe should have a sense of pity? You have no great deal of pity yourself, but I do know many, many noble British merchants that abound in pity; therefore, I do not abuse your tribe.

Sir Stephen.—I am confounded and ashamed; I see my fault, and most sincerely ask your pardon.

Sheva.—Good lack, good lack! that is too much. I pray you, good Sir Stephen, say no more; you 'll bring the blush upon my cheek, if you demean yourself so far to a poor Jew, who is your very humble servant to command.

Sir Stephen.—Did my son know Miss Ratcliffe had this fortune?

Sheva.—When ladies are so handsome and so good, no generous man will ask about their fortune.

Sir Stephen.—'Tis plain I was not that generous man.

Sheva.—No, no; you did ask about nothing else.

Sir Stephen.—But how, in the name of wonder, did she come by it?

Sheva.—If you did give me money to buy stock, would you not be much offended, were I to ask you how you came by it?

Sir Stephen.—Her brother was my clerk. I did not think he had a shilling in the world.

Sheva.—And yet you turned him upon the world, where he has found a great many shillings. The world, you see, was the better master of the two. Well, Sir Stephen, I will humbly take my leave. You wished your son to marry a lady with ten

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thousand pounds; he has exactly fulfilled your wishes. I do presume you will not think it necessary to turn him out of doors, and disinherit him for that.

Sir Stephen.—Go on, I merit your reproof. I shall hence-forward be ashamed to look you or my son in the face.

Sheva.—To look me in the face is to see nothing of my heart. To look upon your son, and not to love him, I should have thought had been impossible. Sir Stephen, I am your very humble servant.

Sir Stephen.—Farewell, friend Sheva. Can you forgive me?

Sheva.—I can forgive my enemy; much more my friend.

[*Exit Sir Stephen.*

SHEVA *alone.*

Aha! very good, very good! I am at home. Now I will sit down in my own parlor, and not ask leave of any body. I did not think I could have given so large a sum away, and yet outlived it, but I am pretty well. There is but one man in the world poorer than he was, and he is going out of it: and there is a couple at least a great deal happier, and they are coming into it. Well, well! that is two for one, cent. per cent., so I have made a pretty good bargain. Now I will ring my bell, and order my dinner.

EXERCISE LXXV.

INVENTION.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

1. Man is proud of his mind, boasting that it giveth him divinity;
   Yet with all its powers can it originate nothing;
   For the great God into all his works hath largely poured out himself,
   Saving one special property, the grand prerogative,—CREATION.

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To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and defeat;
But to create a thought, or a thing, is hopeless and impossible.

2. Can a man make matter?—and yet this would-be god
Thinketh to make mind, and form original idea:
The potter must have his clay, and the mason his quarry,
And mind must drain ideas from every thing around it.
Doth the soil generate herbs, or the torrid air breed flies,
Or the water frame its monads, or the mist its swarming blight?—
Mediately, through thousand generations, having seed within themselves,
All things, rare or gross, own one common Father.

3. Truly spake Wisdom: "There is nothing new under the sun:"
We only arrange and combine the ancient elements of all things.
Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion:
A sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden aptitudes.
From the basket and acanthus, is modeled the graceful capital;
The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the limner to his likeness;
The footmarks, stamped in clay, lead on the thoughts to printing;
The strange skin garments, cast upon the shore, suggest another hemisphere;
A falling apple taught the sage pervading gravitation;
The Huron is certain of his prey from tracks upon the grass;
And shrewdness, guessing on the hint, followeth on the trail:
But the hint must be given, the trail must be there, or the keenest sight is as blindness.

4. Behold the barren reef, which an earthquake hath just left dry;
It hath no beauty to boast of, no harvest of fair fruits:

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But soon the lichen fixeth there, and, dying, diggeth its own grave,
And softening suns and splitting frosts crumble the reluctant surface;
And cormorants roost there, and the snail addeth its slime,
And efts, with muddy feet, bring their welcome tribute;
And the sea casteth out her dead, wrapped in a shroud of weeds;
And orderly nature arrangeth again the disunited atoms.

5. Anon, the cold, smooth stone is warm with feathery grass,
And the light sporules of the fern are dropped by the passing wind,
The wood-pigeon, on swift wing, leaveth its crop-full of grain,
The squirrels' jealous care planteth the fir-cone and the filbert;
Years pass, and the sterile rock is rank with tangled herbage;
The wild vine clingeth to the brier, and ivy runneth green among the corn;
Lordly beeches are studded on the down, and willows crowd around the rivulet,
And the tall pine and hazel thicket shade the rambling hunter.

6. Shall the rock boast of its fertility? Shall it lift the head in pride?
Shall the mind of man be vain of the harvest of its thoughts?
The savage is that rock: and a million chances from without,
By little and little, acting on the mind, heap up the hot-bed of society;
And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and things around it,
Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign seeds.
For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clew,
We yield a hundredfold; but the great sower is Analogy.

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7. There must be an acrid sloe before a luscious peach,
A boll of rotting flax before the bridal vail,
An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing,
A spark struck into the tinder to light the lamp of knowledge,
A slight suggestive nod to guide the watching mind,
A half-seen hand upon the wall, pointing to the balance of Comparison.
By culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—Creation;
Here is the limit of thy power, here let thy pride be staid.

8. The soil may be rich, and the mind may be active, but neither yield unsown;
The eye can not make light, nor the mind make spirit:
Therefore, it is wise in man to name all novelty *invention;*
For it is to find out things that are, not to create the unexisting:
It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching likeness,
And, with energetic elasticity, to leap the gulfs of contrast.

9. The globe knoweth not increase, either of matter or spirit:
Atoms and thoughts are used again, mixing in varied combination;
And though, by molding them anew, thou makest them thine own,
Yet have they served thousands, and all their merit is of God.

EXERCISE LXXVI.

THE ARTISAN.

AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

1. Lift up thine iron hand,
Thou of the stalwart arm and fearless eye!
Lift proudly, now, thine iron hand on high,
Firm and undaunted stand!

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2. No need hast thou of gems
To deck the temple of thy glorious thought:
Thou hast the jewels which thy mind inwrought,
Richer than diadems!

3. Thou art our God's high-priest!
Standing before great Nature's mighty shrine;
For the whole world, the glorious task is thine
To spread the eternal feast.

4. Even like the Hebrew chief,
Strikest thou on the rock, and from its deep,
Mysterious heart, the living waters leap,
To give the earth relief.

5. Mighty among thy kind
Standest thou, man of iron toil! midway
Between the earth and heaven, all things to sway
By thy high-working mind!

6. Thou canst delve in the earth,
And, from its mighty caves, bring forth pure gold;
Thou canst unwrap the clouds in heaven rolled,
And give the lightnings birth.

7. Thou hast the stormy sea
Chained to thy chariot-wheels, and the wild winds
Obey the o'er-ruling intellect that binds
Their rushing wings to thee.

8. Thou canst bid Thought go forth
Upon the electric pinions of the air,
And, through the opposeless ether, thou canst bear
Thy words from South to North.

9. Thou canst new lands create,
Where the wild-rolling wave no mastery owns;
And the vast distance of opposing zones
Canst thou annihilate!

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10. Thou know'st heaven's ordinances,—
And their dominion in the earth thou seest!
And the floods hear thee, in their shrouds of mist,
And bring their fruitfulness!

11. Lift, then, thy hand to heaven!
Spread thy toil-scepter o'er the sea and land:
Thou hast the world intrusted to thy hand,—
Earth to thy charge is given!

EXERCISE LXXVII.

1. BAC CHAN' TE, a raving priestess of Bacchus. The Bacchantes, that is, the priests or priestesses of Bacchus, joined in the processions of the god, dressed in Asiatic robes and bonnets, adorned with vine and ivy wreaths, bearing in their hands blunt spears twined with vine-leaves, and shouting *Io Bacche!* Huzza for Bacchus! The women bore a leading part in these frantic and often indecent revels.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. I saw it all in Fancy's glass,—
Herself the fair, the wild magician,
Who bade this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gliding apparition.
'T was like a torch-race,—such as they
Of Greece performed, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths in long array,
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

2. I saw the expectant Nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn;
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.
And, O! their joy, as it came near,
'T was, in itself, a joy to see;
While Fancy whispered in my ear:
"That torch they pass, is Liberty!"

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3. And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.
From Albion* first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnished with the fire already,
Columbia caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

4. The splendid gift then Gallia† took,
And, like a wild Bacchante,[1] raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!
And, when she fired her altar, high
It flashed into the reddening air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,
Shrunk almost blinded by the glare.

5. Next, Spain,—so new was light to her,
Leaped at the torch; but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'T was quenched, and all again was dark!
Yet, no,—not quenched,—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies:
Again her living light looked forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!

6. Who next received the flame? Alas!
Unworthy Naples. Shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!
Scarce had her fingers touched the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropped it to the earth,—and fled!

* Britain. † France.

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7. And fallen it might have long remained;
But Greece who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stained,
And waved it round her beauteous brow.
And Fancy bade me mark where o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair laureled spirits seemed to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:

8. "Shine, shine forever, glorious Flame,
Divinest gift of God to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendor came,
To Greece thy ray returns again.
Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round;
When dimmed, revive,—when lost, return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!"

EXERCISE LXXVIII.

MILITARY GENIUS.

CHANNING.

1. Military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind, which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands, almost by intuition, the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force; who supplies by skill, science, and invention, the want of numbers; who dives into the counsels of his enemy, and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast variety of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power.

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2. But still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and, accordingly, nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are wanting in the noblest energies of the soul; in habits of profound and liberal thinking, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, and in large and original views of human nature and society.

3. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly, great generals, away from the camp, are often no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Deep and refined reasonings they can not comprehend. We know that there are splendid exceptions. Such was Cæsar, at once the greatest soldier and the most sagacious statesman of his age; while in eloquence and literature, he left behind him almost all who had devoted themselves exclusively to these pursuits. But such cases are rare.

4. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, possesses undoubtedly great military talents; but we do not understand that his most partial admirers claim for him a place in the highest class of minds. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult on these illustrious names.

5. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped,

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and subjected to their main purpose, the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford,—who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid imagination which they conjoined; of the voice of power, in which "though dead, they still speak," and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres,—who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed?

EXERCISE LXXIX.

PROSE AND POETRY.

HENRY REID.

1. It is a good practical rule to keep one's reading well proportioned in the two great divisions, prose and poetry. This is very apt to be neglected, and the consequence is a great loss of power, moral and intellectual, and a loss of some of the highest enjoyments of literature. It sometimes happens that some readers devote themselves too much to poetry; this is a great mistake, and betrays an ignorance of the true use of poetical studies. When this happens, it is generally with those whose reading lies chiefly in the lower and merely sentimental region of poetry; for it is hardly possible for the imagination to enter truly into the spirit of the great poets, without having the various faculties of the mind so awakened and invigorated, as to make a knowledge of the great prose writers, also, a necessity of one's nature.

2. The disproportion lies usually in the other direction,—prose reading to the exclusion of poetry. This is owing chiefly to the want of proper culture; for, although, there is certainly

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a great disparity of imaginative endowment, still the imagination is part of the universal mind of man, and it is a work of education to bring it into action in minds even the least imaginative. It is chiefly to the willfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book.

3. It sometimes happens, however, that a mind, well gifted with imaginative power, loses the capacity to relish poetry simply by the neglect of reading metrical literature. This is a sad mistake, inasmuch as the mere reader of prose cuts himself off from the very highest literary enjoyments; for, if the giving of power to the mind be a characteristic, the most essential literature is to be found in poetry, especially, if it be such as English poetry is, the embodiment of the very highest wisdom and the deepest feeling of our English race.

4. The neglect of poetical reading is increased by the very mistaken notion that poetry is a mere luxury of the mind, alien from the demands of practical life,—a light and effortless amusement. This is the prejudice and error of ignorance. For look at many of the strong and largely cultivated minds which we know by biography and their own works, and note how large and precious an element of strength is their studious love of poetry.

5. Where could we find a man of more earnest, energetic, practical cast of character than Arnold?—eminent as a historian, and in other the gravest departments of thought and learning, active in the cause of education, zealous in matters of ecclesiastical, political, or social reform; and, withal, never suffering the love of poetry to be extinguished in his heart, or to be crowded out of it, but turning it perpetually to wise uses, bringing the poetic truths of Shakspeare and of Wordsworth to the help of the cause of truth; his enthusiasm for the poets breaking forth, when he exclaims,—"What a treat it would be to teach Shakspeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would, after a time,

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almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance!"

6. It was no false boast when it was said that "our great poets have been our best political philosophers;" nor would it be to add, that they have been our best moralists. The reader, then, who, on the one hand, gives himself wholly to visionary poetic dreamings, is false to his Saxon blood; and equally false is he who divorces himself from communion with the poets. There is no great philosopher in our language in whose genius imagination is not an active element; there is no great poet in whose character the philosophic element does not largely enter.

7. For the combination of prose and poetic reading, a higher authority is to be found than the predominant characteristic of the Saxon intellect as displayed in our literature. In the One Book, which, given for the good of all mankind, is supernaturally fitted for all phases of humanity and all conditions of civilization, observe that the large components of it are history and poetry. How little else is there in the Bible! In the Old Testament all is chronicle and song, and the high-wrought poetry of prophecy. In the New Testament are the same elements, with this difference, that the actual and the imaginative are more interpenetrated—narrative and parable, fact and poetry blended in matchless harmony; and even in the most argumentative portion of Holy Writ, the poetic element is still present, to be followed by the vision and imagery of the Apocalypse.

8. Such is the unquestioned combination of poetry and prose in Sacred Writ—the best means, we must believe, for the universal and perpetual good of man; and, if literature have, as I have endeavored to prove, a kindred character, of an agency to build up our incorporeal being, then does it follow that we should take this silent warning from the pages of Revelation, and combine in our literary culture the same elements of the actual and the ideal, or imaginative.

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EXERCISE LXXX.

1. GAL GA'CUS was by far the bravest and the noblest of all the native chieftains of Britain, that met and resisted the encroachments of the Romans under Agricola. He is represented by Tacitus, a Roman historian, as addressing his followers,—a vast multitude encamped on the Grampian Hills, and eager for battle,—in the following forcible and spirited strain.

SPEECH OF GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIANS.

TACITUS.

1. As often as I reflect on the origin of the war, and our necessities, I feel a strong conviction that this day, and your will, are about to lay the foundations of British liberty. For we have all known what slavery is, and no place of retreat lies behind us The sea even is insecure when the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus arms and war, ever coveted by the brave, are now the only refuge of the cowardly. In former actions in which the Britons fought with various success against the Romans, our valor was a resource to look to; for we, the noblest of all the nations, and, on that account, placed in its inmost recesses, unused to the spectacle of servitude, had our eyes even inviolate from its hateful sight.

2. We, the last of the earth, and of freedom, unknown to fame, have been hitherto defended by our remoteness; now the extreme limits of Britain appear, and the unknown is ever regarded as the magnificent. No refuge is behind us; naught but the rocks and the waves, and the deadlier Romans,—men whose pride you have in vain sought to deprecate by moderation and subservience. The robbers of the globe, when the land fails, they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich? they are avaricious; is he poor? they are ambitious; the East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, massacre, seize on false pretenses, they call empire; and, when they make a desert, they call it peace.

3. Nature has made children and relations dearest to all:

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they are carried off by levies to serve elsewhere. Our goods and fortunes they seize on as tribute, our corn as supplies; our very bodies and hands they wear out, amid strife and contumely, in fortifying stations in the woods and marshes. Serfs born in servitude are once bought, and ever after fed by their masters; Britain alone daily buys its slavery, daily feeds it. As in families the last slave purchased is often a laughing-stock to the rest, so we, the last whom they have reduced to slavery, are the first to be agonized by their contumely, and reserved for destruction.

4. We have neither fields, nor minerals, nor harbors, in working which we can be employed: the valor and fierceness of the vanquished are obnoxious to the victors: our very distance and obscurity, as they render us the safer, make us the more suspected. Laying aside, therefore, all hope of pardon, assume the courage of men to whom salvation and glory are alike dear. The Trinobantes, under a female leader, had courage to burn a colony and storm castles; and, had not their success rendered them negligent, they would have cast off the yoke. We, untouched and unconquered, nursed in freedom, shall we not show, on the first onset, what men Caledonia has nursed in her bósom?

5. Do not believe the Romans have the same prowess in war as lust in peace. They have grown great on our divisions; they know how to turn the vices of men to the glory of their own army. As it has been drawn together by success, so disaster will dissolve it, unless you suppose that the Gauls and the Germans, and, I am ashamed to say, many of the Britons, who now lend their blood to a foreign usurpation, and in their hearts are rather enemies than slaves, can be retained by faith and affection.

6. Fear and terror are but slender bonds of attachment; when you remove them, as fear ceases, terror begins. All the incitements of victory are on our side: no wives inflame the Romans; no parents are there, to call shame on their flight; they have no country, or it is elsewhere. Few in number, fearful from ig-

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norance, gazing on unknown woods and seas, the gods have delivered them shut in, and bound into your hands. Let not their vain aspect, the glitter of silver and gold, which neither covers nor wounds, alarm you.

7. In the very line of the enemy we shall find our friends; the Britons will recognize their own cause; the Gauls will recollect their former freedom; the other Germans will desert them as lately the Usipii have done. No objects of terror are behind them; naught but empty castles, age-ridden colonies, dissension between cruel masters and unwilling slaves, sick and discordant cities. Here is a leader, an army; there are tributes and payments, and the badges of servitude, which to bear forever, or instantly to avenge, lies in your arms. Go forth, then, into the field, and think of your ancestors and your descendants.

EXERCISE LXXXI.

1. LE ON' I DAS is the name of a celebrated Spartan king who, when Xerxes, king of Persia, invaded Greece with an immense army, lost his life, bravely resisting the Persians at the famous pass of THER MOP' Y LÆ.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

CROLY.

I.

It was the wild midnight,—a storm was in the sky,
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by;
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore,—
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore!

II.

Swift from the deluged ground, three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gathered round the leader of the field.
He spoke no warrior-word, he bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roared, and they rushed upon the foe.

III.

The fiery element showed, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart and flag and tent, like the specters of a dream:
All up the mountain side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide, waved the Persian banners pale.

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IV.

And King Leonidas, among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass, like the lightning's living brand;
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased to moan,
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.

V.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy:
A host glared on the hill; a host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards in their play.

VI.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans came;
And still the Greek rushed on, beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun, shone Xerxes's tent of gold.

VII.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear:
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave;
That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave!

VIII.

They pledged old Sparta's name in cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame was sung in strains divine:
They took the rose-wreathed lyres from eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires the sounds that Freedom gave.

IX.

But now the morning star crowned Œta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war from the hill began to blow;
Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup poured high,
Then, hand in hand, they drank,—"To Immortality!"

X.

Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell, he saw the warriors come;
But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge;
Down poured the arrowy shower, till sank the Dorian targe.

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XI.

They marched within the tent, with all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent, then on high their torches flung:
To Heaven the blaze uprolled, like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold were the Grecians' funeral pyre.

XII.

3 Their King sat on his Throne, his Captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on, and their pæan loud replied!
Thus fought the Greek of old! Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mold bring forth the self-same mŏn?

EXERCISE LXXXII.

THE RETREAT.

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

1. Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms,
Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms;
To shining palaces let fools resort,
And dunces cringe, to be esteemed at court;
Mine be the pleasure of a rural life,
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife;
Far from the painted belle, and white-gloved beau,
The lawless masquerade and midnight show;
From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.

2. Full in the center of some shady grove,
By nature formed for solitude and love,
On banks arrayed with ever-blooming flowers,
Near beauteous landscapes, or by roseate bowers,
My neat, but simple, mansion I would raise,
Unlike the sumptuous domes of modern days;
Devoid of pomp, with rural plainness formed,
With savage game, and glossy shells adorned.

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3. No costly furniture should grace my hall,
But curling vines ascend against the wall,
Whose pliant branches should luxuriant twine,
While purple clusters swelled with future wine:
To slake my thirst a liquid lapse distill,
From craggy rocks, and spread a limpid rill.

4. Along my mansion, spiry firs should grow,
And gloomy yews extend the shady row;
The cedars flourish, and the poplars rise,
Sublimely tall, and shoot into the skies;
Among the leaves, refreshing zephyrs play,
And crowding trees exclude the noon-tide ray;
Whereon the birds their downy nests should form,
Securely sheltered from the battering storm;
And to melodious notes their choir apply,
Soon as Aurora blushed along the sky;
While all around th' enchanting music rings,
And every vocal grove responsive sings.

5. Me to sequestered scenes, ye Muses, guide,
Where Nature wantons in her virgin pride;
To mossy banks, edged round with opening flowers,
Elysian fields, and amaranthine bowers,
To ambrosial founts, and sleep-inspiring rills,
To herbaged vales, gay lawns, and sunny hills.

6. Welcome ye shades! all hail, ye vernal blooms!
Ye bow'ry thickets, and prophetic glooms!
Ye forests, hail! ye solitary woods!
Love-whispering groves, and silver-streaming floods:
Ye meads, that aromatic sweets exhale!
Ye birds, and all ye sylvan beauties, hail!
Oh, how I long with you to spend my days,
Invoke the muse, and try the rural lays!

7. No trumpets there with martial clangor sound,
No prostrate heroes strew the crimson ground;

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No groves of lances glitter in the air,
Nor thundering drums provoke the sanguine war;
But white-robed Peace, and universal Love
Smile in the field, and brighten every grove:
There all the beauties of the circling year,
In native ornamental pride appear.

8. Gay, rosy-bosomed Spring, and April showers,
Wake from the womb of earth, the rising flowers;
In deeper verdure Summer clothes the plain,
And Autumn bends beneath the golden grain;
The trees weep amber; and the whispering gales
Breeze o'er the lawn, or murmur through the vales
The flowery tribes in gay confusion bloom,
Profuse with sweets, and fragrant with perfume;
On blossoms blossoms, fruits on fruits arise,
And varied prospects glad the wand'ring eyes.
In these fair seats, I 'd pass the joyous day,
Where meadows flourish, and where fields look gay;
From bliss to bliss with endless pleasure rove,
Seek crystal streams, or haunt the vernal grove,
Woods, fountains, lakes, the fertile fields, or shades,
Aerial mountains, or subjacent glades.

9. There, from the polished fetters of the great,
Triumphal piles, and gilded rooms of state,
Prime ministers and sycophantic knaves,
Illustrious villains, and illustrious slaves,
From all the vain formality of fools,
And odious talk of arbitrary rules,
The ruffling cares which the vexed soul annoy,
The wealth the rich possess, but not enjoy,
The visionary bliss the world can lend,
Th' insidious foe, and false, designing friend,
I 'd live retired, contented, and serene,
Forgot, unknown, unenvied, and unseen.

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EXERCISE LXXXIII.

THE BETTER TIMES.*

FRANCES BROWN.

1. "Better times!" said the desolate Chief, as he drained,
From the clear-gushing spring of the cleft,
One cup to the land where his memory remained,
And the friends whom his fortunes had left.
"Better times!" 'tis the hold of each storm-beaten heart,
That hopes against hope as it climbs;
Though the signs of their coming grow faint and depart,
Yet the watch-word is still,—"Better times!"

2. The young and the fearless, what temples of trust
They build on the promise of years!
It may bring them but wrecks, it will bear them to dust,
Yet how radiant the prospect appears!
There are honors to win; there are love-tones to hear;
There are homes beneath leaf-laden limes:
And some in the future may find them, but ne'er
What they dreamed of in those "better times!"

3. The patriot believes, though the land of his pride,
In whose triumphs he trusted, hath found
How wisdom grows feeble, and brothers divide,
When days of disaster abound;
But concord and victory rise to his sight
Through the deluge of tears and of crimes;
And he sees his hope's banner still float in the light
Of those future and far "better times!"

4. Our friends—has their love grown forgetful, and far
From the hearts that remember them thus?
Let us hear of their weal, it will shine like a star
Through the clouds that close darkly o'er us:

* This piece is founded upon the words of Napoleon, when drinking from a small spring in the island of Elba; namely, "THE BETTER TIMES."

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We speak of them often, and yet there are names
Never uttered, though heard like far chimes,
Or voices that come in the silence of dreams—
To our love, and their faith, "Better times!"

5. Our foes—have we found them, whose fortunes or fears
Met ours, in the struggle of life,
And tasted the wormwood, it might be the tears,
That blend with those waters of strife?
Was the hand armed with hate grasped in friendship of old,
Against tried and true love were its crimes?
Let the olive grow green where the lava hath rolled,—
To our memory and theirs, "Better times!"

6. "Better times!" we have watched for their march to begin
When the skies were as wint'ry as now;
But it may be the world was less weary within,
And the toil-marks less deep on the brow.
"Better times!" we have sought them by wisdom's calm ray,
We have called them with folly's gay chimes;
But they came not, and hope by the watch-fire grows gray,—
Yet to each and to all "BETTER TIMES!"

EXERCISE LXXXIV.

RETURN OF COLUMBUS AFTER HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

1. In the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment, raised by this intelligence, were proportioned to the skepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now

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filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona, as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

2. The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage the natural difficulties of which had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in descrying land on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions, now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the month of January, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him; so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic.

3. After a most tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, the most honorable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John, the Second, who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them. After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and crossing the bar of Saltes, entered the harbor of Palos about noon, on the 15th of March, 1493; being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

4. Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return.

5. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them

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accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

6. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him, on his journey, specimens of the multifarious products of the newly discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned; he exhibited, also, considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

7. The admiral's progress through the country was every where impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "NEW WORLD." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and house-top, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators.

8. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach,

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they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus' rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

9. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

10. After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural fruitfulness.

11. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred, less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal, in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

12. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When

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Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the Te Deum were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

EXERCISE LXXXV.

THE SCALE OF BEING.

ADDISON.

1. Though there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another, there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe; the world of life are its inhabitants.

2. If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are, therefore, subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled, every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humor in the body of man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures.

3. The surface of animals is, also, covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it: nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers

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teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniences for the livelihood of the multitudes which inhabit it.

4. The author of the "Plurality of Worlds" draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet: as, indeed, it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that, if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

5. Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any further than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly, we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

6. Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge further upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

7. There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense, besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight.

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8. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that, though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature.

9. If, after this, we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

10. The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least, what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life; nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence: he has, therefore, specified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being.

11. The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness, or the wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

12. There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the fore-

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going considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect.

13. In this system of being there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as MAN, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings, which has been often termed the connection of both worlds. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and archangels, and may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his Father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in another respect, say to corruption: "Thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

EXERCISE LXXXVI.

APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

JOHN JAY.

1. Under the auspices and direction of Divine Providence, your forefathers removed to the wilds and wilderness of America. By their industry, they made it a fruitful, and by their virtue, a happy country. And we should still have enjoyed the blessings of peace and plenty, if we had not forgotten the source from which these blessings flowed, and permitted our country to be contaminated by the many shameful vices which have prevailed among us.

2. It is a well-known truth that no virtuous people were ever oppressed; and it is, also, true, that a scourge was never wanting to those of an opposite character. Even the Jews,

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those favorites of Heaven, met with the frowns, whenever they forgot the smiles, of their benevolent Creator. By tyrants of Egypt, of Babylon, of Syria, and of Rome, they were severely chastised; and those tyrants themselves, when they had executed the vengeance of Almighty God, their own crimes bursting on their own heads, received the rewards justly due to their violation of the sacred rights of mankind.

3. You were born equally free with the Jews, and have as good a right to be exempted from the arbitrary domination of Britain, as they had from the invasions of Egypt, Babylon, Syria, or Rome. But they, for their wickedness, were permitted to be scourged by the latter; and we, for our wickedness, are scourged by tyrants as cruel and implacable as those. Our case, however, is peculiarly distinguished from theirs. Their enemies were strangers, unenlightened, and bound to them by no ties of gratitude or consanguinity. Our enemies, on the contrary, call themselves Christians. They are of a nation and people bound to us by the strongest ties.

4. You may be told that your forts have been taken; your country ravaged; and that your armies have retreated; and that, therefore, God is not with you. It is true that some forts have been taken, that our country hath been ravaged, and that our Maker is displeased with us. But it is, also, true, that the King of Heaven is not, like the king of Britain, implacable. If we turn from our sins, He will turn from his anger. Then will our arms be crowned with success, and the pride and power of our enemies, like the arrogance and pride of Nebuchadnezzar, will vanish away.

5. Let a general reformation of manners take place,—let universal charity, public spirit, and private virtue be inculcated, encouraged, and practiced. Unite in preparing for a vigorous defense of your country, as if all depended on your own exertions. And, when you have done all things, then rely upon the good providence of Almighty God for success, in full confidence that without his blessing, all our efforts will inevitably fail.

6. Cease, then, to desire the flesh-pots of Egypt, and remem-

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ber her task-masters and oppression. No longer hesitate about rejecting all dependence on a king who will rule you with a rod of iron: freedom is now in your power: value the heavenly gift: remember that, if you dare to neglect or despise it, you offer an insult to the Divine Bestower,—nor despair of keeping it. After the armies of Rome had been repeatedly defeated by Hannibal, that imperial city was besieged by this brave and experienced general, at the head of a numerous and victorious army. But, so far were her glorious citizens from being dismayed by the loss of so many battles, and of all their country,—so confident were they in their own virtue and the protection of Heaven, that the very land on which the Carthaginians were encamped, was sold at public auction for more than the usual price.

7. These heroic citizens disdained to receive his protection, or to regard his proclamations. They invoked the protection of the Supreme Being; they bravely defended their city with undaunted courage; they repelled the enemy and recovered their country. Blush, then, ye degenerate spirits who give all over for lost, because your enemies have marched through three or four counties in this and a neighboring State,—ye who basely fly to have the yoke of slavery fixed on your necks, and to swear that you and your children shall be slaves forever.

8. Rouse, brave citizens! Do your duty like men; and be persuaded that Divine Providence will not permit this western world to be involved in the horrors of slavery. Consider that from the earliest ages of the world, religion, liberty, and reason have been bending their course toward the setting sun. The holy Gospels are yet to be preached in these western regions; and we have the highest reasons to believe that the Almighty will not suffer slavery and the Gospel to go hand in hand. It can not,—it will not be.

9. But, if there be any among us, dead to all sense of honor, and love of their country; if deaf to all the calls of liberty, virtue, and religion; if forgetful of the magnanimity of their

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ancestors, and the happiness of their children; if neither the examples nor the success of other nations,—the dictates of reason and of nature; or the great duties they owe to their God, themselves, and their posterity, have any effect upon them,—if neither the injuries they have received, the prize they are contending for, the future blessings or curses of their children,—the applause or reproach of all mankind,—the approbation or displeasure of the Great Judge,—or the happiness or misery consequent upon their conduct, in this and a future state, can move them,—then let them be assured that they deserve to be slaves, and are entitled to nothing but anguish and tribulation.

10. Let them banish from their remembrance the reputation, the freedom, and the happiness they have inherited from their forefathers. Let them forget every duty, human and divine; remember not that they have children; and beware how they call to mind the justice of the Supreme Being; let them go into captivity, like the idolatrous and disobedient Jews; and be a reproach and a by-word among the nations. But we think better things of you,—we believe and are persuaded that you will do your duty like men, and cheerfully refer your cause to the great and righteous Judge. If success crown your efforts, all the blessings of freemen will be your reward. If you fall in the contest, you will be happy with God in Heaven.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

F. S. COZZENS.

I.

It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,
When the "minute-men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill:
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,—
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!"

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II.

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!"
The trench is marked,—the tools are brought,—we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made:
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry,—"All 's well!"

III.

And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.
Sleep on, thou bloody hireling crew! in careless slumber lie;
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad and high:
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,
The drum that beat at Louisburg, and thundered in Quebec!

IV.

And thou, whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we 'll trust,
Thou butcher GAGE! thy power and thee we 'll humble in the dust;
Thou and thy Tory minister have boasted to thy brood,
"The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled with our blood!"
But, though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal is all in vain:
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every freeman slain;
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they raise the mighty shout,
This soil their Palestine shall be; their altar this redoubt.

V.

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;
The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round-shot part in thunder from her side.
And the Falcon and the Cerberus make every bosom thrill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's whistle shrill;
But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing nigh!

VI.

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant PRESCOTT stands
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with his hands;
Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the fray;
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.

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VII.

But thou whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years,
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou, (the youngest of thy peers,)
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made to act a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to the heart!
Well may ye bark, ye British wolves! with leaders such as they;
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to lead the way,
As once before, scarce two months since, we followed on your track,
And with our rifles marked the road ye took in going back.

VIII.

Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew, with hands accursed,
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe she nursed;
By their own doors our kinsmen fell, and perished in the strife;
But, as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a freeman's life,
By Tanner brook, and Lincoln bridge, before the shut of sun,
We took the recompense we claimed,—a score for every one!

IX.

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight,—and now they 're pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep;

X.

And now they 're forming at the Point,—and now the lines advance:
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle challenge ring;
Quick bursts, and loud, the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing;
But on the hight our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

XI.

And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart burst
From every gun the livid light upon the foe accursed:
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the yeoman's fire.

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XII.

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel:
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead,—
(oo) "Hurrah! they run! the field is won!" "HURRAH! the foe is fled!"
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home and Native Land.

XIII.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose!
And, though our swift fire slackened then, and reddening in the skies,
We saw, from Charlestown's roofs and walls, the flamy columns rise;
Yet, while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.

XIV.

What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records a warrior grave!
What though the day to us was lost! Upon that deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!
For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom pour
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore.
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when 'mid the darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.

EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

THE NEW ROOF.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

1. Come muster, my lads, your mechanical tools,
Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules;
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
And plenty of pins of American pine;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free!

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2. Come up with *the plates*, lay them firm on the wall,
Like the people at large, they 're the ground-work of all;
Examine them well, and see that they 're sound,
Let no rotten post in our building be found;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm, and our citizens free!

3. Now hand up the *girders*, lay each in its place,
Between them the *joists*, must divide all the space;
Like assembly-men *these* should lie level along,
Like *girders*, our senate prove loyal and strong;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm over citizens free!

4. The *rafters* now frame,—your *king-posts* and *braces*,
And drive your *pins* home, to keep all in their places;
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your pins be all made of American pine;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm over citizens free!

5. Our *king-posts* are *judges;* how upright they stand,
Supporting the *braces;* the laws of the land:
The laws of the land, which divide right from wrong,
And strengthen the weak, by weak'ning the strong;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Laws equal and just for a people that 's free!

6 Up! up! with the *rafters;* each frame is a *state;*
How nobly they rise! their span, too, how great!
From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,
And rest on the walls, while the walls they defend;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Combined in strength, yet, as citizens, free!

7 Now enter the *purlins*, and drive your pins through,
And see that your joints are drawn home and all true,

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The *purlins* will bind all the rafters together:
The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
United, as States, but, as citizens, free!

8. Come, raise up the *turret*,—our glory and pride:
In the center it stands, o'er the whole to *preside:*
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight
Its pillars and arches, and tow'ring hight;
Our roof is now raised, and our song still shall be,
A federal head o'er a people that 's free!

9. Huzza! my brave boys, our work is complete:
The world shall admire Columbia's fair feat;
Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof;
While we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free!

EXERCISE LXXXIX.

I.

LOVE DUE TO OUR CREATOR.

G. GRIFFIN.

1. And ask ye why He claims our love?
O, answer, all ye winds of even!
O, answer, all ye lights above,
That watch in yonder darkening heaven!
Thou earth, in vernal radiance gay,
As when His angels first arrayed thee,
And thou, O, deep-toned ocean, say
Why man should love the Mind that made thee.

2. There 's not a flower that decks the vale,
There 's not a beam that lights the mountain,

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There 's not a shrub that scents the gale,
  There 's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There 's not a hue that paints the rose,
  There 's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
  True love to us and love undying.

II.

THE GOOD ONLY TO BE SOUGHT.

ANNE C. LYNCH

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
  The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
  To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
  The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips;
  But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness ever pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we
  Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
  In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

III.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

CHALMERS.

Tell us, ye men who are so jealous of right and of honor, who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men, whom every fancied affront puts into such a turbulence of emotion, and in whom every fancied infringement stirs up the

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quick, and the resentful appetite for justice, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiven of God are ascertained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced, whether you are, indeed, the children of the Highest, and perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect?

IV.

INDUSTRY AND GENIUS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1. Industry is a substitute for genius. Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity, —as the faculty of music in Mozart,—invention in Fulton,— ideality in Milton,—we call their possessor a *genius*. But a genius is usually understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind, that he can do any thing without labor. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation, exact without calculation, and profound without reflection.

2. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast cathedral, through whose colored windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colors of brilliant pictures. Such minds *may* exist. So far as my observations have ascertained the species, they abound in academies, colleges, and Thespian societies; in village debating clubs; in coteries of young artists, and among young professional aspirants. They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence; by very long hair, and very open shirt collars; by the reading of much wretched poetry, and the writing of much yet more wretched; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable, and very useless,—beings whom no man wants for friend, pupil, or companion.

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V.

CULTIVATION.

MRS. H. C. KINNEY.

Weeds grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales, and every where,
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers,—
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture, and the hopes of watchful hours;
While plants most cultured have most lasting powers.
So flowers of Genius that will longest live,
Spring not in Mind's uncultivated soil,
But are the birth of time, and mental toil,
And all the culture Learning's hand can give:
Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

VI.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

BYRON.

1. I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him,—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

2. He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,

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There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday,—
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? *Arise*, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

VII.

IMMORTALITY.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

It can not be, that earth is man's only abiding place. It can not be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float another moment upon its surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad, unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings, that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

VIII.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Whence does this love of our country, this universal passion proceed? Why does the eye ever dwell with fondness upon the scenes of infant life? Why do we breathe with greater joy the breath of our youth? Why are not other soils as

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grateful, and other heavens as gay? Why does the soul of man ever cling to that earth where it first knew pleasure and pain, and, under the rough discipline of the passions, was roused to the dignity of moral life? Is it only that our country contains our kindred and our friends? And is it nothing but a name for our social affections? It can not be this; the most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols, and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature, place him by living waters under shadowy trees of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the climates of the sun, he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity; he will sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon, when he remembers thee, oh Sion!

IX.

PATRIOTISM.

WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,—
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

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X.

ADDRESS TO THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

HENRY WARE, JR.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloóm?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sowed corruption in those fairy bòwers?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fíre?
And Slavery forged his ,cháins; and Wrath, and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
And scatter woe where Heaven had planted Jóy?
Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
And uncorrùpt? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life?
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glows in the light of God's near throne of lòve?
Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold! No lánguage? Everlasting light,
And everlasting sílence! Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know,—
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER.

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EXERCISE XC.

WORKS OF IMAGINATION NOT LIKELY TO DECLINE.

T. NOON TALFOURD.

1. There is a deep-rooted opinion which has been eloquently propounded by some of the first critics of our age, that works of imagination must necessarily decline as civilization advances. It will readily be conceded, that no individual minds can be expected to arise, in the most refined periods, which will surpass those which have been developed in rude and barbarous ages. But there does not appear any solid reason for believing that the mighty works of old time occupy the whole region of poetry, or necessarily chill the fancy of these later times by their vast and unbroken shadows.

2. Genius does not depend on times or on seasons, it waits not on external circumstances, it can neither be subdued by the violence of the most savage means, nor polished away or dissipated among the refinements of the most glittering scenes of artificial life. It is "itself alone." To the heart of a young poet, the world is ever beginning anew. He is in the generation by which he is surrounded, but he is not of it; he can live in the light of the holiest times, or range amid gorgeous marvels of eldest superstition, or sit "lone upon the shores of old romance," or pierce the vail of mortality, and "breathe in worlds to which the heaven of heavens is but a vail."

3. The very deficiency of the romantic, in the actual paths of existence, will cause him to dwell in thought more apart from them, and to seek the wildest recesses in those regions which imagination opens to his inward gaze. To the eye of young joy, the earth is as fresh as at the first,—the dew-drop is lit up as it was in Eden,—and "the splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower," yet glitters as in the spring-time of the world.

4. The subjects in which genius rejoices, are not the vain and the transitory, but the true and the eternal, which are the

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same through all changes of society and shifting varieties of fashion. The heavens yet "tell the glory of God;" the hills, the vales, and the ocean, do not alter, nor does the heart of man wax old. The wonders of these are as exhaustless as they are lasting. While these remain, the circumstances of busy life, —the exact mechanism of the social state,—will affect the true poet but little.

5. The seeds of genius which contain within themselves the germs of expanded beauties and divinest sublimities, can not perish. Wheresoever they are scattered, they must take root, striking far below the surface, overcropped and exhausted by the multitude of transitory productions, into a deep richness of soil, and, rising up above the weeds and tangled underwood which would crush them, lift their innumerable boughs into the free and rejoicing heavens.

6. The advancement of natural science and of moral truth do not tend really to lessen the resources of the bard. The more we know, the more we feel there is yet to be known. The mysteries of nature and of humanity are not lessened, but increased, by the discoveries of philosophic skill. The luster which breaks on the vast clouds, which encircle us in our earthly condition, does not merely set in clear vision that which before was hidden in sacred gloom; but, at the same time, half exhibits masses of magnificent shadow, unknown before, and casts an uncertain light on vast regions in which the imagination may devoutly expatiate.

7. A plastic superstition may fill a limited circle with beautiful images, but it chills and confines the fancy, almost as strictly as it limits the reasoning faculties. The mythology of Greece, for example, while it peopled earth with a thousand glorious shapes, shut out the free grace of nature from poetic vision, and excluded from the ken the high beatings of the soul. All the loveliness of creation, and all the qualities, feelings, and passions, were invested with personal attributes.

8. The evening's sigh was the breath of Zephyr,—the streams were celebrated, not in their rural clearness, but as visionary

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nymphs,—and ocean, that old agitator of sublimest thoughts, gave place, in the imagination, to a trident-bearing god. The tragic muse almost "forgot herself to stone," in her lone contemplations of destiny. No wild excursiveness of fancy marked their lighter poems—no majestical struggle of high passions and high actions filled the scene—no genial wisdom threw a penetrating, yet lovely, light on the silent recesses of the bosom.

9. The diffusion of a purer faith restored to poetry its glowing affections, its far-searching intelligence, and its excursive power. And not only this, but it left it free to use those exquisite figures, and to avail itself of all the chaste and delicate imagery which the exploded superstition first called into being. In the stately regions of imagination, the wonders of Greek fable yet have place, though they no longer hide from our view the secrets of our nature, or the long vistas which extend to the dim verge of the moral horizon.

10. Well, indeed, does a great living poet assert their poetic existence, under the form of defending the science of the stars:

"For Fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths! all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky

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Shoot influence down; and, even at this day,
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus that brings every thing that 's fair!"*

11. The poet is the inheritor of the imaginative treasures of all creeds which reason has now exploded. The dim gigantic shadows of the north,—the gentle superstitions of the Greeks,—the wild and wondrous prodigies of the Arabian enchantment,—the dark rites of magic, more heart-stirring than all,—have their places in the vast region of his soul. When we climb above the floating mists which have so long overspread humanity, to breathe a purer air, and gaze on the unclouded heavens, we do not lose our feeling of veneration for majestic errors, nor our sense of their glories. Instead of wandering in the region of cloud, we overlook it all, and behold its gorgeous varieties of arch, minaret, dome, or spire, without partaking in its delusions.

EXERCISE XCI.

UNIVERSAL INTELLIGENCE.

JAMES STEPHENS.

1. In the great cycle of human affairs there are many stages, each essential to the consummation of the designs of Providence, and each separated by broad distinctions from the rest. They whose province it is to censure, and they whose desire it is to improve their age, will never find their sacred fires extinct from the mere want of fuel. History and theory are always at hand with humiliating contrasts to the times we live in.

2. That men have been better or might be better than they are, has been true since the first fathers of our race returned to their native dust, and will still be true as long as our planet shall be inhabited by their descendants. But below the agitated

* Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*.

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surface of the ocean, under-currents are silently urging forward, on their destined path, the waters of the mighty deep; themselves impelled by that Power which none may question or resist. Human society obeys a similar influence.

3. Laws as anomalous in appearance, as uniform in reality, as those which direct the planetary movements, determine the present state, and regulate the progress of commonwealths, whether political, literary, or religious. Christianity demands the belief, and experience justifies the hope, that their ultimate tendency is toward the universal dominion of piety and virtue. But it is neither pious nor rational to suppose that this consummation can be attained by any sequence of identical causes constantly working out similar effects.

4. The best generations, like the best men, are those which possess an individual and distinctive character. A chain of splendid biographies constitutes the history of past centuries. Whoever shall weave the chronicles of our own, must take, for his staple, statistics illuminated by a skillful generalization. Once every eye was directed to the leaders of the world; now all are turned to the masses of which it is composed.

5. Instead of Newtons presiding over Royal Societies, we have Dr. Birbecks lecturing at mechanics' institutes. If no Wolseys arise to found colleges like that of Christ Church, Joseph Lancaster and William Bell have emulated each other in works not less momentous at the Borough Road and Baldwin's Gardens. We people continents, though we have ceased to discover them. We abridge folios for the many, though we no longer write them for the few. Our fathers compiled systems of divinity,—we compose pocket theological libraries. They invented sciences, we apply them. Literature was once an oligarchy, it is now a republic.

6. It is impossible to prevent—is it wise to bewail, this change in our social and intellectual habits? During the inundations of the Nile, the worship of the mysterious river ceased, and no hymns were heard to celebrate its glories. Idolatry lost its stay, imagination her excitement; but the land was fertil-

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ized. Learning, once banked up in universities and cathedrals, is now diffused through shops and factories. The stream, then so profound and limpid, may now, perhaps, be both shallow and muddy.

7. But is it better that the thirst of a whole nation should be thus slaked, or that the immortals should be quaffing their nectar apart in sublime abstraction from the multitude? There is no immediate and practicable reconcilement of these advantages. Genius, and wit, and science, and whatever else, raises man above his fellows, must bend to the universal motives of human conduct. When honor, wealth, public gratitude, and the sense of good desert, reward those who teach elementary truth to the people at large, the wisest and the best will devote to that office powers, which, in a different age, would have been consecrated to more splendid, though not, perhaps, to more worthy undertakings.

8. In the state of letters, there is no maintaining a polity in which the three elements of power are blended together in harmonious counterpoise. There a monarch infallibly becomes a despot, and a democracy subjugates to itself whatever else is eminent, or illustrious. Divines, poets, and philosophers, addressing millions of readers and myriads of critics, are immediately rewarded by an applause, or punished by a neglect, to which it is not given to mortal man to be superior or indifferent.

9. Inform the national mind, and improve the general taste up to a certain point, and to that point you inevitably depress the efforts of those who are born to instruct the rest. Had Spenser flourished in the nineteenth century, would he have aspired to produce the Faëry Queen? Had Walter Scott lived in the sixteenth, would he have condescended to write the Lady of the Lake? Our great men are less great, because our ordinary men are less abject.

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EXERCISE XCII.

AIMS OF A PERFECT EDUCATION.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

1. In casting about for the means of opposing the *sensual*, *selfish*, and *mercenary* tendencies of our nature, and of so elevating man, as to render it not chimerical to expect from him the safe ordering of his steps, no mere human agency can be compared with the resources laid up in the great TREASURE-HOUSE OF LITERATURE.

2. There is collected the accumulated experience of ages,—the volumes of the historian, like lamps, to guide our feet; there stand the heroic patterns of courage, magnanimity, and self-denying virtue;—there are embodied the gentler attributes, which soften and purify, while they charm the heart;—there lie the charts of those who have explored the deeps and shallows of the soul;—there the dear-bought testimony which reveals to us the ends of the earth, and shows that the girdle of the waters is nothing but their Maker's will;—there stands the Poet's harp of mighty compass, and many strings;—there hang the deep-toned instruments through which patriot eloquence has poured its inspiring echoes over oppressed nations;—there, in the sanctity of their own self-emitted light, repose the Heavenly Oracles. This glorious fane, vast, and full of wonders, has been reared and stored by the labors of Lettered Men; and *could* it be destroyed, mankind might relapse to the state of savages.

3. A restless, discontented, aspiring, immortal principle, placed in a material form, whose clamorous appetites, bitter pains, and final languishing and decay, are perpetually at war with the peace and innocence of the spiritual occupant, and have, moreover, power to jeopard its lasting welfare, is the mysterious combination of Human Nature! To *employ* the never-resting faculty; to *turn off* its desires from the dangerous illusions of the senses to the ennobling enjoyments of the mind; to place before the high-reaching principle, *objects* that will excite, and reward its efforts, and, at the same time, not unfit a thing im-

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mortal for the probabilities that await it when time shall be no more,—these are the legitimate aims of a *perfect education.*

4. Left to the scanty round of gratifications supplied by the senses, or eked by the frivolous gayeties which wealth mistakes for pleasure, the unfurnished mind becomes weary of all things and itself. With the capacity to feel its wretchedness, but without tastes or intellectual light to guide it to any avenue of escape, it gropes round its confines of clay, with the sensations of a caged wild beast. It riseth up, it moveth to and fro, it lieth down again. In the morning it says,—"Would God it were evening!" in the evening it cries,—"Would God it were morning!" Driven in upon itself, with passions and desires that madden for action, it grows desperate and its vision becomes perverted.

5. Such is the end of many a youth to whom authoritative discipline and enlarged teaching might have early opened the interesting spectacle of man's past and prospective destiny. Instead of languishing,—his mind might have throbbed and burned, over the trials, the oppressions, the fortitude, the triumphs, of men and nations,—breathed upon by the life-giving lips of the patriot, he might have discovered that he had, not only a country to love, but a head and a heart to serve her,—going out with Science, in her researches through the universe, he might have found, amid the secrets of Nature, ever-growing food for reflection and delight,—ascending where the Muses sit, he might have gazed on transporting scenes, and transfigured beings, and snatched, through heaven's half-unfolded portals, glimpses unutterable of things beyond.

EXERCISE XCIII.

THE SIGNS OF GOD.

WILLIS G. CLARK.

1. I marked the Spring as she passed along,
With her eye of light, and her lip of song;
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest:

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The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,
And their breath went forth in the scented sky;
When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,
And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.

2. The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour:
A frost had discolored the summer bower;
The blast wailed sad 'mid the withered leaves,
The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves;
The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods;
And I knew by the cloud,—by the wild wind's strain,
That Winter drew near with his storms again!

3. I stood by the ocean: its waters roll'd
In their changeful beauty of sapphire and gold;
And day looked down with its radiant smiles,
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand isles:
The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
Their white wings played in the joyous breeze;
Their prows rushed on mid the parted foam,
While the wanderer was wrapped in a dream of home!

4. The mountain arose with its lofty brow,
While its shadow was sleeping in vales below;
The mist, like a garland of glory, lay,
Where its proud hights soared in the air away;
The eagle was there on his tireless wing,
And his shriek went up like an offering;
And he seemed, in his sunward flight, to raise
A chant of thanksgiving,—a hymn of praise!

5. I looked on the arch of the midnight skies,
With its deep and unsearchable mysteries:
The moon, 'mid an eloquent multitude
Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued:

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A charm of sleep on the city fell,
All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell:
By babbling brooks were the buds at rest,
And the wild-bird dreamed on his downy nest.

6. I stood where the deepening tempest passed,
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast;
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on;
The clouds o'ershadowed the mighty sun;
The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,
And hills to the thunder-peal replied;
The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
While the heavens were lit in its red array!

7. And hath man the power, with his pride and his skill,
To arouse all nature with storms at will?
Hath he power to color the summer-cloud,—
To allay the tempest when the hills are bowed?
Can he waken the spring with her festal wreath?
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
Will he come again when death's vale is trod?
Who then shall dare murmur,—"*There is no God!*"

EXERCISE XCIV.

KNOW YOURSELF.

ARBUTHNOT.

1. What am I? how produced? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I the abandoned orphan of blind chance?
Dropped by wild atoms in disordered dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?

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Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood?
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?

2. The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides:
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame compacted, with transcendent skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nursed from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me:
New matter still the moldering mass sustains,
The mansion changed, the tenant still remains;
And from the fleeting stream, repaired by food,
Distinct as is the swimmer from the flood.

3. What am I then? sure, of a nobler birth.
By parents' right I own, as mother, earth;
But claim superior lineage by my SIRE,
Who warmed th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire:
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allayed,
By double nature, double instinct swayed.
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem winged to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.

4. Now, with swift thought, I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centers roll:
What steady powers their endless motions guide
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale:
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glittering trifle offered to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind;

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Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reasoning me,
And tells me I 'm a brute as much as he.

5. If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lured by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The towering lark thus from her lofty strain
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tossed,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.

6. As 'mong the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man among his fellow brutes exposed,
Sees he 's a king, but 'tis a king deposed:
Pity him, beasts! you, by no law confined,
Are barred from devious paths by being blind;
While man, through opening views of various ways,
Confounded by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilked by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flattering future still must give the joy.
Not happy, but amused upon the road,
And, like you, thoughtless of his last abode,—
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.

7. Around me, lo, the thinking, thoughtless crew,
Bewildered each, their different paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,—
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies.

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Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legged beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest.
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little, or too much.

8. "Almighty Power, by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;
Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!"
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplexed:
Thus the benighted traveler that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays;
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.

9. "O Truth divine! enlightened by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
And told me what those mystic tokens meant;
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
Unskilled by twofold nature to divide,
One nursed my pleasure, and one nursed my pride:
Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."

10. Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultless thou dropp'dst from his unerring skill,
With the bare power to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has power to walk has power to rove:
Who acts by force impelled, can naught deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.

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11. Borne on thy new imped wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Disdained His gentle precept to fulfill
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defaced,
In nature changed, from happy mansions chased,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heavenly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.

12. The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill suited to such different guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes;
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curbed, or deferred, or balked, or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unblessed,
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possessed.

13. In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,
Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God:
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy;
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes;
Soaring you 'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,
Regain by meekness what you lost by pride.

EXERCISE XCV.

AN EVENING WALK.

J. K. PAULDING.

1. In the course of the ramble the moon rose over the mountain to the eastward, which being just by, seemed to bring the planet equally near; and the bright eyes of the stars began

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to glisten, as if weeping the dews of evening. I knew not the name of one single star. But what of that? It is not necessary to be an astronomer, to contemplate with sublime emotions the glories of the sky at night, and the countless wonders of the universe.

"These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are."

2. Men may be too wise to wonder at any thing; as they may be too ignorant to see any thing without wondering. There is reason, also, to believe, that astronomers may be sometimes so taken up with measuring the distances and magnitude of the stars, as to lose, in the intense minuteness of calculation, that noble expansion of feeling and intellect combined, which lifts from nature up to its great first Cause.

3. As respects myself, I know no more of the planets than the man in the moon. I only contemplate them as unapproachable, unextinguishable fires, glittering afar off, in those azure fields whose beauty and splendor have pointed them out as the abode of the Divinity; as such, they form bright links in the chain of thought that leads directly to a contemplation of the Maker of heaven and earth.

4. Nature is, indeed, the only temple worthy of the Deity. There is a mute eloquence in her smile; a majestic severity in her frown; a divine charm in her harmony; a speechless energy in her silence; a voice in her thunders, that no reflecting being can resist. It is in such scenes and seasons, that the heart is deepest smitten with the power and goodness of Providence, and that the soul demonstrates its capacity for maintaining its existence independent of matter, by abstracting itself from the body, and expatiating alone in the boundless regions of the past and the future.

5. As I continued strolling forward, there gradually came a perfect calm,—and even the aspen-tree whispered no more. But

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it was not the deathlike calm of a winter's night, when the northwest wind grows quiet, and the frosts begin in silence to forge fetters for the running brooks, and the gentle current of life, that flows through the veins of the forest. The voice of man and beast was, indeed, unheard; but the river murmured, and the insects chirped in the mild summer evening.

6. There is something sepulchral in the repose of a winter night; but, in the genial seasons of the year, though the night is the emblem of repose, it is the repose of the couch, not of the tomb,—nature still breathes in the buzz of insects, the whisperings of the forests, and the murmurs of the running brooks. We know she will awake in the morning, with her smiles, her bloom, her zephyrs, and warbling birds. "In such a night as this," if a man loves any human being in this wide world, he will find it out, for there will his thoughts first center.

7. If he has in store any sweet, or bitter, or bitter-sweet recollections, which are lost in the bustle of the world, they will come without being called. If, in his boyish days, he wrestled, and wrangled, and rambled with, yet loved, some chubby boy, he will remember the days of his childhood, its companions, cares and pleasures. If, in his days of romance, he used to walk of evenings, with some blue-eyed, musing, melancholy maid, whom the ever-rolling wave of life dashed away from him forever,—he will recall her voice, her eye, and her form.

8. If any heavy and severe disaster has fallen on his riper manhood, and turned the future into a gloomy and unpromising wilderness,—he will feel it bitterly at such a time. Or, if it chance that he is grown an old man, and lived to see all that owned his blood, or shared his affections, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn,—in such a night, he will call their dear shades around, and wish himself a shadow.

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EXERCISE XCVI.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

DR. BEATTIE.

1. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the luster of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest, tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table!

2. But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim,—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You can not rob me of free nature's grace,
You can not shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You can not bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve."

3. Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world

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would call it, should not always incline them to practice poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

4. To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction: exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.

5. This happy sensibility to the beauties of nature should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonizes the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never-failing source of amusement; it contributes even to bodily health; and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination.

6. But not to insist longer on those ardent emotions that are peculiar to the enthusiastic disciple of nature, may it not be affirmed of all men without exception, or at least of all the enlightened part of mankind, that they are gratified by the contemplation of things natural as opposed to unnatural? Monstrous sights please but for a moment, if they please at all; for they derive their charm from the beholder's amazement, which is

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quickly over. I have read, indeed, of a man of rank in Sicily who chooses to adorn his villa with pictures and statues of most unnatural deformity; but it is a singular instance; and one would not be much more surprised to hear of a person living without food, or growing fat by the use of poison. To say of any thing that it is contrary to nature, denotes censure and disgust on the part of the speaker; as the epithet natural intimates an agreeable quality, and seems for the most part to imply that a thing is as it ought to be, suitable to our own taste, and congenial with our own constitution.

7. Think with what sentiments we should peruse a poem in which nature was totally misrepresented, and principles of thought and of operation supposed to take place repugnant to every thing we had seen or heard of; in which, for example, avarice and coldness were ascribed to youth, and prodigality and passionate attachment to the old; in which men were made to act at random, sometimes according to character, and sometimes contrary to it; in which cruelty and envy were productive of love, and beneficence and kind affection of hatred; in which beauty was invariably the object of dislike, and ugliness of desire; in which society was rendered happy by atheism and the promiscuous perpetration of crimes, and justice and fortitude were held in universal contempt.

8. Or think how we should relish a painting where no regard was had to the proportions, colors, or any of the physical laws of nature; where the ears and eyes of animals were placed in their shoulders; where the sky was green and the grass crimson; where trees grew with their branches in the earth, and their roots in the air; where men were seen fighting after their heads were cut off, ships sailing on the land, lions entangled in cobwebs, sheep preying on dead carcasses, fishes sporting in the woods, and elephants walking on the sea. Could such figures and combinations give pleasure, or merit the appellation of sublime or beautiful? Should we hesitate to pronounce their author mad? And are the absurdities of madmen proper subjects either of amusement or of imitation to reasonable beings?

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EXERCISE XCVII.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

HENRY CLAY.

1. From 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theater, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life it does not become me to speak; history, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself.

2. My public conduct is a fair subject for the criticism and judgment of my fellow-men; but the motives by which I have been prompted are known only to the great Searcher of the human heart and to myself; and I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors, and doubtless there have been many, may be discovered in a review of my public service, I can with unshaken confidence appeal to that Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that, in all my public acts, I have had a single eye directed, and a warm and devoted heart dedicated to what, in my best judgment, I believed the true interests, the honor, the union, and the happiness of my country required.

3. During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and, though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, and without disturbance, waiting as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of

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justice and of truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of his providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

4. But I have not, meanwhile, been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful, and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what *can* I say at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

5. I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky, now, nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil, when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence.

6. From that period the highest honors of the state have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant

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and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that State; and when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

7. In the course of a long and arduous public service, especially during the last eleven years in which I have held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions alike honestly entertained, as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may have often inadvertently and unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation, toward my brother Senators. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dissatisfaction, produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the most ample apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum and courtesy. On the other hand, I assure Senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this chamber without carrying with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the Senate or any of its members.

8. I go from this place under the hope that we shall mutually consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may at any time unfortunately have occurred between us; and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object, the interest and the best happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes, it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back, on my retirement, with unmeasured satisfaction.

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9. In retiring, as I am about to do, forever from the Senate, suffer me to express my heartfelt wishes that all the great and patriotic objects of the wise framers of our Constitution may be fulfilled; that the high destiny designed for it may be fully answered; and that its deliberations, now and hereafter, may eventuate in securing the prosperity of our beloved country, in maintaining its rights and honor abroad, and upholding its interests at home. I retire, I know, at a period of infinite distress and embarrassment. I wish I could take my leave of you under more favorable auspices; but, without meaning at this time to say whether on any, or on whom reproaches for the sad condition of the country should fall, I appeal to the Senate and to the world to bear testimony to my earnest and continued exertions to avert it, and to the truth that no blame can justly attach to me.

10. May the most precious blessings of Heaven rest upon the whole Senate and each member of it, and may the labors of every one redound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown. And, when you shall retire to the bosom of your constituents, may you receive that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards,—their cordial greeting of "well done, good and faithful servants." And now, Mr. President and Senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell.

EXERCISE XCVIII.

1. HENRY, THE FOURTH, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects, under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle, he addressed his troops: "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume,—you will always find it in the path to honor and glory." His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the Leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat.

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In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying,—"Save the French!" and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army.—*Aikin's Biographical Dictionary.*

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

MACAULAY.

I.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

II.

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

III.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest:
He looked upon his People, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout,—"God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme,* to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

* The ancient royal standard of France.

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IV.

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

V.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter,—the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,—
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, then,—"No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."
O! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

VI.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never shall return!
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burgers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

EXERCISE XCIX.

1. "PARRHASIUS, a painter of Athens, among those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and, when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture

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and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pain and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. There stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-haired, and majestical old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night;
And the last seller from his place had gone,
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Craunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.

2. 'T was evening; and the half-descended sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street,
Through which the captive gazed.

3. The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes, magical they lay.
Parrhasius stood, gazing, forgetfully,
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus* lay
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian† festering in his flesh;

* See note, p. 156.

† The allusion is to Vulcan (see note, p. 156), who, according to the old legend, being thrust by Jupiter from the top of Olympus, fell down on Lemnos, an island in the Ægean Sea, and so became lame in one foot. There, as elsewhere, he is said to have raised enormous forges to work metals,—especially to fabricate armor both for gods and men. He is represented as being the forger of the chains that bound Prometheus.

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And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

4. "Bring me the captive now!
My hands feel skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens; around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

5. "Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick! or he faints! stand with the cordial near!
Now,—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

6. "So, let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

7. "'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

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8. "Yet there 's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn;
And, though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars, I 'd bind it on!

9. "Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst,—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild,—

10. "All,—I would do it all,—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
O heavens,—but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive,—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

11. "Vain,—vain,—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now;
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment,—one,—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

12. "Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now,—that was a difficult breath,—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh, death!
Look! how his temples flutter!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders, gasps, Jove help him! so, he 's dead.

13. How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreigned ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought,

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And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish!
O, if earth be all, and Heaven nothing,
What thrice-mocked fools we are!

EXERCISE C.

THE GENIUS OF WASHINGTON.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

1. This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men; but, in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of his wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral element is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogizing him, and drags him down to its own low level while assuming to lift him to the skies.

2. How many times have we been told that he was not a man of genius, but a person of "excellent common sense," of "admirable judgment," of "rare virtues;" and by a constant repetition of this odious cant, we have nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension from his sense, insight from his judgment, force from his virtues, and life from the man. Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits, Washington disappears in a cloud of common-places, in the rhodomontade of boiling patriots he expires in the agonies of rant.

3. Now the sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and moral

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qualities, which its contrivers have the audacity to call George Washington, is hissed out of existence, the better it will be for the cause of talent, and the cause of morals; contempt of that is the beginning of wisdom. He had no gĕnius, it seems. O no! gĕnius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier, whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported States on his arm, and carried America in his brain.

4. The madcap, Charles Townsend,* the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whizz of a hundred rockets, is a man of gĕnius; but George Washington, raised up above the level of even eminent statesmen, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun,—hĕ dwindles, in comparison, into a kind of angelic dŭnce? What is genius? Is it worth any thing? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit,—that which it recedes from, or tends toward? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble, the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up within himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

5. Indeed, if, by the genius of action, you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence energized by will,—if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test,—and, especially, if great effects suppose a cause proportionably great, that is, a vital, causative mind,—then is Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equaled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds.

* Charles Townsend was a prominent British statesman in the time of the American Revolution, and a powerful and persevering opponent of American claims in the British Parliament.

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6. His genius, it is true, was of a peculiar kind; the genius of character, of thought and the objects of thought, solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men,—rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons,—who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts.

7. Washington, in short, had that greatness of character which is the highest expression and last result of greatness of mind; for there is no method of building up character except through mind. Indeed, character like his is not *built* up, stone upon stone, precept upon precept, but *grows* up, through an actual contact of thought with things,—the assimilative mind transmuting the impalpable, but potent spirit of public sentiment, and the life of visible facts, and the power of spiritual laws, into individual life and power, so that their mighty energies put on personality, as it were, and act through one centralizing human will.

8. This process may not, if you please, make the great philosopher, or the great poet, but it does make the great *man*,—the man in whom thought and judgment seem identical with volition,—the man whose vital expression is not in words, but deeds,—the man whose sublime ideas issue necessarily in sublime acts, not in sublime art. It was because Washington's character was thus composed of the inmost substance and power of facts and principles, that men instinctively felt the perfect reality of his comprehensive manhood. This reality enforced universal respect, married strength to repose, and threw into his face that commanding majesty, which made men of the speculative audacity of Jefferson, and the lucid genius of Hamilton, recognize, with unwonted meekness, his awful superiority.

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EXERCISE CI.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

J. T. HEADLEY.

1. No one, in tracing the history of our struggle, can deny that Providence watched over our interests, and gave us the only man who could have conducted the car of the Revolution to the goal it finally reached. Our revolution brought to a speedy crisis the one that must sooner or later have convulsed France. One was as much needed as the other, and has been productive of equal good. But, in tracing the progress of each, how striking is the contrast between the instruments employed,—Napoleon and Washington. Heaven and earth are not wider apart than were their moral characters, yet both were sent of Heaven to perform a great work.

2. God acts on more enlarged plans than the bigoted and ignorant have any conception of, and adapts his instruments to the work he wishes to accomplish. To effect the regeneration of a comparatively religious, virtuous, and intelligent people, no better man could have been selected than Washington. To rend asunder the feudal system of Europe, which stretched like an iron frame-work over the people, and had rusted so long in its place, that no slow corrosion or steadily wasting power could affect its firmness, there could have been found no better than Bonaparte.

3. Their missions were as different as their characters. Had Bonaparte been put in the place of Washington, he would have overthrown the Congress, as he did the Directory; and taking supreme power into his hands, developed the resources, and kindled the enthusiasm of this country with such astonishing rapidity, that the war would scarcely have begun ere it was ended. But a vast and powerful monarchy, instead of a republic, would have occupied this continent Had Washington been put in the place of Bonaparte, his transcendent virtues and unswerving integrity would not have prevailed against the tyranny

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of faction, and a prison would have received him, as it did Lafayette.

4. Both were children of a Revolution, both rose to the chief command of the army, and eventually to the head of the nation. One led his country step by step to freedom and prosperity; the other arrested at once, and with a strong hand, the earthquake that was rocking France asunder, and sent it rolling under the thrones of Europe. The office of one was to defend and build up Liberty, that of the other to break down the prison walls in which it lay a captive, and rend asunder its century-bound fetters.

5. To suppose that France could have been managed as America was, by any human hand, shows an ignorance as blind as it is culpable. That, and every other country of Europe, will have to pass through successive stages before they can reach the point at which our Revolution commenced. Here Liberty needed virtue and patriotism, as well as strength,—on the Continent it needed simple *power*, concentrated and terrible power. Europe at this day trembles over that volcano Napoleon kindled, and the next eruption will finish what he begun. Thus does Heaven, selecting its own instruments, break up the systems of oppression men deemed eternal, and out of the power and ambition, as well as out of the virtues of men, work the welfare of our race.

EXERCISE CII.

GIL BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

LE SAGE.

Archbishop.—Well, young man, what is your business with me?

Gil Blas.—I am the young man, whom your nephew, Don Fernando, was pleased to mention to you.

Arch.—O! you are the person, then, of whom he spoke so handsomely. I engage you in my service, and consider you a

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valuable acquisition. From the specimen he showed me of your powers, you must be pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. It is very evident your education has not been neglected. I am satisfied with your hand-writing, and still more with your understanding. I thank my nephew, Don Fernando, for having given me such an able young man, whom I consider a rich acquisition. You transcribe so well you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me, ingenuously, my friend, did you find nothing that shocked you in writing over the homily I sent you on trial? some neglect, perhaps, in style, or some improper term?

Gil B.—O! sir, I am not learned enough to make critical observations, and, if I were, I am persuaded the works of your Grace would escape my censure.

Arch.—Young man, you are disposed to flatter; but tell me, which parts of it did you think the most strikingly beautiful?

Gil B.—If, where all was excellent, any parts were particularly so, I should say they were the personification of Hope, and the description of a good man's death.

Arch.—I see you have a delicate knowledge of the truly beautiful. This is what I call having taste and sentiment. Gil Blas, henceforth give thyself no uneasiness about thy fortune; I will take care of that. I love thee, and as a proof of my affection, I will make thee my confidant: yes, my child, thou shalt be the repository of my most secret thoughts. Listen with attention to what I am going to say. My chief pleasure consists in preaching, and the Lord gives a blessing to my homilies; but I confess my weakness. The honor of being thought a perfect orator has charmed my imagination; my performances are thought equally nervous and delicate; but I would of all things avoid the fault of good authors who write too long. Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas, one thing that I exact of thy zeal, is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to advertise me of it; for I don't trust to my own judgment, which may be seduced by self-love. That observation must proceed from a

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disinterested understanding, and I make choice of thine, which I know is good, and am resolved to stand by thy decision.

Gil B.—Thank Heaven, sir, that time is far off. Besides, a genius like that of your Grace, will preserve its vigor much better than any other, or, to speak more justly, will be always the same. I look upon you as another Cardinal Ximenes whose superior genius, instead of being weakened, seemed to acquire new strength by age.

Arch.—No flattery, friend; I know I am liable to sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and the infirmities of the body often affect the understanding. I repeat it to thee again, Gil Blas, as soon as thou shalt judge mine in the least impaired, be sure to give me notice. And be not afraid of speaking freely and sincerely; for I shall receive thy advice as a mark of thy affection.

Gil B.—Your Grace may always depend upon my fidelity.

Arch.—I know thy sincerity, Gil Blas; and now tell me plainly, hast thou not heard the people make some remarks upon my late homilies?

Gil B.—Your homilies have always been admired, but it seems to me that the last did not appear to have had so powerful an effect upon the audience as former ones.

Arch.—How, sir, has it met with any Aristarchus?*

Gil B.—No, sir, by no means; such works as yours are not to be criticized; every body is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Did you not think so, sir, yourself?

Arch.—So, then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?

Gil B.—I don't say so, sir; I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works.

Arch.—I understand you; you think I flag, don't you?

* Aristarchus is the name of one of the most celebrated critics of antiquity. He was a native of Samothrace, and died at Cyprus, B. C. 157.

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Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.

Gil B.—I should not have been so bold as to speak so freely, if your Grace had not commanded me; I do no more, therefore, than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.

Arch.—God forbid! God forbid that I should find fault with it. I don't at all take it ill that you should speak your sentiments, it is your sentiment itself, only, that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.

Gil B.—Your Grace will pardon me for obeying—

Arch.—Say no more, my child, you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Be it known to you, I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for, my genius, thank Heaven, hath, as yet, lost nothing of its vigor; henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant. Go! go, Mr. Gil Blas, and tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste.

EXERCISE CIII.

1. PE' RI, among the Persians, was an elf or fairy, fancied to be a descendant of fallen angels, and awaiting only the termination of the penance enjoined, to return to the bliss of Paradise.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. One morn a Peri[1] at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And, as she listened to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-opened portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

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2. "How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!

3. "Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,*
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,†
Yet,—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

4. "Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

5. Now, upon Syria's land of roses‡
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wint'ry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,

* "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane-trees upon it."—*Forster.*

† "The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all summer in gathering it.—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

‡ Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous; hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

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While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

6. To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,—
More golden where the sun-light falls;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls*
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed,† with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales!

7. But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad,—her wings are weary,—

* "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun, at Balbec, amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings were covered with them."—*Bruce.*

† "The Syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."—*Russel.*

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Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple, once his own,*
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

8. Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems annealed
In upper fires, some tablet sealed
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
An erring spirit to the skies!

9. Cheered by this hope she bends her thither;
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;
When, o'er the vale of Balbec, winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,†
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems;
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,

* The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

† "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance, and their attire, procured for them the name of Damsels."—*Sonnini.*

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She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.

10. Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that;
Sullenly fierce,—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruined maid,—the shrine profaned,—
Oaths broken,—and the threshold stained
With blood of guests,—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again!

11. Yet tranquil now that man of crime,
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit,) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

12. But, hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,

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And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 't was a sight,—that Heaven,—that child,—
A scene which might have well beguiled
E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

13. And how felt *he*, the wretched man,
Reclining there,—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
When young, and, haply, pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee, but now—"
He hung his head,—each nobler aim
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept,—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guileless joy that guilt can know.

14. "There 's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June

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Upon Egypt's land,* of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health re-animates earth and skies!
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!

15. And now,—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeams shine upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven.

16. 'T was when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear, that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor's beam;
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'T was a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done,—
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won!"

* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt, precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

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EXERCISE CIV.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

MILTON.

1. Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unvailed her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

2. When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids; other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

3. To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

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That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
Those blossoms, also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:
"My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst,
Unargued, I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.

4. Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train;
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

5. To whom our general ancestor replied:
"Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth

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By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.

6. These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With Heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our souls to Heaven."
Thus talking hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower.

7. Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,

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Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employed
Have finished happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

EXERCISE CV.

THE KNIGHT, THE HERMIT, AND THE MAN.

T. S. ARTHUR.

THE KNIGHT.

1. Sir Guy de Montfort was as brave a knight as ever laid lance in rest, or swung his glittering battle-ax. He possessed many noble and generous qualities, but they were obsured, alas! by the strange thirst for human blood, that marked the age in which he lived,—an age, when "Love your friends, and *hate* your enemies," had taken the place of—"But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

2. Ten knights as brave as Sir Guy, and possessing as many noble and generous qualities, had fallen beneath his superior strength and skill in arms; and for this, the bright eyes of beauty looked admiringly upon him,—fair lips smiled when he appeared,—and minstrels sang of his prowess in ladies' bower and festive hall.

3. At a great tournament given in honor of the marriage of the king's daughter, Sir Guy sent forth his challenge to single and deadly combat; but for two days no one accepted this challenge,

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although it was three times proclaimed by the herald. On the third day, a young and strange knight rode, with vizor down, into the lists, and accepted the challenge. His slender form, his carriage, and all that appertained to him, showed him to be no match for Guy de Montfort,—and so it proved. They met, and Sir Guy's lance, at the first tilt, penetrated the corselet of the brave young knight and entered his heart. As he rolled upon the ground, his casque flew off, and a shower of sunny curls fell over his fair young face and neck.

4. Soon the strange news went thrilling from heart to heart, that the youthful knight who had kissed the dust beneath the sharp steel of De Montfort, was a maiden! and none other than the beautiful, high-spirited Agnes St. Bertrand, whose father Sir Guy had killed, but a few months before, in a combat to which he had challenged him.

By order of the king the tournament was suspended, and rampant knights and ladies gay went back to their homes in soberer mood than when they came forth.

5. Alone in his castle, with the grim faces of his ancestors looking down upon him from the wall, Sir Guy paced to and fro with hurried steps. The Angel of Mercy was nearer to him than she had been for years, and her whispers were distinctly heard. Glory and fame were forgotten by the knight,—for self was forgotten. The question—a strange question for him—"What good?" arose in his mind. He had killed St. Bertrand,—but why? To add another leaf to his laurels as a brave knight. But, was this leaf worth its cost,—the broken heart of the fairest and loveliest maiden in the land? nay, more,—the life-drops from that broken heart?

6. For the first time the flush of triumph was chilled by a remembrance of what the triumph had cost him. Then came a shudder, as he thought of the lovely widow who drooped in Arto Castle,—of the wild pang that snapped the heart-strings of De Cressy's bride, when she saw the battle-ax go crashing into her husband's brain,—of the beautiful betrothed of Sir Gilbert de Marion, now a shrieking maniac,—of Agnes St. Bertrand!

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7. As these sad images came up before the knight, his pace grew more rapid, and his brows upon which large beads of sweat were standing, were clasped between his hands with a gesture of agony.

"And what for all this?" he murmured. "What for all this? Am I braver or better for such bloody work?"

Through the long night he paced the hall of his castle; but with day dawn he rode forth alone. The sun arose and set; the seasons came and went; years passed; but the knight returned not.

THE HERMIT.

8. Far from the busy scenes of life dwelt a pious recluse, who, in prayer, fasting, and various forms of penance, sought to find repose for his troubled conscience. His food was pulse, and his drink the pure water that went sparkling in the sunlight past his hermit-cell in the wilderness. Now and then a traveler who had lost his way, or an eager hunter in search of game, met this lonely man in his deep seclusion. To such he spoke eloquently of the vanities of life, and of the wisdom of those who, renouncing these vanities, devote themselves to God; and they left him, believing the hermit to be a wise and happy man.

9. But they erred. Neither prayer nor penance filled the aching void that was in his bosom. If he were happy, it was a happiness for which none need have felt an envious wish; if he were wise, his wisdom partook more of the selfishness of this world than of the holy benevolence of the next.

10. The days came and went; the seasons changed; years passed; and still the hermit's prayers went up at morning, and the setting sun looked upon his kneeling form. His body was bent, though not with age; his long hair whitened, but not with the snows of many winters. Yet all availed not. The solitary one found not in prayer and penance that peace which passeth all understanding.

11. One night he dreamed in his cell that the Angel of Mercy came to him, and said:—

"It is in vain,—all in vain! Art thou not a man, to whom

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power has been given to do good to thy fellow-man? Is the bird on the tree, the beast in his lair, the worm that crawls upon the earth thy fellow? Not by prayer, not by meditation, not by penance, is man purified; not for these are his iniquities washed out. 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' These are the divine words thou hast not yet learned. Thou callest thyself God's servant; but where is thy work? I see it not. Where are the hungry thou hast fed?—the naked thou hast clothed?—the sick and the prisoner who have been visited by thee. They are not here in the wilderness!"

12. The angel departed, and the hermit awoke. It was midnight. From the bending heavens beamed down myriads of beautiful stars. The dark and solemn woods were still as death, and there was no sound on the air save the clear music of the singing rill as it went on, happily, with its work, even in the darkness.

13. "Where is *my* work?" murmured the hermit, as he stood with his hot brow uncovered in the cool air. "The stars are moving in their courses; the trees are spreading forth their branches and rising to heaven; and the stream flows on to the ocean; but I, superior to all these,—I, gifted with a will, an understanding and active energies,—am doing no work! 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Those blessed words can not be said of me."

14. Morning came, and the hermit saw the bee at its labor, the bird building its nest, and the worm spinning its silken thread.

"And is there no work for *me*, the noblest of all created things?" said he.

The hermit knelt in prayer, but found no utterance. Where was his work? He had none to bring but evil work. He had harmed his fellow men,—but where was the good he had done? Prayers and penitential deeds wiped away no tear from the eye of sorrow,—fed not the hungry,—clothed not the naked.

15. "De Montfort! it is in vain! there must be charity as well as piety!"

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Thus murmured the hermit, as he arose from his prostrate attitude.

When night came, the hermit's cell, far away in the deep untrodden forest, was tenantless.

THE MAN.

16. A fearful plague raged in a great city. In the narrow streets where the poor were crowded together, the hot breath of the pestilence withered up hundreds in a day. Those not stricken down, fled, and left the suffering and the dying to their fate. Terror extinguished all human sympathies.

17. In the midst of these dreadful scenes, a man clad in plain garments,—a stranger,—approached the plague-stricken city. The flying inhabitants warned him of the peril he was about encountering, but he heeded them not. He entered within the walls, and took his way with a firm step to the most infected regions.

18. In the first house that he entered, he found a young maiden alone, and almost in the agonies of death; and her feeble cry was for something to slake her burning thirst. He placed to her lips a cool draught of which she drank eagerly; then he sat down to watch by her side. In a little while the hot fever began to abate, and the sufferer slept. Then he lifted her in his arms, and bore her beyond the city walls, where the air was purer, and where were those appointed to receive and minister to the sick who were brought forth.

19. Again he went into the deadly atmosphere, and among the sick and the dying; and soon he returned once more, with a sleeping infant that he had removed from the enfolding arms of its dead mother. There was a calm and holy smile upon the stranger's lips as he looked into the sweet face of the innocent child ere he resigned it to others; and those who saw that smile, said in their hearts,—"Verily, he hath his reward."

20. For weeks the plague hovered, with its black wings, over that devoted city; and, during the whole time, this stranger, to all the inhabitants, passed from house to house, supporting a

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dying head here, giving drink to such as were almost mad with thirst there, and bearing forth in his arms those for whom there was any hope of life. But, when "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon day," had left the city, he was nowhere to be found.

21. For years the castle of De Montfort was without a lord. Its knightly owner had departed, though to what far country no one knew. At last he returned,—not on mailed charger, with corselet, casque, and spear,—a boastful knight, with hands crimsoned by his brother's blood,—not as a pious devotee from his cloister; but, as a *man*, from the city where he had done good deeds amid the dying and the dead. He came to take possession of his stately castle and his broad lands once more,—not as a knight, but as a man,—not to glory once more in his proud elevation, but to use the gifts with which God had endowed him, in making wiser, better and happier, his fellow men.

22. He had work to do, and he was faithful in its performance. He was no longer a knight-errant, seeking for adventure wherever brute courage promised to give him renown; he was no longer an idle hermit, shrinking from his work in the great harvest-fields of life; but he was a *man*, doing valiantly, among his fellow-men, truly noble deeds,—not deeds of blood, but deeds of moral daring, in an age when the real uses of life were despised by the titled few.

There was the bold Knight, the pious Hermit, and the Man; but the MAN was best and greatest of all.

EXERCISE CVI.

SURRENDER OF TICONDEROGA.

ETHAN ALLEN.

1. Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations,

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doomed to perpetual slavery, in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror; so that the first systematical and bloody attempt, at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take part with my country. And, while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony (now State) of Connecticut, to raise the Green-Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga.

2. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga, on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green-Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear-guard, commanded by Colonel Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following:—

3. "Friends and fellow soldiers: You have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me, from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and, in person, conduct you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

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4. The men being, at this time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the center-file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me; I ran immediately toward him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks which faced each other.

5. The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but, in an instant, I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer slept.

6. He showed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain De la Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it; I answered him: "*In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress.*"

7. The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and, with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison.

8. In the mean time, some of my officers had given orders,

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and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieutenant Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen-inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior luster; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled to its conquerors who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.

EXERCISE CVII.

EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

1. Never, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took after his capture, was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character, for treacherous or interested purposes; asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that, contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only that to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed due to a person who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable.

2. His request was granted in its full extent; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the board of officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which would even embarrass his feel-

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ings. On his part, while he carefully concealed every thing that might implicate others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself, and upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report.

3. The members were not more impressed with the candor and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behavior toward him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said, he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but, if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

4. In one of the visits I made to him, (and I saw him several times during his confinement), he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the General, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness; I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not, for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days."

5. He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears, in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collecting himself enough afterward to add,—"I wish to be permitted to assure him, I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclinations, as to his orders." His request was readily complied with, and he wrote the letter annexed, with which I

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dare say you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the sentiment and diction.

6. When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since he was to die, there was still a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference to his feelings; and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application by letter, in concise, but persuasive terms. It was thought that this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was, therefore, determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

7. In going to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked with some emotion,—"Must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added,—"It will be but a momentary pang;" and springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered,—"Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies he died universally regretted, and universally esteemed.

8. There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. It is said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many

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talents and accomplishments which left you to suppose more than appeared.

9. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But, in the hight of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

10. The character I have given of him, is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware, that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity. The clouds that surround him, are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that in prosperous times serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy; and are more disposed by compassion to give him the credit he deserves, and, perhaps, even to magnify it.

11. I speak not of André's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction, as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary, is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit André, while we would not but condemn him, if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag: about this a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great. Let his misfortunes cast a vail over his error.

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EXERCISE CVIII.

1. THOMAS WOLSEY, usually called Cardinal Wolsey, was an eminent Minister of State under Henry VIII., of England. He was born of humble parentage, at Ipswich, in 1471. Having incurred the displeasure of the king, he fell into disgrace, and was twice arrested on a charge of high treason. He died in 1530.

2. THOMAS CROMWELL, Earl of Essex, was the son of a blacksmith, at Putney, in Surrey. He was born in 1490. Becoming the confidential servant of Cardinal Wolsey, he rose to considerable power; and, when Wolsey was impeached, Cromwell defended him with great spirit, in the House of Commons, against the articles of impeachment. He was, after the Cardinal's death, taken into the king's service, and ultimately became principal Secretary of State. But he, too, at length, fell under the displeasure of Henry, and was beheaded, in 1540, on a charge of treason.

CARDINAL WOLSEY[1] AND CROMWELL[2].

SHAKSPEARE.

Wolsey.—Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride,
At length, broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened; O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,

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More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Cromwell.—I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.—What! amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an* you weep,
I am fallen, indeed.

Crom.—How does your Grace?

Wol.—Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me;
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honor:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven!

Crom.—I am glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol.—I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom.—The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.—God bless him!

Crom.—The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol.—That 's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue

* If.

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Long in his highness's favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom.—That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol.—That 's news, indeed.

Crom.—Last, that the Lady Anne
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol.—There was the weight that pulled me down, Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell:
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom.—O, my Lord,
Must I, then, leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wol.—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

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In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten,—as I shall be,—
And sleep in dull cold marble where no mention
Of me must more be heard of, say, I taught thee,—
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr. Serve the king:
And,——Prithee, lead me in:
There take an in'ventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Crom.—Good sir, have patience.

Wol.—So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell!

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EXERCISE CIX.

The following is a scene from Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Fitz-James, the hero of the piece, is no less a personage than James V., of Scotland, whose love of romantic adventure often led him "to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces, in various disguises." He is here presented, by the fancy of the poet, in a "hunting suit of Lincoln-green," and, in company with Murdoch, a faithless guide, passing through the Trosach's glen, "a rough and bristled territory," in the vicinity of Loch Katrine. Roderick is a daring and desperate chieftain, who, in this singularly interesting story, is made to hold undisputed sway over the hardy Highlanders of that part of the country. Ellen is the Lady of the Lake, the heroine of the poem. Who Blanche of Devan was, sufficiently appears in what follows.

BLANCHE OF DEVAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. All in the Trosach's glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill;
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high;—
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"—
He stammered forth,—"I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare."
"Murdock, move first,—but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"
Jealous and sullen on they fared,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

2. Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge.
When, lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy,

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Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff, from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.

3. The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shrieked till all the rocks replied;
And loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the Lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept and then she sung,—
She sung!—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strained and roughened, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

SONG.

4. They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung;
I can not sleep on Highland brae,*
I can not pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan† glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray
That Heaven would close my wint'ry day!

5. 'T was thus my hair they bade me braid,
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.

* Brae is a steep or precipice; a declivity.

† The *Allan* and *Devan* are two beautiful streams, the latter celebrated in the poetry of Burns, which descend from the hills of Perthshire into the great carse, or plain of Stirling.

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But woe betide the cruel guile
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

6. "Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."
"'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
I marvel she is now at large;
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.

7. "Hence, brain-sick fool!" He raised his bow:—
"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitched a bar!"
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried,
And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
"See the gray pennons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."

8. "Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"—
"O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.

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Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln-green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O, my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye;
Then turned it on the knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

9. "The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,*
Bearing his branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed,—
Hunters watch so narrowly."

* Having ten branches on his antlers.

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10. Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast.
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife,—
The forfeit death,—the prize is life!

11. Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couched upon the heathery moor;
Them could'st thou reach!—it may not be,—
Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
—Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fallen, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

12. She sate beneath the birchen-tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,

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And gazed on it and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of broom, and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—
"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless, injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.
Seest thou this tress?—O! still I 've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.

13. I will not tell thee when 't was shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head,—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.
I waver still!—O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light!
O! by thy knighthood's honored sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
With tartan's broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell."

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EXERCISE CX.

NEGLIGENCE OF DRESS IN MEN OF LETTERS.

JOSEPH DENNIE.

1. Among the minor virtues, cleanliness ought to be conspicuously ranked; and, in the common topics of praise, we generally arrange some commendation of neatness. It involves much. It supposes a love of order, an attention to the laws of custom, and a decent pride. Lord Bacon says that a good person is a perpetual letter of recommendation. This idea may be extended. Of a well-dressed man it may be affirmed, that he has a sure passport through the realms of civility.

2. In first interviews we can judge of no one except from appearances. He, therefore, whose exterior is agreeable, begins well in any society. Men and women are disposed to augur favorably, rather than otherwise, of him who manifests, by the purity and propriety of his garb, a disposition to comply and to please. As, in rhetoric, a judicious exordium is of admirable use to render an audience docile, attentive, and benevolent, so, at your introduction into good company, clean and modish apparel is, though an humble, at least, a serviceable herald of our exertions.

3. As these are very obvious truths, and as literary men are generally vain, and sometimes proud, it is singular that one of the easiest modes of gratifying self-complacency should, by *them*, be, for the most part, neglected; and that this sort of carelessness is so adhesive to one tribe of writers, that the words poet and sloven are regarded as synonymous in the world's vocabulary.

4. This negligence in men of letters sometimes arises from their inordinate application to books and papers, and may be palliated by a good-natured man, as the natural product of a mind too intensely engaged in sublime speculations to attend to the blackness of a shoe or the whiteness of a ruffle. Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton might be forgiven by their candid cotemporaries, though the first had composed his essay with "un-

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washen hands," and the second had investigated the laws of nature when he was clad in a soiled nightgown.

5. But slovenliness is often affected by authors, or rather pretenders to authorship, and must then be considered as highly culpable,—as an outrage of decorum, as a defiance to the world, and as a pitiful scheme to attract notice by means which are equally in the power of the drayman and chimney-sweeper. I know a poet of this description, who anticipates renown no less from a dirty shirt than from an elegant couplet, and imagines that, when his appearance is the most sordid, the world must conclude, of course, that his mind is splendid and fair.

6. In his opinion, "marvelous foul linen" is a token of wit, and inky fingers indicate humor; he avers that a slouched hat is demonstrative of a well-stored brain, and that genius always trudges about in unbuckled shoes. He looks for invention in rumpled ruffles, and finds high-sounding poetry among the folds of a loose stocking. But this smirched son of Apollo may be assured, there is no necessary connection between dirt and ability. It is not necessary to consummate such a marriage to produce the fairest offspring of the mind. One may write brilliantly, and, strange as it may seem, be dressed well. If negligence be the criterion of genius, a critic will, in future, inspect a poet's wardrobe rather than his works.

7. Slovenliness, so far from being commendable in an author, is more inexcusable in men of letters than in many others, the nature of whose employment compels them to be conversant with objects sordid and impure. A smith from his forge, or a husbandman from his fields, is obliged sometimes to appear stained with the smut of the one or the dust of the other. A writer, on the contrary, sitting in an easy-chair at a polished desk, and leaning on white paper, or examining the pages of a book, is, by no means, *obliged* to be soiled by his labors. I see no reason why an author should not be a gentleman, or at least, as clean and neat as a Quaker.

8. Far from thinking that filthy dress marks a liberal mind, I should suspect the good sense and talents of him who affected

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to wear a tattered coat as the badge of his profession. Should I see a reputed genius totally regardless of his person, I should immediately doubt the delicacy of his taste, and the accuracy of his judgment. I should conclude there was some obliquity in his mind, a dull sense of decorum, and a disregard of order. I should fancy that he consorted with low society; and, instead of claiming the privilege of genius, to knock and be admitted at palaces, that he chose to sneak in at the back door of hovels, and wallow brutishly in the sty of the vulgar.

9. It is recorded of Somerville and Shenstone that they were negligent, and of Smith that he was a sloven. But disregard of dress is by no means a constant trait in the literary character. Edmund Waller, Prior, Swift, and Bolingbroke, were remarkably neat in their persons, and curious in the choice of apparel; and of David Mallett, Dr. Johnson observes "that his appearance was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give."

10. The Orientals are careful of their persons, with much care. Their frequent ablutions and change of garments are noticed in every page of their history. The wise men of the East supposed there was some analogy between the purity of the body and the mind; nor is this a vain imagination. I can not conclude this subject better than by an extract from the works of Count Rumford who, in few and strong words, has fortified my doctrine:—

11. "With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves and put their plumage in order; and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant do they ever appear. Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly, are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment; and singing-birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain."

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EXERCISE CXI.

THE BIBLE, A PERFECT GUIDE.

1. It is so complete a system, that nothing can be added to it or taken from it. It contains every thing needful to be known or done. It affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject. It gives instruction and counsel to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience on children.

2. It gives directions for weddings and for burials; regulates feasts and fasts, mournings and rejoicings; and orders labor for the day and rest for the night. It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and an eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will. It defends the rights of all; and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, over-reacher, or oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in all the world.

3. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was revealed. It contains the best laws and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best of tidings, and affords the best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to eternal glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

4. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the

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way to Him; it sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. In short, it is a book of law, to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth, that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a book of life, that gives life, and shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in all the world; the most ancient, authentic, and entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars.

5. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds; and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and devilish legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic, and the profoundest artist; it will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skillful arithmetician, puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and confutes the wise astronomer; it exposes the subtle sophist, and makes the diviners mad.

6. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an unequaled narrative, a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it is to be wise, indeed, to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom; and that which crowns all is, that the Author is without partiality and without hypocrisy, "in whom is no variableness or shadow of turning."

EXERCISE CXII.

CHRIST A POPULAR PREACHER.

GARDINER SPRING.

1. Christ was an *impressive and powerful preacher*. In the legitimate sense of the term, he was *popular*, and interested the

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multitude. He never preached to empty synagogues; and, when he occupied the market or the mountain side, they were not hundreds that listened to his voice, but thousands. It is recorded of him, that "his fame went throughout all Syria;" and that "there followed him great multitudes of people from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan."

2. On that memorable day, when he went from the Mount of Olives to Judea, "a great multitude spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches from the trees," and all cried "Hosanna to the Son of David!" After he uttered the parable of the vineyard, the rulers "sought to lay hold of him, but *feared the people.*" When he "returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee, there went out a fame of him throughout all the region round about," and he "was glorified of all, and great multitudes came together to hear him."

3. So much was he, for the time, the idol of the people, that the chief priests and Pharisees were alarmed at his popularity, and said among themselves: "If we let him then alone, all men will believe on him; behold, *the world* is gone after him!" He was the man of the people, and advocated the cause of the people. We are told that "the *common people* heard him gladly." He was "no respecter of persons." He was the preacher to man, as man. He never passed the door of poverty, and was not ashamed to be called "the friend of publicans and sinners."

4. His Gospel was and is the great and only bond of brotherhood; nor was there then, nor is there now, any other universal brotherhood, than that which consists in love and loyalty to him. He was the only safe reformer the world has seen, because he so well understood the checks and balances by which the masses are governed. His preaching, like his character, bold and uncompromising as it was, was, also, in the highest degree conservative. He taught new truths, and he was the great indicator of those that were old. All these things made him a most impressive, powerful, and attractive preacher.

5. His very instructiveness, prudence, and boldness, interested

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the people. They respected him for his acquaintance with the truth, and honored his discretion and fearlessness in proclaiming it. This is human nature; men love to be thus instructed; they come to the house of God for that purpose. A vapid and vapory preacher may entertain them for the hour; a smooth and flattering preacher may amuse them; a mere denunciatory preacher may produce a transient excitement; but such is the power of conscience, and such the power of God and the wants of men that, though their hearts naturally hate God's truth, they will crowd the sanctuaries where it is instructively, and fearlessly, and discreetly urged, while ignorance, and error, and a coward preacher, put forth their voice to the listless and the few.

EXERCISE CXIII.

1. THE LUXEMBOURG is one of those magnificent palaces for which Paris is celebrated above every other capital in Europe. It was completed in 1620. During the terrible times of the French Revolution, it was converted into a prison.

THE PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SCENE. *Prison of the Luxembourg.*[1]

D'AUBIGNE, *an aged royalist, and* BLANCHE, *his daughter.*

Blanche.—What was our doom, my father? In thine arms
I lay unconsciously through that dread hour.
Tell me the sentence. Could our judges look,
Without relenting, on thy silvery háir?
Was there not mercy, fáther? Will they not
Restore us to our hóme?

D'Aubigne.—Yès, my poor chìld!
They send us hòme?

Blanche.—Oh! shall we gaze again
On the bright Lóire? Will the old hamlet spire,
And the gray turret of our own chateau,

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Look forth to greet us through the dusky élms?
Will the kind voices of our villagers,
The loving laughter in their children's eyes,
Welcome us back at lást? But how is this?
Father! thy glance is clouded; on thy brow
There sits no joy!

D'Aubigne.—Upon my brow, dear girl,
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace
As may befit the Christian who receives
And recognizes, in submissive awe,
The summons of his God.

Blanche.—Thou dost not mean,—
No, no! it can not be! Didst thou not say,
They sent us home?

D'Aubigne.—Where is the spirit's home?
Oh! most of all, in these dark, evil days,
Where should it be, but in that world serene,
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power?
Where, but in Heaven?

Blanche.—My Father!

D'Aubigne.—*We must die!*
We must look up to God, and calmly die.
Come to my heart, and weep there! For awhile
Give nature's passion way, then brightly rise
In the still courage of a woman's heart.
Do I not know thee? Do I ask too much
From mine own noble Blanche?

Blanche.—Oh! clasp me fast!
Thy trembling child! Hide, hide me in thine arms!
Father!

D'Aubigne.—Alas! my flower, thou 'rt young to go;
Young, and so fair! Yet were it worse, methinks,
To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,
And they that love their God, have all been swept,
Like the sear leaves away. The soil is steeped
In noble blood, the temples are gone down;

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The sound of prayer is hushed, or fearfully
Muttered, like sounds of guilt. Why, who would live!
Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
To quit forever the dishonored soil,
The burdened air? Our God upon the cross,
Our king upon the scaffold; let us think
Of these, and fold endurance to our hearts,
And bravely die!

Blanche.—A dark and fearful way!
An evil doom for thy dear honored head!
Oh! thou, the kind, and gracious! whom all eyes
Blessed, as they looked upon! Speak yet again!
Say, will they part us?

D'Aubigne.—No, my Blanche; in death
We shall not be divided.

Blanche.—Thanks to God!
He, by thy glance, will aid me. I shall see
His light before me to the last. And when,—
Oh! pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child!
When shall the hour befall?

D'Aubigne.—Oh! swiftly now,
And suddenly, with brief, dread interval,
Comes down the mortal stroke. But of that hour
As yet I know not. Each low, throbbing pulse
Of the quick pendulum may usher in
Eternity.

Blanche.—My father! lay thy hand
On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again
Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness,
Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul
Ere we are called.

D'Aubigne.—If I may speak through tears,
Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,
Child of my heart!—thou who dost look on me
With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love!
Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,

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A guest of Heaven unto my lonely soul,
A stainless lily in my widowed house,
There springing up, with soft light round thee shed,
For immortality! Meek child of God!
I bless thee! He will bless thee! In his love
He calls thee now from this rude, stormy world,
To thy Redeemer's breast. And thou wilt die,
As thou hast lived, my duteous, holy Blanche,
In trusting and serene submissiveness,
Humble, yet full of Heaven.

Blanche.—Now is there strength
Infused through all my spirit. I can rise
And say,—"Thy will be done!"

D'Aubigne.—Seest thou, my child,
Yon faint light in the west? The signal star
Of our due evening service, gleaming in
Through the close dungeon grating? Mournfully
It seems to quiver; yet shall this night pass,
This night alone, without the lifted voice
Of adoration in our narrow cell,
As if unworthy fear, or wavering faith
Silenced the strain? No! let it waft to Heaven
The prayer, the hope of poor mortality,
In its dark hour once more! And we will sleep,—
Yes,—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

EVENING HYMN.

We see no more in thy pure skies,
How soft, O God! the sunset dies!
How every colored hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood!
Yet, by the precious memories won
From bright hours now forever gone,
Father! o'er all thy works, we know,
Thou still art shedding beauty's glow;

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Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory, eloquent of thee;
Still feeding all thy flowers with light,
Though man has barred it from our sight.
We know thou reign'st, the unchanging One, th' All Just!
And bless thee still with free and boundless trust!

We read no more, O God! thy ways
On earth, in these wild, evil days;
The red sword in th' oppressor's hand
Is ruler o'er the weeping land;
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
No shrine is spared, no hearth secure;
Yet, by the deep voice from the past,
Which tells us these things can not last;
And by the hope which finds no ark,
Save in thy breast, when storms grow dark;
We trust thee! As the sailor knows,
That, in its place of bright repose
His pole-star burns, though mist and cloud
May vail it with a midnight shroud:
We know thou reign'st! All Holy One, All Just!
And bless thee still with love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
When our faint hearts within us die.
We suffer; and we know our doom
Must be one suffering till the tomb.
Yet, by the anguish of thy Son,
When his last hour came darkly on;
By his dread cry, the air which rent
In terror of abandonment;
And by his parting word, which rose,
Through faith, victorious o'er all woes;
We know that thou may'st wound, may'st break
The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake.

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Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,
In our deep need to thee we turn!
To whom but thee? All Merciful, All Just!
In life, in death, we yield thee boundless trust.

EXERCISE CXIV.

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

1. We speak and we read of the hero's deeds,
And envy perchance his fame;
We would tread, like him, some path that leads
To gaining a deathless name;
And we sigh as our time is vainly spent,—
"Oh, 't was not for *this* that I was meant!"

2. We feel, with a touch of deep regret,
What nothings, alas! we 've been;
How like a stagnant pool, as yet,
Has been to us life's stream.
There seemed to our souls a warning sent,—
"Mortal! for this thou wert not meant."

3. Yet we sit and dream of a better day,
And idly its coming wait,
When, like the hero of poet's lay,
We, too, may be something great;
And still through the mist our spirits grope,
For the distant gleam of this better hope.

4. For, alas! while we dream these airy dreams,
And sigh for the better afar,
We are dwelling on that which only seems,
While we slight the truths that are.
We are looking for flowers more fair and sweet,
While we trample the fairest 'neath our feet.

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5. The wearisome, lone, and monotonous lot,
Where to-day 's as the day that is gone;
Where to-morrow brings nothing to-day has not,
Nor evening the hopes of the morn;
Oh! even here, in the loneliest hours,
Are there lying some fair, but neglected flowers

6. Some being we gaze on from day to day,
And tend with a holy care,
Lightening the woes in each other's way,
Each breathing a mutual prayer.
Oh! here, in the homeliest act or speech,
May we to the fame of a hero reach.

7. For when selfish thoughts are for others subdued,
And smiles conquer the rising frown,
When we love our own in another's good,
Oh! we weave us a deathless crown,
That many a hero's present or past,
With all its glory, has never surpassed.

8. Oh! did we but see how in smallest things
Are beginnings of all that 's great,
Life's soil would be watered by countless springs,
That now 'neath the surface wait.
We should feel that when earthward kindly sent,
For heroes and heroines all were meant.

EXERCISE CXV.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Michaud, in his description of an Egyptian funeral procession which he met on its way to the cemetery of Rosetta, says: "The procession we saw pass, stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told that the dead stopped thus before the doors of

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their friends to bid them a last farewell, and before those of their enemies to effect a reconciliation before they parted forever."—*Correspondance d'Orient, par MM. Michaud et Poujoulat.*

1. (sl. c) Slowly, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
(*pl.*) To his long home.
Short grows the homeward road,
On with your mortal load.
O Grave! we come.

2. Yet, yet,—ah! hasten not
Past each familiar spot
Where he hath been;
Where late he walked in glee,
There from henceforth to be
Never more seen.

3. Yet, yet,—ah! slowly move,—
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight;
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun leave on him
Last looks of light.

4. Rest ye,—set down the bier,
One he loved, dwelleth here.
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he came nigh.

5. Hearken!—he speaketh yet,—
"Oh, friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend more than brother!)
How hand in hand we 've gone,
Heart with heart linked in one,—
All to each other?

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6. "Oh, friend! I go from thee,
Where the worm feasteth free,
Darkly to dwell.
Giv'st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
Oh, friend, farewell!"

7. Uplift your load again;
Take up the mourning strain!
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on,—
Grave! bid him hail.

8. Yet, yet,—ah!—slowly move;
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight;
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun leave on him
Last looks of light.

9. Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
E'en at his gate.
Will the dead speak again?
Uttering proud boasts and vain,
Last words of hate?

10. Lo! the dead lips unclose;
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"Oh, thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me
Ere hence I go.

11. "Curse not thy foeman now,—
Mark! on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!

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Pard'ning, I past away,—
Thou,—wage not war with clay,—
Pardon,—forget."

12. Now his last labor's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
Oh, Grave! we come.
Seal up this precious dust,—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

EXERCISE CXVI.

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

REV. WM. HAGUE.

1. "Nothing is beautiful but what is true," say the Rhetoricians. This is a universal maxim. Conformity to truth is beauty, real and permanent. Study nature. Seek truth. The laws of nature are distinguished by simplicity, and simplicity has an abiding charm, whether it appear in literature or art, in character or manners. Thence affectation always displeases, when it is discovered. Though affectation be the fashion, yet it appears contemptible as soon as it loses the delusive charm of novelty or a name. In France, fashion once declared for an affected negligence of dress.

2. Thence we hear Montaigne saying,—"I have never yet been apt to imitate the negligent garb, observable among the young men of our time, to wear my cloak on one shoulder, my bonnet on one side, and one stocking in somewhat more disorder than the other, meant to express a manly disdain of such exotic ornaments, and a contempt of art." There is no beauty in the *cultivated* negligence even of trifles. It is only that which is occasional, appropriate, and which indicates a mind engaged and absorbed in something worthy of it, which truly pleases.

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3. Scott saw it in his Lady of the Lake, when he said:

"With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand."

No kindred grace adorns her of whom it may be said:

"Coquet and coy, at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected."

Truth to nature, then, is beauty, and to study the laws of nature is to chasten and develop the taste for beauty.

4. Another means of cultivating good taste, is to study the *expression of character or design* in which the beauty of objects consists. In the material world, every thing beautiful is a manifestation of certain qualities which are by nature agreeable to the mind; and to ascertain what these are, to point them out distinctly, to classify them, is a pleasing mode of refining and quickening the taste for beauty. "The longer I live," said one, "the more familiar I become with the world around me. Oh! that I could feel the keen zest of which I was susceptible when a boy, and all was new and fair!" "The longer I live," says another, "the more charmed I become with the beauties of a picture or a landscape."

5. The first of these had a natural taste for beauty which he had never developed by studying the expression of character, which constitutes the loveliness of creation. The other, regarding the outward universe as a splendid system of signs, directed his attention to the things signified; loved to contemplate the moral qualites which were beaming forth from all the surrounding objects, and thus saw open before him a boundless field, ever glowing with new colors and fresh attractions.

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6. The first, as he heard a piece of music, might, from the mechanism of his nature, feel some pleasure arising from novelty, or a regular succession of sounds, which familiarity would soon dispel. The other, as he studied the expression of character, which those tones gave forth, as for instance, with the loud sound he associated the ideas of power or peril, with the low, those of delicacy and gentleness, with the acute, those of fear and surprise, with the grave, solemnity and dignity; he would become more and more deeply touched and enraptured, while listening to the music of nature in the voice of singing winds or in the plaint of an Æolian harp, in the crash of thunder or in the roar of the cataract, in the murmur of the brook or in the moan of the ocean, in the sigh of the zephyr or in the breath of the whirlwind, or while listening to the music of art breaking forth from the loud-sounding trumpet, the muffled drum, or Zion's lyre, which hangs upon religion's shrine.

EXERCISE CXVII.

1. SAL MA' SI US is the name of a learned and voluminous writer He was born at Sémur-en-Auxois in France, in the year 1588, and died in 1653.

2. GROTIUS, or HUGO VAN GROOT, was a distinguished scholar and statesman. He was born at Delft in South Holland, in 1583, and died at Rostock, in 1645.

READING.

GIBBON.

1. Reading is the nourishment of the mind; for by reading we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius[1] had read as much as Grotius,[2] perhaps more; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with a useless erudition.

2. Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end

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to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detatched parcels of knowledge can not form a whole. This inconstancy weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

3. Yet let us avoid the contrary extreme, and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote; and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding; a long and exclusive application to a single object hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves, is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

4. We ought, besides, to be careful not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory. The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second and a third. At length, I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable; it is worth while to try; whereas, had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

5. This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write, and who ought to dwell on their subject till they have sounded its depths. These reflec-

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tions, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies; the same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

6. To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves, these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

7. But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of Pliny,—"to read much, rather than many things;" to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us by attentive and repeated perusals. Without expatiating on the authors so generally known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths; who have discovered truths, of whatever nature they may be; in one word, those bold spirits who, quitting the beaten track, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude. Such authors increase the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr. Locke, I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead.

8. In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm; chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty in its subject, characters, situation, pictures, thoughts and sentiments. Yet this invention will miss its effect, unless it be accompanied with a genius capable of adapting itself to every variety of the

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subject,—successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic, and playful; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecorous, and a style which expresses well whatever ought to be said. As to compilations which are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities are lopped off, and dispersed observations skillfully collected; and agreeably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

EXERCISE CXVIII.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

WORDSWORTH.

1. His simple truths did Andrew glean
   Beside the babbling rills;
   A careful student he had been
   Among the woods and hills.
   One winter's night, when through the trees
   The wind was roaring, on his knees
   His youngest born did Andrew hold;
   And while the rest, a ruddy quire,
   Were seated round their blazing fire,
   This Tale the Shepherd told:

2. "I saw a crag, a lofty stone
   As ever tempest beat!
   Out of its head an Oak had grown,
   A Broom out of its feet.
   The time was March, a cheerful noon,—
   The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
   Breathed gently from the warm south-west;
   When, in a voice sedate with age,
   This Oak, a giant and a sage,
   His neighbor thus addressed:

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3. "'Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay
Along this mountain's edge,
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,
Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up! and think, above your head
What trouble, surely, will be bred;
Last night I heard a crash,—'tis true,
The splinters took another road,—
I see them yonder,—what a load
For such a Thing as you!

4. "'You are preparing, as before,
To deck your slender shape;
And yet, just three years back,—no more,—
You had a strange escape.
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke;
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,
And hitherward pursued its way:
This ponderous Block was caught by me,
And o'er your head, as you may see,
'Tis hanging to this day!

5. "'The Thing had better been asleep,
Whatever thing it were,
Or Breeze, or Bird, or Dog, or Sheep,
That first did plant you there.
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little witless Shepherd-boy
To come and slumber in your bower;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon!
Will perish in one hour.

6. "'From me this friendly warning take,'—
The Broom began to doze,
And thus, to keep herself awake,
Did gently interpose:

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'My thanks for your discourse are due;
That more than what you say is true,
I know, and I have known it long;
Frail is the bond by which we hold
Our being, whether young or old,
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

7. "'Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all.
For me, why should I wish to roam?
This spot is my paternal home,
It is my pleasant heritage;
My Father, many a happy year,
Here spread his careless blossoms, here
Attained a good old age.

8. "'Even such as his may be my lot.
What cause have I to haunt
My heart with terrors? Am I not
In truth a favored plant?
On me such bounty Summer pours,
That I am covered o'er with flowers;
And when the Frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay,
That you might look at me, and say,—
This plant can never die.

9. "'The Butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my Blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or dew,
Beneath my shade, the mother Ewe

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Lies with her infant Lamb; I see
The love they to each other make,
And the sweet joy which they partake,
It is a joy to me.'

10. "Her voice was blithe, her heart was light;
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech, until the stars of night
Their journey had renewed;
But in the branches of the Oak
Two Ravens now began to croak
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling Bees
To rest, or murmur there.

11. "One night, my children! from the North
There came a furious blast;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirled, and whirled him far away;
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little careless Broom was left
To live for many a day."

EXERCISE CXIX.

THE ROYAL APPRENTICE.

FRENEAU.

1. A widow who some miles from London lived,
Far in a vale obscure, of little note,
With much ado a poor subsistence gained
From a spinning-wheel, that just her living brought.

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2. A son she had, a rude, mischievous wight,
Who, now to fifteen years or more arrived,
Would neither dig nor thrash, nor hold the plow,
But simply, by the poor old woman lived.

3. Joan thought it time this lazy, lounging lad,
Should learn some trade, since country work he hated:
"Jerry," said she, "to London you must go,
And learn to work; for this you were created.

4. "While tarrying here, you eat up all my kale,*
Scarce leave a turnip-top,—my hens you kill,
And nothing earn. My wheel alone goes round;
But time must come, my boy, when stop it will.

5. "Your legs and arms grow every day more strong;
For hight you shortly will be called a man;
Not so with me,—I am hastening down the hill,
And soon must mix with dust, where I began!"

6. Jerry with tears received the good advice;
So, up to London town next week they went.
"Now choose," said Joan, "the trade you fancy best,
For to some trade you *must* and *shall* be sent."

7. So round he strolled through many a street and alley,
Saw blacksmiths here, like Vulcan, wielding sledges;
There tailors sitting cross-legged on a board,
Next barbers whetting up their razors' edges.

8. Now saw a cobbler cobbling in a stall,
Then weaver busy with his warp and woof;
Now mason raising high some lordling's wall,
Or carpenter engaged upon a roof.

9. These pleased him not. All this was hard-earned cash.
Tight work, he thought, in one disguise or other.
He looked at labor,—saw it was not good,—
Or only good as managed by his mother.

* A kind of cabbage.

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10. He shook his head, as if he meant to say,—
"All this is worse than thrashing—learn a trade!
Something I 'll learn that 's fine, genteel, and airy;
For common work these hands were never made."

11. At last he chanced to stray where dwells the king,—
Great George the Third, in all his pomp and glare;
"Well, now," thought Jerry, "here must live a man
That has a trade would suit me to a hair.

12. "There 's little doing,—all is brisk and gay,
And dainty dishes go a begging here:
Some seem to work, yet all their work is play,
I will be bound at least for *seven long year*."

13. So back he came where honest Joan was waiting;
"Well, Jerry, tell me, what 's the trade you pitch on?"
"Mother," said he, "there is but one I like,
Or which a man is likely to get rich on."

14. "Come, tell me then the *business* you prefer:
One only thriving trade!—a curious thing!
Out with it then!" Said Jerry, "Mother dear,
Dear mother, bind me 'prentice to the king."

EXERCISE CXX.

1. PRIAM was the last king, and HEC'U BA, the last queen, of ancient Troy. They had nineteen children; of whom the greater part perished during the celebrated ten-years' siege of the city by the Greeks.

2. HECTOR was the eldest and bravest of the sons of Priam. For a long time he was the chief bulwark of his native city. He fell ultimately by the hands of Achilles, the most formidable of all the Grecian chieftains, and was dragged away, with insolent triumph, to the camp of the enemy. The body was finally ransomed by his aged father.

3. PYRR'HUS, (which word signifies *flame-colored,*) was a son of Achilles.

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He was so called from the color of his hair. He came to the Trojan war after his father's death, and toward the close of the seige. When, finally, the Greeks got within the walls of the city, Pyrrhus broke down the gates of Priam's palace, slew Polites, one of his sons, in the very sight of his parents, and slaughtered the unhappy monarch himself before the domestic altar.

DEATH OF PRIAM.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

1. Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire,
He,—when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruined palace, and his entering foes,
On every side inevitable woes,—
In arms disused invests his limbs decayed,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
Loaded, not armed, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!

2. Uncovered, but by heaven, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Doddered with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.

3. The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,—
"What rage," she cried, "has seized my husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use designed?
These times want other aids! Were Hector here,
E'en Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be joined."

4. She said, and with a last salute embraced
The poor old man, and by the laurel placed.

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Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs;
Through swords and foes, amazed and hurt, he flies,
Through empty courts, and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.

5. The youth transfixed, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parents' eyes;
Whom gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
And, shaking more with anger than with age,—
"The gods," said he, "requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his,—not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus used my wretched age: the gods he feared.
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheered my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent."

6. This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, seemed to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
Then Pyrrhus thus: "Go thou from me to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!" With that he dragged the trembling sire,
Sliddering through clottered blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murdered son had made,
Hauled from beneath the violated shade,)
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.

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His right hand held his bloody falchion bare;
His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the wound,
And sanguine streams distained the sacred ground.

7. Thus Priam fell, and shared one common fate,
With Troy in ashes, and his ruined state,—
He who the scepter of all Asia swayed,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obeyed,
On the bleak shore now lies the abandoned king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.

EXERCISE CXXI.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

1. What is beauty, after all? Ask the lover who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold on-looker wonders that he can call that unclassic combination of features and that awkward form beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees, like Desdemona, her "visage in her mind," or her affections. A light from within shines through the external uncomeliness,—softens, irradiates, and glorifies it. That which to others seems common-place and unworthy of note, is to him, in the words of Spenser:

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace;
A full assurance given by looks;
Continual comfort in a face;
The lineaments of gospel books."

2. "Handsome *is* that handsome *does*,—hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers who are sorrowing foolishly

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because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus, "which enchants the world," could be persuaded to listen to her.

3. What is good-looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle,—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasing associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

4. "Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn."

5. O, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiseled from marble or wrought out on canvas; speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines; what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness. This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin-mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer, is that of the

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soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness, of young maternity,—Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct.

6. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven,—how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony,—

> "Spirits moving musically
> To a lute's well-ordered law."*

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance?

7. "I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding." In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the Journal of John Woolman, there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow-beings: "Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance."

8. Quite the ugliest face I ever saw, was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver vail," the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

* The Haunted Palace, by Edgar A. Poe.

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EXERCISE CXXII.

SLOTH AND ACTIVITY.

POLLOK.

1. Two principles from the beginning strove
In human nature, still dividing man,—
Sloth and activity; the lust of praise,
And indolence that rather wished to sleep;
And not unfrequently in the same mind
They dubious contest held; one gaining now,
And now the other crowned, and both again
Keeping the field, with equal combat fought.
Much different was their voice. Ambition called
To action, Sloth invited to repose.

2. Ambition early rose, and, being up,
Toiled ardently, and late retired to rest;
Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch,
Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge,
And, having rolled him out with much ado,
And many a dismal sigh, and vain attempt,
He sauntered out, accoutered carelessly,—
With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,
Somniferous, that weighed the object down
On which its burden fell,—an hour or two,
Then with a groan retired to rest again.
The one, whatever deed had been achieved,
Thought it too little, and too small the praise;
The other tried to think,—for thinking so
Answered his purpose best,—that what of great
Mankind could do had been already done;
And, therefore, laid him calmly down to sleep.

3. Different in mode, destructive both alike:
Destructive always indolence; and love
Of fame destructive always too, if less
Than praise of God it sought, content with less:

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Even then not current, if it sought his praise
From other motive than resistless love;
Though base, main-spring of action in the world
And, under name of vanity and pride,
Was greatly practiced on by cunning men.
It opened the niggard's purse, clothed nakedness,
Gave beggars food, and threw the Pharisee
Upon his knees, and kept him long in act
Of prayer; it spread the lace upon the fop,
His language trimmed, and planned his curious gait,
It stuck the feather on the gay coquette,
And on her finger laid the heavy load
Of jewelry; it did,—what did it not?

4. Destructive both we said, activity
And sloth: behold the last exemplified,
In literary man. Not all at once,
He yielded to the soothing voice of sleep;
But, having seen a bough of laurel wave,
He effort made to climb; and friends, and even
Himself, talked of his greatness, as at hand,
And, prophesying, drew his future life.
Vain prophecy! his fancy, taught by sloth,
Saw, in the very threshold of pursuit,
A thousand obstacles; he halted first,
And, while he halted, saw his burning hopes
Grow dim and dimmer still; ambition's self,
The advocate of loudest tongue, decayed.

5. His purposes, made daily, daily broken,
Like plant uprooted oft, and set again,
More sickly grew, and daily wavered more;
Till, at the last, decision, quite worn out,
Decision, fulcrum of the mental powers,
Resigned the blasted soul to staggering chance;
Sleep gathered fast, and weighed him downward still,

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His eye fell heavy from the mount of fame;
His young resolves to benefit the world
Perished and were forgotten; he shut his ear
Against the painful news of rising worth;
And drank with desperate thirst the poppy's juice;
A deep and mortal slumber settled down
Upon his weary faculties oppressed;
He rolled from side to side, and rolled again;
And snored, and groaned, and withered, and expired,
And rotted on the spot, leaving no name.

EXERCISE CXXIII.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

AIKIN.

1. In that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into a most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

2. I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forward with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were con-

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tinually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest they could before discern, seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain, at length, appeared to lose itself in the clouds.

3. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared: "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth whose head is above the clouds, and a vail of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive." After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye toward the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and observed among them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration; but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices.

4. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned toward the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths, and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress.

5. Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions, and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and, though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill ap-

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peared more steep and rugged; the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted; their sight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obstruction.

6. I saw with some surprise that the Muses whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way; and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery.

7. Among the innumerable seducers who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for so she was called,) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay.

8. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces toward the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

9. Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science,

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none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion would often seize the moment, when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, until resistance was in vain. After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes toward the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries.

10. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain! But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw, standing beside me, a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are they whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!" "What!" said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence, and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence; but I alone can guide thee to felicity!" While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms toward her with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

EXERCISE CXXIV.

DEMOCRACY OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

G. W. BURNAP.

1. The next cause of the Democracy of the North American Colonies, which I shall mention, is—*their isolation.* Three thousand miles of ocean intervened between them and the old

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world. This circumstance was not without the most decisive and important effects. The people had their own way, because they could not be controlled by their old masters at the distance of three thousand miles. *Nobility never emigrated.* There was nothing to tempt it to quit its ancient home. It was a plant of such a peculiar structure, that it would not bear translation to another soil. Here it would have withered and died, amid the rugged forests and stern climate of America. A nobleman is the creation of a local conventionalism. He flourishes only in an artificial atmosphere. He must be seen by gaslight. He is at home only in courts and palaces.

2. The pomp of courts, and the splendor of palaces, are the contrivances not more of human pride than of far-sighted policy. They are intended to impose on the imagination of the multitude; to lead them to associate with the condition of their superiors, the ideas of providential and unattainable superiority, to which it is their destiny and their duty to submit. Take them away from the stage on which they choose to exhibit themselves; strip them of their dramatic costume; take away the overhanging chandelier and the glare of the foot-lights, and let them mingle in the common crowd, and they become as other men, and the crowd begin to wonder how they could ever have looked up to them with so much reverence.

3. They gained likewise advantages from associating together. An English nobleman had a hereditary right to a seat in the House of Lords. He made a part of the national legislature. This privilege was independent of the popular will. It was real power, a possession so flattering to the pride of man. There was no reason, therefore, why such a man should wish to leave his country. What could he find here congenial to his taste, or flattering to his pride, or tolerable to his habits of luxury and self-indulgence?

4. A rude village on the shore of the ocean, or on the banks of a stream, of a few log cabins, scattered here and there in the wilderness, was all the new world had to offer for many generations. Not many would emigrate to such a country, who had

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any thing to leave behind. Much less was it to be expected, that those would come here, who had drawn the highest prizes in life at home. They could not seek a new organization of the social condition, in which they had nothing to gain and every thing to lose. Here and there might be an adventurer of condition, who came to this country to improve his broken fortunes; but then it was, as in all new countries, with a hope of returning to enjoy his gains in a country and a state of society, where refined enjoyment was possible.

5. And, after all, beyond a limited circle, America was, at that time, very little known, and very little regarded by the people of England. And it is very much so to the present hour. The best informed people, strange as it may seem, know little more of the geography of this country than they do of the interior of Africa; and thousands and thousands who move in respectable society, are ignorant whether we are white or copper-colored, speak the English language or Choctaw.

6. America, then, grew up in neglect and by stealth. Unattractive to the higher classes, she drew to herself the people. Here came the people, the hard-handed and stout-hearted, and carved out a New World for themselves. They adapted their institutions to their wants, and before the Old World was aware, there had sprung up on this broad continent a gigantic Republic, ready to take her position among the nations of the earth.

EXERCISE CXXV.

REFLECTIONS.

CRABBE.

1. When all the fiercer passions cease,
(The glory and disgrace of youth;)
When the deluded soul, in peace,
Can listen to the voice of truth;
When we are taught in whom to trust,
And now to spare, to spend, to give;

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Our prudence kind, our pity just,
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

2. Its weakness when the body feels,
Nor danger in contempt defies;
To reason, when desire appeals,
When, on experience, hope relies;
When every passing hour we prize,
Nor rashly on our follies spend,
But use it, as it quickly flies,
With sober aim to serious end;
When prudence bounds our utmost views,
And bids us wrath and wrong forgive;
When we can calmly gain or lose,
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

3. Yet thus, when we our way discern,
And can upon our care depend,
To travel safely, when we learn,
Behold! we 're near our journey's end.
We 've trod the maze of error round,
Long wand'ring in the winding glade;
And now the torch of truth is found,
It only shows us where we strayed:
Light for ourselves, what is it worth,
When we no more our way can choose?
For others, when we hold it forth,
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.

4. By long experience taught, we now
Can rightly judge of friends and foes,
Can all the worth of these allow,
And all their faults discern in those;
Relentless hatred, erring love,
We can for sacred truth forego;
We can the warmest friend reprove,
And bear to praise the fiercest foe:

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To what effect? Our friends are gone,
Beyond reproof, regard, or care;
And of our foes remains there one,
The mild relenting thoughts to share?

5. Now 'tis our boast that we can quell
The wildest passions in their rage;
Can their destructive force repel,
And their impetuous wrath assuage:
Ah, Virtue, dost thou arm, when now
This bold rebellious race are fled;
When all these tyrants rest, and thou
Art warring with the mighty dead?
Revenge, ambition, scorn, and pride,
And strong desire and fierce disdain,
The giant-brood, by thee defied,
Lo! Time's resistless strokes have slain.

6. Yet Time, who could that race subdue,
(O'erpow'ring strength, appeasing rage,)
Leaves yet a persevering crew,
To try the failing powers of age.
Vexed by the constant call of these,
Virtue awhile for conquest tries;
But weary grown and fond of ease,
She makes with them a compromise:
Av'rice himself she gives to rest,
But rules him with her strict commands;
Bids Pity touch his torpid breast,
And Justice hold his eager hands.

7. Yet is there nothing men can do,
When chilling Age comes creeping on?
Can not we yet some good pursue?
Are talents buried? genius gone?
If passions slumber in the breast,
If follies from the heart be fled,

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Of laurels let us go in quest,
And place them on the poet's head.

8. Yes we 'll redeem the wasted time,
And to neglected studies flee;
We 'll build again the lofty rhyme,
Or live, Philosophy, with thee;
For reasoning clear, for flight sublime,
Eternal fame reward shall be;
And to what glorious hights we 'll climb,
Th' admiring crowd shall envying see.

9. Begin the song! begin the theme!—
Alas! and is Invention dead?
Dream we no more the golden dream?
Is Mem'ry with her treasures fled?
Yes, 'tis too late,—now Reason guides
The mind, sole judge in all debate;
And thus th' important point decides,
For laurels, 'tis, alas! too late.
What is possessed we may retain,
But for new conquests strive in vain.

10. Beware then, Age, that what was won,
In life's past labors, studies, views,
Be lost not, now the labor 's done,
When all thy part is,—not to lose:
When thou canst toil or gain no more,
Destroy not what was gained before.
For, all that 's gained of all that 's good,
When time shall his weak frame destroy,
(Their use then rightly understood,)
Shall man, in happier state, enjoy.
Oh! argument for truth divine,
For study's cares, for virtue's strife;
To know th' enjoyment will be thine,
In that renewed, that endless life!

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EXERCISE CXXVI.

I.

WRECKS AND MUTATIONS OF TIME.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt molder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread, grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun;
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

II.

THE SEA.

BERNARD BARTON.

Oh! I shall not forget, until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart,
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billowy boundlessness opened before me.
As I stood on its margin, or roamed on its strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of power!
In the surf-beaten sands that encircled it round,
In the billow's retreat, and the breaker's rebound,

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In its white-drifted foam, and its dark-heaving green,
Each moment I gazed, some fresh beauty was seen.
And thus, while I wandered on ocean's bleak shore,
And surveyed its vast surface, and heard its waves roar,
I seemed wrapt in a dream of romantic delight,
And haunted by majesty, glory, and might.

III.

WISDOM.

ROBERT HALL.

1. Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building, is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one grand end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease,—when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter,—when to speak, and when to keep silence,—when to give, and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end, pursued in every deliberate course of action.

2. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher

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school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war, or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand,—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

IV.

EXHORTATION TO EARLY PIETY.

BIBLE.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened; nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened;

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low; and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird; and all the daughters of music shall be brought low:

Also, when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

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V.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket. WORDSWORTH.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I can not now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply,
That mourns a man like thee.

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VII.

ETERNITY.

DR. THOMAS GIBBONS.

What is Eternity? Can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?
Tell every beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;
Tell every light-winged mote that strays
Within his ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves and all the buds,
That crown the gardens and the woods;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when spring propitious leads
The new-born year; tell all the drops
The night upon their bended tops
Sheds in soft silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day;
Tell all the sand the ocean laves,
Tell all its changes, all its waves,
Or tell, with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains.
Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their watery fleeces spread,
Through all time's long-continued tour,
From Adam to the present hour;
Still short the sum: it can not vie
With the more numerous years that lie
Imbosomed in Eternity.

VIII.

EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine,
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?

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Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness,—
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblessed. The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense;
Since not those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.

IX.

MAJESTY OF GOD.

BIBLE.

When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language;

Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.

The sea saw it and fled: Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs?

What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob;

Which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters.

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X.

COMMON BLESSINGS.

MRS. NORTON.

1. Those "common blessings!" In this checkered scene
How little thanksgiving ascends to God!
Is it, in truth, a privilege so mean
To wander with free footsteps o er the sod,
See various blossoms paint the valley clod,
And all things into teeming beauty búrst?
A miracle as great as Aaron's rod,
But that our senses, into dullness nursed,
Recurring Custom still with Apathy hath cursed.

2. They who have rarest joy, know Joy's true measure;
They who most suffer value Suffering's pause;
They who but seldom taste the simplest pleasure,
Kneel oftenest to the Giver and the Cause.
Heavy the curtains feasting Luxury draws,
To hide the sunset and the silver night;
While humbler hearts, when care no longer gnaws,
And some rare holiday permits delight,
Lingering, with love would watch that earth-enchanting sight.

XI.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. Upon the barren sand
A single captive* stood;
Around him came with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood,
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim;
The chieftain's daughter† knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

* Capt. John Smith. † Pocahontas.

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2. Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid,
Who breathed a prayer for him.

3. "Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

XII.

NIAGARA FALLS.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

1. When I hurried through your city a few days ago to strengthen my outworn nerves by the contemplation of the Niagara Falls, that sublime wonder of nature, to describe which human tongue hath no words; to comprehend the grandeur of which man must not look at it with the natural eye, but with the immortal soul, and listen to its roaring, not with the ears, but with the heart: when we thus see it with the soul, and hear it with the heart, then we understand it, that it is a mirror in which the Creator glasses His own majesty, that it is the revelation of that great mystery, that, in the boundless eternity of time and space, is still going on; that it is a great monitor to the moral world, advising man that there is no difficulty over which an iron will* can not prevail.

* Allusion is here made to the Suspension Bridge over Niagara River, about two miles below the Falls.

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2. Such a mirror, such a revelation, and such a monitor was Niagara Falls to me. Every element of physical nature, and every element of spiritual life, has its destiny, and destiny must be accomplished. The mighty waters of the always increasing Erie Lake must have, and must make an outlet. Those waters must flow, and mankind must be free. Both are a destiny. A whim of nature barred the way to these waters by a mighty range of rocks,—as crime and ambition barred the way to mankind's liberty by a rocky range of despotism; but the falling waters broke the barrier of rocks; progressing liberty will break the barrier of despotism. It is destiny.

3. When I saw the waters take that sublime leap over the rocks; and below the boiling foam of overcome toils, crowned with the rainbow of victory, and then, after victory, flowing on in calm peace,—when I saw the struggle, the victory, the rainbow, and the peace, a mysterious voice in the recess of my heart told me, there is the mirror of my country's cause. And the rainbow over the foaming deep spoke to me as the rainbow on the sky once spoke to Noah, and an inexpressible joy thrilled through my heart, and I adored the Almighty with the awe of silence, that eloquence of a deep, feeling heart.

XIII.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

1. The glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Scepter and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

2. Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;

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But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

3. The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

XIV.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

POPE.

1. Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2. (*p.*) Hark!—they whisper; angels say,—
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3. The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears

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With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

EXERCISE CXXVII.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

1. Is this a federal union? a union of States, as distinct from that of individuals? Is the sovereignty in the several States, or in the American people in the aggregate? The very language which we are compelled to use when speaking of our political institutions, affords proof conclusive as to its real character. The terms union, federal, united, all imply a combination of sovereignties, a confederation of States. They are never applied to an association of individuals. Who ever heard of the United State of New York, of Massachusetts, or of Virginia? Who ever heard the term federal or union applied to the aggregation of individuals into one community? Nor is the other point less clear,—that the sovereignty is in the several States, and that our system is a union of twenty-four sovereign powers, under a constitutional compact, and not of a divided sovereignty between the States severally and the United States.

2. In spite of all that has been said, I maintain that sovereignty is in its nature indivisible. It is the supreme power in a State, and we might just as well speak of half a square, or half of a triangle, as of half a sovereignty. It is a gross error to confound the *exercise* of sovereign powers with *sovereignty* itself, or the *delegation* of such powers with the *surrender* of them. A sovereign may delegate his powers to be exercised by as many agents as he may think proper, under such conditions, and with such limitations, as he may impose; but to surrender any portion of his sovereignty to another, is to annihilate the whole.

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3. The Senator* from Delaware calls this metaphysical reasoning, which he says he can not comprehend. If by metaphysics he means that scholastic refinement which makes distinctions without difference, no one can hold it in more utter contempt than I do; but if, on the contrary, he means the power of analysis and combination,—that power which reduces the most complex idea into its elements, which traces causes to their first principles, and, by the power of generalization and combination, unites the whole in one harmonious system,—then, so far from deserving contempt, it is the highest attribute of the human mind. It is the power which raises man above the brute,—which distinguishes his faculties from mere sagacity, which he holds in common with inferior animals.

4. It is this power which has raised the astronomer from being a mere gazer at the stars to the high intellectual eminence of a Newton or a Laplace, and astronomy itself, from a mere observation of insulated facts, into that noble science which displays to our admiration the system of the universe. And shall this high power of the mind, which has effected such wonders when directed to the laws which control the material world, be forever prohibited, under a senseless cry of metaphysics, from being applied to the high purpose of political science and legislation?

5. I hold them to be subject to laws as fixed as matter itself, and to be as fit a subject for the application of the highest intellectual power. Denunciation may, indeed, fall upon the philosophical inquirer into these first principles, as it did upon Galileo and Bacon when they first unfolded the great discoveries which have immortalized their names; but the time will come when truth will prevail in spite of prejudice and denunciation, and when politics and legislation will be considered as much a science as astronomy and chemistry.

* Mr. Clayton.

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EXERCISE CXXVIII.

PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. Mr. PRESIDENT,—I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

2. I profess, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are indebted chiefly for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit.

3. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

4. I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have

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not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

5. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their originial luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—"What is all this worth?" nor those other words of derision and folly,—"Liberty first and Union afterward;" but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—LIBERTY *and* UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPERABLE!

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EXERCISE CXXIX.

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

HON. —— BUTLER.

1. Mr. President:—This is an occasion full of interesting, but melancholy associations, and one that especially appeals to my feelings and sense of justice,—I might almost say historical justice,—as a Representative of South Carolina. Who that were present, can ever forget the mournful and imposing occasion when Daniel Webster, whose eloquence and ability had given distinction to the greatest deliberative assembly and the most august tribunal of justice in this great Confederacy, and when Henry Clay,—a man that is associated with all that is daring in action and splendid in eloquence,—rose as witnesses before the tribunal of history, and gave their testimony as to the character and services of their illustrious compeer, John Caldwell Calhoun, and embalmed in historical immortality their rival associate and comrade?

2. I would that I could borrow from the spirit of my great countryman something of its justice and magnanimity, that I might make some requital for the distinguished tributes paid to his memory by his illustrious compeers. Such an occasion as the one I have referred to, is without parallel in the history of this Senate, and, Sir, I fear that there is no future for such another one. Calhoun, Clay, and Webster,—like Pitt, Fox, and Burke,—have made a picture in our history that will be looked upon as its culminating splendor. They were luminaries that, in many points of view, differed from one another, but they were all stars of the first magnitude.

3. Distance can not destroy nor time diminish the simple splendor of their light for the guidance and instruction of an admiring posterity. Rivals they were in a great and eventful theater of political life, but death has given them a common fame. Their contest in life was for the awards of public opinion, the great lever of modern times, by which nations are to be influenced.

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"With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar."

4. Before I became a member of the Senate of which I found Mr. Webster a distinguished ornament, I had formed a very high estimate of his abilities, and from various sources of high authority. His mind, remarkable for its large capacity, was enriched with rare endowments, with the knowledge of a statesman, the learning of a jurist, and the attainments of a scholar. In this chamber, with unsurpassed ability, Mr. Webster has discussed the greatest subjects that have, or can influence the destinies of this great Confederacy. Well may I apply to him the striking remark which he bestowed on Mr. Calhoun,—"We saw before us a Senator of Rome, when Rome survived."

5. I have always regarded Mr. Webster as a noble model of a Parliamentary debater. His genial temper, the courtesy and dignity of his deportment, his profound knowledge of his subject, and his thorough preparation, gave him a great command, not only over his immediate audience, but gave his masterly speeches an impressive influence over public opinion. In the Supreme Court Mr. Webster was engaged in the greatest cases that were ever decided by that tribunal, and it is not too much to say, that his arguments formed the basis of some of the ablest judgments of that Court. His exuberant, but rectified imagination, and brilliant literary attainments, imparted to his eloquence beauty, simplicity, and majesty, and the finish of taste and elaboration. He seemed to prefer the more deliberative style of speaking; but when roused and assailed, became a formidable adversary in the war of debate, discharging from his full quiver the arrows of sarcasm and invective with telling effect.

6. Mr. Webster was born in a forest, and in his childhood and youth lived amid the scenes of rural life; and it was no

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doubt under their inspiring influences that he imbibed that love of nature, which has given such a charm and touching pathos to some of his meditated productions. It always struck me that he had something of Burns's nature, but controlled by the discipline of a higher degree of education,—lifted above the ordinary level of mankind by his genius and intelligence.

7. Mr. Webster looked upon a more extensive horizon than could be seen by those below him. He had too much information from his various intercourse with great men, and his acquaintance with the opinions of all ages through the medium of books, to allow the spirit of bigotry to have a place in his mind. I have many reasons to conclude that he was not only tolerant of the opinions of others, but was even generous in his judgments toward them. I will conclude by saying, that New England, especially, and the Confederacy at large, have cause to be proud of the fame of such a man.

EXERCISE CXXX.

INSENSIBILITY TO REAL DANGER NOT COURAGE.

HAWKESWORTH.

1. Against insensibility to real danger we should not be less watchful than against unreasonable fear. Fear, when it is justly proportioned to its object, and not too strong to be governed by reason, is not only blameless, but honorable; it is essential to the perfection of human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb. Man is a being exposed to perpetual evil; every moment liable to destruction by innumerable accidents, which yet, if he foresees, he can not frequently prevent: fear, therefore, was implanted in his breast for his preservation; to warn him when danger approaches, and to prevent his being precipitated upon it either by wantonness or inattention. But those evils which, without fear, we should not have foreseen, when fear becomes

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excessive we are unable to shun; for cowardice and presumption are equally fatal, and are frequently found in the same mind.

2. A peasant in the north of England had two sons, Thomas and John. Thomas was taken to sea when he was very young, by the master of a small vessel, who lived at Hull; and John continued to work with his father till he was near thirty. Thomas, who was now become master of a smack himself, took his brother on board for London, and promised to procure him some employment among the shipping on the water-side. After they had been some hours under sail, the wind became contrary, and blew very fresh; the waves began immediately to swell, and dashing with violence against the prow, whitened into foam.

3. The vessel which now plied to windward, lay so much to one side, that the edge was frequently under water; and John, who expected it to overset every moment, was seized with terror which he could not conceal. He earnestly requested of Thomas that the sails might be taken in; and lamented the folly that had exposed him to the violence of a tempest, from which he could not, without a miracle, escape. Thomas, with a sovereign contempt of his pusillanimity, derided his distress; and John, on the contray, admired the bravery of Thomas and his crew from whose countenances and behavior he at length derived some hope; he believed he had deserved the reproach which he suffered, and despised himself for the fear which he could not shake off.

4. In the mean time the gale increased, and in less than an hour it blew a storm. John who watched every countenance with the utmost attention and solicitude, thought that his fears were now justified by the looks of the sailors; he, therefore, renewed his complaint, and perceiving his brother still unconcerned, again entreated him to take every possible precaution, and not increase their danger by presumption. In answer to these remonstrances he received such consolation as one lord of the creation frequently administers to another in the depth

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of distress—"Pshaw, you simpleton," says Thomas, "don't be dead-hearted; the more sail we carry, the sooner we shall be out of the weather."

5. John's fear had, indeed, been alarmed before he was in danger; but Thomas was insensible of the danger when it arrived; he, therefore, continued his course, exulting in the superiority of his courage, and anticipating the triumph of his vanity when he should come on shore. But the sails being still spread, a sudden gust bore away the mast, which, in its fall, so much injured the helm that it became impossible to steer, and, in a very short time afterward, the vessel struck.

6. The first moment in which Thomas became sensible of danger, he was seen to be totally destitute of courage. When the vessel struck, John who had been ordered under hatches, came up, and found the hero whom he had so lately regarded with humility and admiration, sitting on the quarter-deck, wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations.

7. John now appeared more calm than before, and asked if any thing could yet be done to save their lives. Thomas replied in a frantic tone, that they might possibly float to land on some parts of the wreck; and catching up an ax, instead of attempting to disengage the mast, he began to stave the boat. John whose reason was still predominant, though he had been afraid too soon, saw that Thomas, in his frenzy, was about to cut off their last hope; he, therefore, caught hold of his arm, took away the ax by force, assisted the sailors in getting the boat into the water, persuaded his brother to quit the vessel, and in about four hours they got safe on shore.

8. If the vessel had weathered the storm, Thomas would have been deemed a hero, and John a coward: but I hope that none whom I have led into this train of thought, will, for the future, regard insensibility to danger as an indication of courage; or impute cowardice to those whose fear is not inadequate to its object, or too violent to answer its purpose.

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EXERCISE CXXXI.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

MRS. THRALE.

1. The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

2. When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave,—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you?" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."

3. What more he urged I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;

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And, farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you 're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I 'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you 'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

4. What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

5. And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,—
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries:

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"So soon d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

6. "So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind;
However, see your search be legal,
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a Secretary's warrant.*
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

7. "I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least,
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

8. "Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:

* An allusion to the illegal warrant used against the celebrated John Wilkes, which was the cause of so much contention in its day.

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Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."

9. "There's none," cried he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the specter stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You 've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along, no more we'll part!"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate,—so ends my tale.

EXERCISE CXXXII.

SUNKEN TREASURES.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the uneasy waves of life subside,
And the soothed ocean sleeps in glassy rest,
I see, submerged beyond or storm or tide,
The treasures gathered in its greedy breast.

There still they shine, through the translucent Past,
Far down on that forever quiet floor;
No fierce up-heaval of the deep shall cast
Them back,—no wave shall wash them to the shore.

I see them gleaming, beautiful as when
Erewhile they floated, convoys of my fate;
The barks of lovely women, noble men,
Full-sailed with hope, and stored with love's own freight.

The sunken ventures of my heart as well,
Look up to me, as perfect as at dawn;
My golden palace heaves beneath the swell
To meet my touch, and is again withdrawn.

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There sleep the early triumphs, cheaply won,
That led Ambition to its utmost verge,
And still his visions, like a drowning sun,
Send up receding splendors through the surge.

There wait the recognitions, the quick ties,
Whence the heart knows its kin, wherever cast;
And there the partings, when the wistful eyes
Caress each other as they look their last.

There lie the summer eves, delicious eves,
The soft green valleys drenched with light divine,
The lisping murmurs of the chestnut leaves,
The hand that lay, the eyes that looked in mine.

There lives the hour of fear and rapture yet,
The periled climax of the passionate years;
There still the rains of wan December wet
A naked mound—I can not see for tears!

There are they all: they do not fade or waste,
Lapped in the arms of the embalming brine;
More fair than when their beings mine embraced,—
Of nobler aspect, beauty more divine.

I see them all, but stretch my hands in vain;
No deep-sea plummet reaches where they rest;
No cunning diver shall descend the main,
And bring a single jewel from its breast.

EXERCISE CXXXIII.

THE WEATHER-COCK.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

1. The dawn has broke, the morn is up,
Another day begun;
And there thy poised and gilded spear
Is flashing in the sun.

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Upon that steep and lofty tower
Where thou thy watch hast kept,
A true and faithful sentinel,
While all around thee slept.

2. For years upon thee there has poured
The summer's noon-day heat,
And through the long, dark, starless night,
The winter storms have beat;
And yet thy duty has been done,
By day and night the same,
Still thou hast met and faced the storm,
Whichever way it came.

3. No chilling blast in wrath has swept
Along the distant heaven,
But thou hast watched its onward course
And instant warning given;
And when mid-summer's sultry beams
Oppress all living things,
Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes
With health upon its wings.

4. How oft I 've seen, at early dawn,
Or twilight's quiet hour,
The swallows, in their joyous glee,
Come darting round thy tower,
As if, with thee, to hail the sun
And catch its earliest light,
And offer ye the morn's salute,
Or bid ye both—*good-night!*

5. And when, around thee or above,
No breath of air has stirred,
Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight,
Of each free, happy bird,

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Till after twittering round thy head
In many a mazy track,
The whole delighted company
Have settled on thy back.

6. Then if, perchance, amid their mirth,
A gentle breeze has sprung,
And prompt to mark its first approach,
Thy eager form hath swung,
I 've thought I almost heard thee say,
As far aloft they flew :
" Now all away !—here ends our play,
For I have work to do !"

7. Men slander thee, my honest friend,
And call thee in their pride,
An emblem of their fickleness,
Thou ever faithful guide.
Each weak, unstable human mind
A " weather-cock" they call ;
And thus, unthinkingly, mankind
Abuse thee, one and all.

8. They have no right to make thy name
A by-word for their deed :
They change their friends, their principles,
Their fashions, and their creeds ;
While thou hast ne'er, like them, been known
Thus causelessly to range ;
But when thou *changest sides*, canst give
Good reason for the change.

9. Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
The thoughtless oft condemn,
Art touched by many airs from heaven
Which never breathe on them,—

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And moved by many impulses
Which they do never know,
Who 'round their earth-bound circles, plod
The dusty paths below.

10. Through one more dark and cheerless night
Thou well hast kept thy trust,
And now in glory o'er thy head
The morning light has burst;
And unto Earth's true watcher, thus,
When his dark hours have passed,
Will come "the day-spring from on high,"
To cheer his path at last.

11. Bright symbol of FIDELITY,
Still may I think of thee;
And may the lesson thou dost teach
Be never lost on me;
But still, in sunshine or in storm,
Whatever task is mine,
May I be faithful to *my* trust
As thou hast been to *thine*.

EXERCISE CXXXIV.

1. BEL' VI DERE, (literally, *fine-view,*) is the name given by the Italians to structures designed for the enjoyment of fine prospects. The name is, also, applied to a part of the Vatican, a celebrated palace in Rome, where stands a famous statue of the god Apollo, called, hence, *Apollo Belvidere.*

INVENTIVE GENIUS OF LABOR.

ELIHU BURRITT.

1. The *physical necessity* of mental activity, in every practical sense, confers upon the mind the power to determine our stature, strength and longevity; to multiply our organs of

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sense, and increase their capacity, in some cases, to thirty million times their natural power. This capacity of the mind is not a mere prospective possibility; it is a fact, a tried, practical fact; and the human mind is more busy than ever in extending this prerogative.

2. Let us look in upon man while engaged in the very act of adding to his natural strength these gigantic faculties. See him yonder, bending over his stone mortar, and pounding, and thumping, and sweating, to pulverize his flinty grain into a more esculent form. He stops and looks a moment into the precipitous torrent thundering down its rocky channel. There! A thought has struck him. He begins to whistle; he whittles some, for he learned to whittle soon after he learned to breathe. He gears together, some horizontally, and others perpendicularly, a score of little wooden wheels. He sets them a going, and claps his hands in triumph to see what they would do, if a thousand times larger.

3. Look at him again. How proudly he stands, with folded arms, looking at the huge things that are working for him! He has made that wild, raging torrent as tame as his horse. He has taught it to walk backward and forward, he has given it hands, and put the crank of his big wheel into them, and made it turn his ponderous grindstone. What a taskmaster! Look at him again! He is standing on the ocean beach, watching the crested billows as they move in martial squadrons over the deep. He has conceived, or heard, that richer productions, more delicious fruits and flowers, may be found on yonder invisible shore. In an instant his mind sympathizes with the yearnings of his physical nature.

4. See! there is a new thought in his eye. He remembers how he first saddled the horse; he now bits and saddles the mountain wave. Not satisfied with taming this proud element, he breaks another into his service. Remembering his mill-dam, he constructs a floating dam of canvas in the air, to harness the winds to his ocean-wagon. Thus, with his water-horse and air-horse harnessed in tandem, he drives across

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the wilderness of waters with a team that would make old Neptune hide his diminished head for envy, and sink his clumsy chariot beneath the waves.

5. See now! he wants something else; his appetite for something better than he has, grows upon what he feeds on. The fact is, he has plodded about in his one-horse wagon till he is disgusted with his poor capacity of locomotion. The wings of Mercury, modern eagles and paper kites, are all too impracticable for models. He settles down upon the persuasion that he can make a great IRON HORSE, with bones of steel and muscles of brass, that will run against time with Mercury, or any other winged messenger of Jove,—the daring man!

6. He brings out his huge leviathan hexaped upon the track. How the giant creature struts forth from his stable, panting to be gone! His great heart is a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his iron sinews. But his master reins him in with one finger, till the whole of some western village, men, women, children, and half their horned cattle, sheep, poultry, wheat, cheese and potatoes, have been stowed away in that long train of wagons he has harnessed to his foaming steam-horse.

7. And now he shouts, interrogatively, ALL RIGHT? and, applying a burning goad to the huge creature, away it thunders over the iron road, breathing forth fire and smoke in its indignant haste to outstrip the wind. More terrible than the war-horse in Scripture, clothed with louder thunder, and emitting a cloud of flame and burning coals from his iron nostrils, he dashes on through dark mountain passes, over jutting precipices and deep ravines. His tread shakes the earth like a traveling Niagara, and the sound of his chariot-wheels warns the people of distant towns that he is coming.

8. These are a few of the faculties which the human mind has invented to increase our physical capacity, and improve our physical condition. And they are the personal property of every individual, and ever ready and able to put him into

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communication with all the comforts and conveniences they can procure. The steam-engine, the packet-ship, are my own personal faculties, as much, yea more than they would be, if they were an inseparable part of my being. They are far more available to me than if my feet were welded to each of them.

9. Therefore, all these artificial faculties,—every invention and implement to give it a new capacity to labor,—every inch of progress in the arts and sciences,—every degree of intellectual development that has been made since the birth of humanity,—have all been the result of that impulse of perpetual activity which the yearning necessities of man's physical nature have communicated to his mind. To ameliorate our physical condition, has been the inspiring object of every intellectual attainment. It has led to the discovery of every principle of natural philosophy and science; it has inspired every conception of taste, prompted every act of patriotism and Christian philanthropy.

10. It was not to indulge a few mere intellectual abstractions, that the ancient shepherds and sailors clambered up into the blue heavens and constellated the stars: they wanted them for guide-boards to guide them by night over the vast plains of the East, and the unchartered waters of the ocean. If Phidias and Praxiteles* were only bent on a mere diversion of the imagination, neither of them needed to have touched a chisel.

11. The man who created the Apollo Belvidere,[1] looked into the mountain side, and saw the silver-bowed deity invested in all his God-like attributes in the unquarried marble. But he could not bear to see him hampered there in his lapideous shroud before his mind's eye; he seized his chisel, and with indignant strokes he tore away the cerement of marble, and let out the god before his BODY'S EYE, to be worshiped by millions who, if they dared, might even touch his marble flesh.

12. All the beautiful orders of architecture and creations of the pencil, all the conceptions of the beautiful in nature, and art, and humanity, are inventions extorted, as it were, from the mind, to extend and increase the pleasures of sense. All the

* Phid'i as and Prax it'e les, two famous sculptors.

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institutions of human government, the principles of political economy, the aspirations of patriotism, and the efforts of philanthropy, have been called forth by the necessities of our physical nature, which Divine Wisdom ordained should never be supplied without the busy occupation of the MIND.

EXERCISE CXXXV.

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE MIND AND MATERIAL FORMS.

CHANNING.

1. When we look at the organized productions of nature, we see that they require only a limited time, and most of them a very short time, to reach their perfection, and accomplish their end. Take for example, that noble production, a tree. Having reached a certain hight, and borne leaves, flowers, and fruit, it has nothing more to do. Its powers are fully developed; it has no hidden capacities of which its buds and fruit are only the beginnings and pledges. Its design is fulfilled; the principle of life within it can effect no more. Not so the mind. We can never say of this, as of the full-grown tree in autumn,—it has answered its end; it has done its work; its capacity is exhausted. On the contrary, the nature, powers, desires, and purposes of the mind are all undefined. We never feel, when a great intellect has risen to an original thought, or a vast discovery, that it has now accomplished its whole purpose, reached its bound, and can yield no other or higher fruits. On the contrary, our conviction of its resources is enlarged; we discern more of its affinity to the inexhaustible intelligence of its Author. In every step of its progress we see a new impulse gained, and the pledge of nobler acquirements.

2. So, when a pure and resolute mind has made some great sacrifice to truth and duty, has manifested its attachment to God and man in singular trials, we do not feel as if the whole energy of virtuous principle were now put forth, as if the measure of excellence were filled, as if the maturest fruits were now

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borne, and henceforth the soul could only repeat itself. We feel, on the contrary, that virtue by illustrious efforts, replenishes, instead of wasting its life; that the mind, by perseverance in well doing, instead of sinking into a mechanical tameness, is able to conceive of higher duties, is armed for a nobler daring, and grows more efficient in charity.

3. The mind, by going forward, does not reach insurmountable prison walls, but learns more and more the boundlessness of its powers, and of the range for which it was created. Let me place this topic in another light, which may show, even more strongly, the contrast of the mind with the noblest productions of matter. My meaning may best be conveyed by reverting to the tree. We consider the tree as having answered its highest purpose when it yields a particular fruit. We judge of its perfection by a fixed, positive, definite product. The mind, however, in proportion to its improvement, becomes conscious that its perfection consists not in fixed, prescribed effects, exact and defined attainments, but in an original, creative, unconfinable energy, which yields new products, which carries into it new fields of thought, and new efforts for religion and humanity.

4. This truth, indeed, is so obvious, that even the least improved may discern it. You all feel, that the most perfect mind is not that which works in a prescribed way, which thinks and acts according to prescribed rules, but that which has a spring of action in itself, which combines anew the knowledge received from other minds, which explores its hidden and multiplied relations, and gives it forth in fresh and higher forms. The perfection of the tree, then, lies in a precise or definite product. That of the mind lies in an indefinite and boundless energy. The first implies limits. To set limits to the mind would destroy that original power in which its perfection consists. Here, then, we observe a distinction between material forms and the mind; and from the destruction of the first, which, as we see, attain perfection and fulfill their purpose in a limited duration, we can not argue to the destruction of the last, which plainly possesses the capacity of a progress without end.

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5. We have pointed out one contrast between the mind and material forms. The latter, we have seen, by their nature have bounds. The tree, in a short time, and by rising and spreading a short distance, accomplishes its end. I now add that the system of nature to which the tree belongs, requires that it should stop where it does. Were it to grow forever, it would be an infinite mischief. A single plant, endued with the principle of unlimited expansion, would in the progress of centuries overshadow nations, and exclude every other growth,—would exhaust the earth's whole fertility. Material forms, then, must have narrow bounds, and their usefulness requires that their life and growth should often be arrested, even before reaching the limits prescribed by nature.

6. But the indefinite expansion of the mind, instead of warring with and counteracting the system of creation, harmonizes with and perfects it. One tree, should it grow forever, would exclude other forms of vegetable life. One mind, in proportion to its expansion, awakens, and in a sense creates other minds. It multiplies, instead of exhausting, the nutriment which other understandings need. A mind, the more it has of intellectual and moral life, the more it spreads life and power around it. It is an ever-enlarging source of thought and love. Let me here add that the mind, by unlimited growth, not only yields a greater amount of good to other beings, but produces continually new forms of good. This is an important distinction.

7. Were the tree to spread indefinitely, it would abound more in fruit, but in fruit of the same kind; and, by excluding every other growth, it would destroy the variety of products, which now contribute to health and enjoyment. But the mind, in its progress, is perpetually yielding new fruits, new forms of thought, and virtue, and sanctity. It always contains within itself the germs of higher influences than it has ever put forth, the buds of fruits which it has never borne. Thus the very reason which requires the limitation of material forms,—I mean the good of the whole system,—seems to require the unlimited growth of mind.

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EXERCISE CXXXVI.

CONFESSIONS OF A RETIRED TRADESMAN.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1. I have been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and despised by those who, having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness for riches to betray me into any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

2. In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large warehouses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and, to complete my mercantile honors, enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for sheriff.

3. Riches, you know, easily produce riches: when I had arrived at this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear: new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

4. At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer

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equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

5. But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not, at once, reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money; and, though I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been traveled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

6. Thus I went on, still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an estate was, at length, purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

7. Here, for some time, I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with palisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat. The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, showed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some, and the envy of others.

8. I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was

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exhausted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my water-works; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets of which, when they were once raised, I had no further use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I now scarcely perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

9. In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended. The happiness that I have been so long procuring, is now at an end, because it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself; I ride out to a neighboring hill in the center of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

10. In my happy days of business, I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to "tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his beams." I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can, with some degree of decency, grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy: I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle: but, alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I can not bear strong liquors: seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup, but supper comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

11. Such is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me

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from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

12. These arts I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbors, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs, and my stable with horses; but a little experience showed me, that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse which had been bred to the chase, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

13. I then ordered books to be procured; and, by the direction of the vicar, had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence, or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes

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should have been written upon questions which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skillful clerk.

14. I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and, for some time, kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighboring gentlemen; but, though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Such is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavor to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labors. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

EXERCISE CXXXVII.

THE SILVER FETTERS.*

MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

1. "Ay, cast the Greek in prison, and chains of iron bring,
And put those arms in fetters, that dared insult a king!"
Thus spake the "Lion-hearted," and rage gleamed from his eye;
"My wrongs call loud for vengeance,—in chains then let him lie."

* Richard, the First, on his expedition to the Holy Land, was driven on the coast of Cyprus. Isaac, Prince of Cyprus, pillaged the ships that

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2. In fetters strong they bound him who dared to raise his hand
'Gainst Richard, on his mission to free the Holy Land.
So, in the gloomy prison, the fettered captive lay,
And there in weak complainings he wore the time away.

3. "For *me* to be thus treated,—O bitter, burning shame!
Of what avail my kingdom, my princely state, and name?
My royal limbs in fetters! base iron on my hands!
Who knows but low-born menials have worn these hateful bands?

4. "The blood of kings and monarchs is coursing in my veins,
And, like a slave, they 've bound me with heavy iron chains;
I would, e'en in my prison, be treated like a king,—
Unbind my chains, ye tyrants,—away my fetters fling!"

5. They brought these words to Richard; the monarch laughed outright,—
"Now make ye chains of silver,—of silver pure and bright,
And bear them to his prison; for, by the cross I swear,
His royal limbs no other than royal chains shall wear.

6. "The blood of kings and monarchs more pleasantly may flow
'Neath chains of burnished silver; then to your captive go,
And tell him that King Richard, as mindful of his state,
Would treat him as becometh a prince so wise and great."

7. They went into his prison, unloosed his iron bands,
And clasped the silver fetters upon his royal hands;
Well pleased, the captive saw them,—the captive vain and weak,—
No rage burned in his bosom,—no shame upon his cheek.

were stranded, and committed other acts of violence, for which Richard took ample vengeance. The Greek prince, being thrown into prison, and loaded with irons, complained of the little regard with which he was treated,—upon which Richard ordered silver fetters to be made for him; and this emperor, pleased with the distinction, expressed a sense of the generosity of his conqueror.

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8. Pleased with the shining silver, he wore his glittering chain,
And thanked the princely victor, but never felt the stain
That silver, more than iron, upon his soul had left,—
His soul so dead to honor, of manly shame bereft.

9. Not thou, alone, O Grecian, a silver chain hast worn,—
Not thou, alone, weak monarch, a shameful bondage borne;
Pleased with their silver fetters, how many bear, like thee,
A worse than iron bondage,—content base slaves to be!

10. Base slaves to base-born tyrants,—to station, power and gold,
Who with relentless grasping both soul and body hold;
Bereft of shame, and fallen, the victims hug their chain,
And bind their souls to Mammon, to sordid care and gain.

11. And worse than all, feel never their wretched, fallen state,
But chained, and bound, and fettered, dream they are rich and great;
And think not that a prison this mighty world may be,
To souls who love their fetters, and wish not to be free.

EXERCISE CXXXVIII.

HAPPINESS.

POPE.

1. Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?

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Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

2. Ask of the learned the way? The learned are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain:
Some, swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain:
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

3. Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive:
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

4. Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws."
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No caverned hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:

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Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

5. Order is Heaven's first law; and, this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defense, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possessed,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

6. Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
O sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

7. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,

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Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blessed or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

EXERCISE CXXXIX.

THE LIVE-OAK.

HENRY R. JACKSON.

1. With his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood;
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

2 And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long since dead and gone.

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3. For the Indian hunter beneath his shade
Has rested from the chase;
And he here has wooed his dusky maid,—
The dark-eyed of her race;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore
As the wild deer panting dies;
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

4. In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone,—the bold and free,—
And he moans above their grave.

5. And the aged oak, with his locks of gray,
Is ripe for the sacrifice;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower toward the skies!
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark of the free,
And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea!

6. When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
Then nobly he 'll bear the bold hearts o'er
The waves, with bounding leap.
Oh! may those hearts be as firm and true,
When the war-clouds gather dun,
As the glorious oak that proudly grew
Beneath our southern sun.

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EXERCISE CXL.

THE DIGNITY OF USEFULNESS.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1. "Human enjoyments are only to be secured by human labor." Few, perhaps, are aware how truly this is the case. The rough materials given by the Creator, including the surface of the earth, are in comparison a trifle. It is by the power and disposition of man to labor that the great end has mainly been secured. All except a very small portion of the value of a piece of ground arises from the improvements and adaptations which human labor has wrought in it. Even the agencies of heat, moisture, and other natural conditions, by which the production of food is so much affected, work under a direction and modification from human ingenuity, skill, and industry.

2. The exertion of man's hand and brain—how, then, can it be degrading? The very means appointed by the Author of Nature for the support of his subject millions—how can there be any thing despicable about it? All right and manly feeling revolts from such an idea. The human mind is so constituted, that all the great institutions of nature, when explained and ascertained, appear to it just and noble. Such is the light in which a correctly-informed and correctly-judging mind must unquestionably regard this as well as other institutions. Only through a blind ignorance or a vicious prejudice, can it ever be for a moment held as in any respect mean.

3. This view is fortified by the actual state of feeling which accompanies the performance of useful labor in all well-constituted minds. It is no matter what the labor may be,—whether the exercise of high intellectual faculties in the professions, or the exertion of mere bodily strength toward some comparatively humble purpose,—one well-recognized feeling of a most agreeable kind attends it. It would be difficult thoroughly to analyze this feeling. It is one of serene self-satisfaction; it includes a consciousness of rectitude; it comprehends the hope

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of beneficial results, and, perhaps, in particular, the benefit of some much dearer than one's self. The approbation of fellow-creatures is contemplated as a right secured.

4. But there is something more in it than all this. There is in it a sense of *dignity*,—a kind of pride, but one free from the usual earthly dross,—which we feel elevating us even in the midst of the meanest drudgeries. Is it too much to suppose that this is a sense standing by itself in our nature, mysteriously in harmony with that very institution, which declares labor to be the only source of the means of enjoyment,—prompted by the Author of that institution,—and contemplated in the designs of Providence as necessary to stimulate and sustain us in the duties which we must perform, if we would live.

5. Different kinds of business have different degrees of importance attached to them, generally in proportion to the nature of the faculties which they respectively call into operation. This is quite natural, and, therefore, right. We unavoidably look with greater respect on an exercise of the highest intellectual powers, than on the exertion of the hands in some labor calling for little skill. But the respectability of which various degrees are attached to different labors, is altogether independent of that general respectability, or rather dignity which belongs to all labor.

6. All industry is respectable. It is only after allowing this, that we begin to assign various degrees of another and far less important respectability to different occupations. We must be careful, then, not to lose sight of the dignity which belongs to every honest man who gains his bread by his own labors, however humble, in comparing him with some other laborer who has a little more than he of the secondary dignity arising from greater importance of function.

7. On this point some correction is, perhaps, needed in all departments of society. The member of the upper classes is apt to think only of the inferior degree of importance which an inferior function gives to the mere operative, forgetting the glory which shines on the head of the humblest being who,

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through conscientious discharge of duties, makes himself independent; and the operative himself too rarely, perhaps, thinks on this, when he compares his own degree of the other kind of dignity with what is enjoyed by others. Were the whole case rightly understood and regarded on all hands, we should probably see the humbler classes the better for it. With less to complain of, and elevated in their own esteem, their feelings and their virtues would rise in the scale, and some existing evils might be diminished.

8. When we consider the matter in this light, it must appear a much less hardship than it is generally thought, to be obliged to descend to some labor inferior to that for which we were originally designed. The kind of function we are to exercise in life depends on native and acquired gifts, and favoring circumstances. It would be bad political economy to willfully devote a man to a function beneath the standard of his intellect and education; but it may often happen to be unavoidable that such a misapplication should be made. When this is the case, a consideration of the dignity which attaches to all usefulness may help to reconcile him to the necessity.

9. On the one hand, he may see a presumed degradation, according to the more superficial ideas of the world; but on the other, there is the "glorious privilege of being independent," with all the delightful sensations which attend the conscientious performance of every kind of useful labor. Can the one be for a moment seriously compared to the other?—idleness and real ignominy, against industry and genuine dignity? Unquestionably, it is the duty of every man, to himself and society, to go down in its scale until he finds a means of useful employment. Let his independence be the first consideration. That will give the first and truest dignity. In the other kind, he will be sure to advance, if he possess the appropriate merits. But, though he never should afterwards take a single step upward, has he not attained the principal object?

10. There are two classes of persons for whom it might be well, in an especial degree, to vindicate the dignity of useful-

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ness. It often happens that a man attains distinction from the exertion of his intellect, and acquires respect as one who confers blessings on his fellow-creatures, while, from these exertions not being profitable in money, he is obliged all the time to continue his originally humble efforts as a tradesman, in order to gain the means of subsistence. Thus, for example, William Godwin, while engaged in writing many remarkable works, was obliged for bread to keep a bookseller's shop. Franklin continued to be a printer for his own personal support, while rendering such service to the commonwealth as gained him the credit of a public benefactor. Milton, while penning some of the tracts which were acknowledged to have great effect in public affairs, was contented to live mainly by teaching a few young men in his own house. At this moment there is a poet of great merit at Agen, in the south of France,—the Burns, indeed, of his province; but M. Jasmin, while multitudes delight in his writings and sound his praises, is happy to exercise in a little shop his original profession of a hair-dresser, and there receives daily, with modest dignity, the visits of persons of rank who come to pay their respects to him.

11. It may appear hard that a man of superior intellect should be condemned to humble drudgeries for the sake of subsistence: there may appear a strange inconsistency between the man as a poet, a moralist, or a leading political character, and the man as one of the common herd of the children of toil. But, on the other hand, it must appear as a great matter that such a man, while using certain gifts for the pleasure, instruction, and service of mankind, and receiving their gratitude and applause in return, can, also, by the exertion of certain (it may be) inferior gifts, secure his own independence. Of this Paul was well aware, and there are few facts more interesting or affecting in the whole range of sacred or profane biography than that of this illustrious apostle working with his hands at a trade, that he might be a burden to no one, at the very time when he was engaged in the most important moral mission that ever human being entered upon.

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12. How could such a man,—how could any apostle, philosopher, or poet, of any age or country,—be degraded by doing that which was the readiest means of sparing the extra labors of others? On the contrary, there is an additional dignity in the good sense and manly feeling which dictate such a course. He has the dignity of submitting to what rigid virtue makes a necessity; he has the dignity of being useful in the most unequivocal manner; and, in thus securing the supply of his own wants, he presents the best assurance that could be desired of the disinterestedness of his offers of public service.

13. The other class for whom my remarks might have a special use, are those whom fortune has placed above the necessity of exertion on their own account. This is the very class among whom individuals are most likely to be found, who think useful employment of any kind beneath their dignity. Those who form this notion, unquestionably commit a great mistake. It is quite contrary to the practice of many persons of exalted rank and great affluence, whom the world esteems as among the very first of their class. These persons, from the share they take in public business of all kinds, from legislation down to the repair of roads, prove that it is possible to be useful without in the least detracting from their dignity. And how could it be otherwise? Surely it would be strange indeed, if the doing of acts beneficial to mankind were to prove unavoidably the means of losing their respect. But nature has ordered the matter quite otherwise, and, without seeing her hand in the matter, we are compelled by her to reverence that which tends to our good.

14. An idle and vacant life, even with all the aid that amusements can give, is not calculated to be a happy one, and this simply because Providence has constituted us with a view to activity, as what was to be the means of accommodating the raw materials of the physical world to our needs. Idleness, therefore, unavoidably injures and disorganizes, while activity alone will preserve health or secure the prolongation of life.

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Who, it may be asked in one word, are the happy?—those who have something, and not too much to do, and that something being suitable to their faculties and tastes? Who are the unhappy? Alas! what a large portion of the class is composed of those who, having all their ordinary needs supplied from other sources, do not need to labor!

EXERCISE CXLI.

THE OLD WORLD COMPARED WITH THE NEW.

LEWIS CASS.

1. The hardy emigrant is ascending the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and already the forest is giving way before the ax of the woodsman on the very shores that look out upon China and Japan. In many portions of the old world, and in the oldest, too, time has done its work. History has closed its record. Their high places have a world-renown in human annals, but they are solitudes. The pilgrim from other lands may go up to visit them, but it is for what they have been, and not for what they are. It is not to survey a prosperous country and a happy people; but to meditate upon the instability of human power, where the foundations of power were the deepest and the broadest.

2. I have seen the wandering Arab, the descendant of Ishmael, sitting upon the ruins of Baalbec, himself a ruin, not less marked and melancholy than they. Think you that visions of far away splendor passed before his eyes, and shut out the prospect of that wretchedness, which has bowed down his race for centuries? Think you that such dreams, waking though they may be, can give back to him his vale of Cœlo-Syria, covered with green pastures and rich flocks and herds, as in the days of the Pátriarch? No, it is better to look round on prosperity than back on glory.

3. The events of ages elsewhere seem here to be compressed

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within the ordinary life of man. Our birth is of yesterday; our growth of to-day. We have no past. No monuments that have come down to us, glorious in their ruins, telling the story of former magnificence in the very solitude that tells the story of present decay. Sometimes the shadows of by-gone days pass over me, and I awake as from a dream, asking myself, is this great country, north of the Ohio and west of these broad Lakes, teeming with life, liberty, and prospérity? Is this the country I entered half a century ago, shut out from the light of heaven by the primitive forests that covered it? Is this the country, which then contained one Territory, and which now contains five States of this Union; whose population then numbered a few thousands, and now numbers five millions of péople?

4. And these flourishing towns, animated with the busy hum of industry, where they are, can I have slept under gigantic trees, throwing their broad branches over an unbroken sóil? And the rail-road, does it follow the war-path, where I have followed the In'dian? And the church bell, which summons a Christian community to prayer and to praise in the house of God, how brief the interval, since the solitude was broken by the war drum and the war sòng! We are realizing the fictions of Eastern imagination, and a better genius than him of Aladdin's lamp,—the genius of industry and enterprise, is doing that mighty work, whose ultimate issue it is not given to human sagacity to foretell.

EXERCISE CXLII.

FREEDOM AND PATRIOTISM.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

1. God has stamped upon our very humanity this impress of freedom. It is the unchartered prerogative of human nature. A soul ceases to be a soul, in proportion as it ceases to be free. Strip it of this, and you strip it of one of its essential and char-

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acteristic attributes. It is this that draws the footsteps of the wild Indian to his wide and boundless desert-paths, and makes him prefer them to the gay saloons and soft carpets of sumptuous palaces. It is this that makes it so difficult to bring him within the pale of artificial civilization.

2. Our roving tribes are perishing,—a sad and solitary sacrifice upon the altar of their wild freedom. They come among us, and look with childish wonder upon the perfection of our arts, and the splendor of our habitations; they submit with ennui and weariness, for a few days, to our burdensome forms and restraints; and then turn their faces to their forest homes, and resolve to push those homes onward till they sink in the Pacific waves, rather than not be free.

3. It is thus that every people is attached to its country, just in proportion as it is free. No matter if that country be in the rocky fastnesses of Switzerland, amid the snows of Tartary, or on the most barren and lonely island shore; no matter if that country be so poor as to force away its children to other and richer lands for employment and sustenance; yet when the songs of those free homes chance to fall upon the exile's ear, no soft and ravishing airs, that wait upon the timid feastings of Asiatic opulence, ever thrilled the heart with such mingled rapture and agony as those simple tones. Sad mementoes might they be of poverty and want and toil; yet it was enough that they were mementoes of happy freedom. And more than once has it been necessary to forbid by military orders, in the armies of the Swiss mercenaries, the singing of their native songs.

4. And such an attachment, do I believe, is found in our own people to their native country. It is the country of the free; and that single consideration compensates for the want of many advantages which other countries possess over us. And glad am I that it opens wide its hospitable gates, to many a noble but persecuted citizen, from the dungeons of Austria and Italy, and the imprisoning castles and citadels of Poland. Here may they find rest, as they surely find sympathy, though it is saddened with many bitter remembrances!

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5. Yes, let me be free; let me go and come at my own will; let me do business and make journeys, without a vexatious police or insolent soldiery to watch my steps; let me think, and do, and speak what I please, subject to no limit but that which is set by the common weal;—subject to no law but that which conscience binds upon me; and I will bless my country, and love its most rugged rocks, and its most barren soil.

6. I have seen my countrymen, and have been with them a fellow-wanderer, in other lands; and little did I see or feel to warrant the apprehension, sometimes expressed, that foreign travel would weaken our patriotic attachments. One sigh for home,—home, arose from all hearts. And why, from palaces and courts,—why, from galleries of the arts, where the marble softens into life, and painting sheds an almost living presence of beauty around it,—why, from the mountain's awful brow, and the lovely valleys and lakes touched with the sunset hues of old romance,—why, from those venerable and touching ruins to which our very heart grows,—why, from all these scenes, were they looking beyond the swellings of the Atlantic wave, to a dearer and holier spot of earth,—their own, own country?

7. Doubtless, it was, in part, because it *is* their country. But it was, also, as every one's experience will testify, because they knew that *there* was no oppression, no pitiful exaction of petty tyranny; because that *there*, they knew, they should not meet the odious soldier at every corner, nor swarms of imploring beggars, the victims of misrule; that *there*, no curse causeless did fall, and no blight, worse than plague and pestilence, did descend amid the pure dews of heaven; because, in fine, that *there*, they knew, was liberty,—upon all the green hills, and amid all the peaceful valleys,—liberty, the wall of fire around the humblest home; the crown of glory, studded with her ever-blazing stars upon the proudest mansion!

8. My friends, upon our own homes that blessing rests, that guardian care and glorious crown; and when we return to those homes, and so long as we dwell in them,—so long as no oppressor's foot invades their thresholds, let us bless them, and

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hallow them as the homes of freedom! Let us make them, too, the homes of a nobler freedom,—of freedom from vice, from evil, from passion,—from every corrupting bondage of the soul.

EXERCISE CXLIII.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

1. On the page that is immortal,
   We the brilliant promise see:
   "Ye shall know the truth, my people,
   And its might shall make you free!"

2. For the truth, then, let us battle,
   Whatsoever fate betide;
   Long the boast that we are freemen,
   We have made and published wide.

3. He who has the truth, and keeps it,
   Keeps what not to him belongs,—
   But performs a selfish action,
   That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

4. He who seeks the truth, and trembles
   At the dangers he must brave,
   Is not fit to be a freeman,—
   He, at best, is but a slave.

5. He who hears the truth, and places
   Its high promptings under ban,
   Loud may boast of all that 's manly,—
   But can never be a man!

6. Friend, this simple lay who readest,
   Be not thou like either them,—
   But to truth give utmost freedom,
   And the tide it raises stem.

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7. Bold in speech, and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfills life's mission best.

8. Be thou like the noble ancient,—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear:
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

9. Be thou like the first apostles,—
Be thou like heroic Paul:
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly,—speak it all!

10. Face thine enemies—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod;
And, if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest to GOD!

EXERCISE CLXIV.

PASSING AWAY.

JOHN PIERPONT.

1. Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

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2. But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung,
(As you 've sometimes seen, in a little ring,
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,—
"Passing away! passing away!"

3. O, how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And, lo! she had changed;—in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her out-stretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung,
In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,—
"Passing away! passing away!"

4. While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;

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And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed,—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face:—yet one could n't but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay,
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,—
"Passing away! passing away!"

5. While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan:
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone,
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,—
Let me never forget to my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay,—
"Passing away! passing away!"

EXERCISE CXLV.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

HENRY GILES.

1. "Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee"* of God: it will teach thee in every blade of grass of his creative power,—in every unfolding leaf of his creative wisdom,—in day and night, in climate and season,—in all living being, it will teach thee of his ever-providing goodness. Speak to the earth, and in the continuity of its revolution, it will teach thee of order; in the dissolution and renewal of all that it contains, it will teach

* Job xii. 8.

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thee of change. Look up from it to the silent heavens, and you learn of Eternity; look down to it on the withering flower, and you learn of Time, yet with an analogy infinitely inadequate.

2. Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee of Man. It will teach thee that his visible existence, in its longest and its widest measures, is but fleeting. It bears but few evidences of its proudest races; all that remain of them, are, here and there, a few lettered pages, and a few moldered stones. The rest it has swallowed up, and of them it has preserved neither note nor name. Embosomed in immensity it rolls around the sun, and now the clash of Alexander's battles are no more to it than the rattle that diverts a child, and the majesty of Cæsar's fortunes as insignificant in its throng of interests as the story of a beggar's wants. It will teach thee that now, too, as ever, it continues to absorb the visible, that the pyramids shall crumble, that cities shall turn to fine dust, that men in time to come will look in vain for Paris or London, that wolves shall howl where monarchs feast, and that towered palaces shall arise where the wild flocks pasture.

3. Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee that these, too, will depart and be replaced; and that, when eras shall have passed away, and be to other eras as if they never were, the whole is not yet as a moment, even in the limited reckonings of Time. Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee, that the men who are now living around thee, who now constitute the busy population of the globe,—the wise, the great, the good, the rich, the beautiful, the famed, the admired,—are daily and hourly falling into the abyss of atoms,—as well as the ignorant, the lowly, the guilty, the poor, the homely, the obscure, the despised,—and that not many suns shall have set, when all will be in the same oblivion together.

4. Speak to the earth, and it will teach thee of thyself. It will teach that thou art of these departing things, that every turn of it brings thee rapidly to be of the forgotten ones. Speak to the earth, it can not teach thee more. It gives thee the lesson of humility; it does not give thee the lesson of hope, it

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abases thy pride; it does not awaken thy faith, it forbids presumption, it does not instruct for preparation. Speak to the earth, and it will not teach thee of the great plan which includes all things, and which has a place and a worth for the infant's rattle as well as Alexander's wars, a place for the beggar's story as well as for Cæsar's fortunes.

5. It will not teach thee of the supreme Wisdom by which that plan is conceived, directed, and accomplished. It will not teach thee of thine own relations to that plan, and how thou mayst best fulfill them. For this, consult a Teacher that has a voice, for earth to such desire is dumb; consult Christ, and he will teach thee truly; consult a Teacher that has a spirit, for earth to such yearnings is lifeless; consult conscience, and follow the promptings of its higher inspirations; consult thy mind in its full tranquillity, and respect the counsel which it gives; consult experience when it is most likely to be impartial, and take heed to its honest warnings and rebukes.

6. Two kinds of agency enter into the discipline of life. There are first the elements that constitute the matter of life itself. These elements are such as make the inward and outward history of the individual being. Among these, for instance, are our parentage, our early circumstances, our means of instruction or our unavoidable ignorance, our advantages for virtue or our exposure to vice, our examples for good or evil, our peculiar tendencies and temperaments. Most of these begin before we have ourselves any part of a voluntary nature in them, before we have any dominion over them. They, in general, continue long to operate, before we undertake in any way to shape or to guide them. In a multitude of cases, they meet with no guidance or control whatever, either from without or from within.

7. In such cases, the result is speedily wrought out, and I need not say that the result is, uniformly, one of suffering or of sin. The matter which makes the history of life, continues always, however, to be, also, an influence of life. The course of our studies, the activity of our business, the nature of our opinions, the nature of our friendships, the force of our affections,

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our health and sickness, our success or failure, our poverty or wealth, or ideas of poverty and wealth,—all, in fact, that makes the sum of our being, physical, social, moral, and spiritual.

8. The second kind of agency is that which we exercise of ourselves, and upon ourselves. A man is thus both the object and the agent of his own discipline. This kind of discipline can not be too early begun, it can not be too late continued. It may be too long deferred; but, however advanced the hour, none at any time in the day of life should despair to commence it. It is by this agency of ourselves, that we turn all things to account, that we make them our true property. It is by this agency that we draw all influences into the sphere of our inward life, and cause them to become, in part, the substance of that life. In proportion to the depth, the power and the compass of this agency, are the depth, power, and the compass of our life.

9. Without this agency, much passes around and near us, that might be used to enlarge and to glorify our being,—goes wholly to waste, and to us is forever lost. Many an influence that we allow to die, we might convert into living energy; and many a good that is present, and at no cost but the taking of it, we lose, because we never perceive it. And this is not all the loss. But that which belongs essentially to ourselves, which forms the very vitality of our souls, fails of its growth, its strength, and its complete capacity.

10. Memories pass away in dreams, that might have been turned to fine principles, and resolves perish into vacancy, that, if executed, might have been noble works. Designs are left to sink into nothingness, that, if brought out to the light of reality, might avert occurrences that will be pangs to the hour of death, or be benefits to many, and blessings to ourselves. Intellectual and spiritual advancement is thus prevented, the mind given over to barrenness, and the character not enriched, seems even worse and poorer than it is, either in motive or in fact.

11. But what, we may ask, is this discipline to act on? To this we may oppose another question,—What is any education to act on, but on the human being, on the soul and its mani-

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festations, on thought, on feeling, on habit, on conduct? It requires some discipline to *think*, in the true sense, at all. We might suppose that nothing was so easy as to *think*. What is it? It requires not to move hand or foot, but to sit still and ponder. It appears as if it needed but to let the brain work, and let memory observe and register the result.

12. Certainly, ever and ever without ceasing, perceptions are passing through the brain, and consciousness is without interruption, taking impressions from the senses,—but to arrange and concentrate these so as to extract an import from them for judgment and the reason, this is the hardest task that man can undertake, and it is the one of all others that he would avoid. He would, in general, dig or break stones rather than do it.

13. Thought merely in itself being an exercise, that we most sedulously shun, that we would by any means escape or evade, it must be no common effort to think constantly, to think wisely, to think vigilantly, to think on matters which hold out no immediate profit or reward, things not palpable, and things not seen. If thought on our most ordinary affairs is painful, and what, if we could, we would not undergo, it is not to be expected, that we should enter willingly on thought which concerns mainly the order of our spiritual and moral being.

14. It is not then in the least startling, that our lives should be full of mistakes, of errors, of prejudices, of unexamined generalities, which we count for knowledge, and of ignorance, which time only serves to render darker and more obstinate. For a man to *think* boldly around himself and within, is no small courage, and it is only an occasionally brave and strong soul that attempts it. It is a hard and self-denying toil. To test our opinions by their external evidence or their intrinsic value; to separate them from influences that, independently of their value or their evidence, bind us strongly to them; to review our beliefs and motives; to estimate, without sophistry or illusion, the consequences of our doings; to go through all this fully and fairly, would seem little short of a mental martyrdom. And yet the habit of a true moral wisdom is to be thus obtained.

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EXERCISE CXLVI.

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT

1. Among our hills and valleys, I have known
Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent hands
Tended or gathered in the fruits of earth,
Were reverent learners in the solemn school
Of Nature. Not in vain to them were sent
Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower
That darkened the brown tilth, or snow that beat
On the white winter hills. Each brought, in turn,
Some truth,—some lesson on the life of man,
Or recognition of the Eternal Mind,
Who vails his glory with the elements.

2. One such I knew long since, a white-haired man,
Pithy of speech, and merry when he would;
A genial optimist, who daily drew
From what he saw, his quaint moralities.
Kindly he held communion, though so old,
With me, a dreaming boy, and taught me much
That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

3. The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
And steeped the sprouting forests, the green hills,
And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.
Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full, clear note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods
Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butternut,
And quivering poplar, to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance.

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4. In the fields,
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touched with joy,
At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I asked him why.
"Well may'st thou join in gladness," he replied,
"With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,
And this soft wind, the herald of the green,
Luxuriant summer. Thou art young, like them,
And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the flight
Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,
It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
These eyes whose fading light shall soon be quenched
In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?"

5. I listened, and from midst the depth of woods
Heard the low signal of the grouse that wears
A sable ruff around his mottled neck:
Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
'Gainst his barred sides his speckled wings, and made
A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes,
At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They passed into a murmur, and were still.

6. "There hast thou," said my friend, "a fitting type
Of human life. 'Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these will freshen truth.
Slow pass our days in childhood, every day
Seems like a century; rapidly they glide
In manhood, and in life's decline they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm;
Seen rather than distinguished. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,

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By swiftly-running waters hurried on,
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands, and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each; but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly, that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

7. "Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield,—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts,
And kind affections, reverence for thy GOD,
And for thy brethren; so, when thou shalt come
Into these barren years that fleet away
Before their fruits are ripe, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnished, and a withered heart."
Long since that white-haired ancient slept,—but still,
When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard bough,
And the ruffed grouse is drumming far within
The woods, his venerable form again
Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

EXERCISE CXLVII.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1. Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who, in each moment and emergency, knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from

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abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigor by the extraordinary unity of his action.

2. He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing every thing to his aim,—money, troops, generals, and his own safety, also; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendor of his own means. "Incidents ought not to govern policy," he said, "but policy incidents." "To be hurried away by every event, is to have no political system at all." His victories were only so many doors, and he never, for a moment, lost sight of his way onward, in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark.

3. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not, therefore, be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not blood-thirsty, not cruel,—but woe to what thing or person stood in his way; not blood-thirsty, but not sparing of blood,—and pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. "Sire, General Clarke can not combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery."—"Let him carry the battery."—"Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery, is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?"—"*Forward!* FORWARD!"

4. In the plenitude of his resources every obstacle seemed to vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. Having decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main. He put out all his strength. He risked every thing, and spared nothing,—neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. If fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences, (as large majorities of men seem to agree,) certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough.

5. "The grand principle of war," he said, "was, that an

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army ought always to be ready by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making." He never economized his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron,—shells, balls, grape-shot,—to annihilate all defense. He went to the edge of his possibility, so heartily bent was he on his object. It is plain that in Italy he did what he could, and all that he could; he came several times within an inch of ruin, and his own person was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at Arcola. The Austrians were between him and his troops, in the *mêlée*,* and he was brought off with desperate efforts. At Lonato, and at other places, he was on the point of being taken prisoner.

6. He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was as a new weapon. "My power would fall, were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage. This vigor was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defense consisted in being still the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature."

7. Every thing depended on the nicety of his combinations; the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello I ordered Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse, and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action, and I have observed it is always those quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

* Affray; a confused fight.

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8. Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. The same prudence and good sense marked all his behavior. His instructions to his secretary at the Tuileries* are worth remembering:—"During the night, enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost." His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of men. There have been many working kings, from Ulysses to William of Orange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

9. To these gifts of nature Napoleon added the advantage of having been born to a private and humble fortune. In his later days he had the weakness of wishing to add to his crowns and badges the prescription of aristocracy; but he knew his debt to his austere education, and made no secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for "the hereditary donkeys," as he coarsely styled the Bourbons. He said, that in their exile "they had learned nothing, and forgot nothing." Bonaparte had passed through all the degrees of military service; but, also, was citizen before he was Emperor, and so had the key to citizenship. His remarks and estimates discovered the information and justness of measurement of the middle class.

10. Those who had to deal with him found that he was not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as another man. When the expenses of the Empress, of his household, of his palaces, had accumulated great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the creditors himself, detected overcharges, errors, and reduced the claims by considerable sums. His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he directed, he owed to the representative character which clothed him. He interests us as he stands for France and for Europe; and he exists as Captain

* Tuileries (*twil' er e*), a splendid palace in Paris.

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and King only as far as the Revolution, or the interest of the industrious masses, found an organ and a leader in him.

11. In the social interests he knew the meaning and value of labor, and threw himself naturally on that side. The principal works that have survived him are his magnificent roads. He filled the troops with his spirit, and a sort of freedom and companionship grew up between him and them, which the forms of his court never permitted between the officers and himself. They performed under his eye that which no others could do. The best document of his relation to his troops is the order of the day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises the troops that he will keep his person out of reach of fire. This declaration which is the reverse of that ordinarily made by generals and sovereigns on the eve of a battle, sufficiently explains the devotion of the army to their leader.

12. But, though there is in particulars, this identity between Napoleon and the mass of the people, his real strength lay in their conviction that he was their representative, in his genius and aims, not only when he courted, but when he controlled, and even when he decimated them by his conscriptions. The people felt that no longer the throne was occupied, and the land sucked of all its nourishment, by a small class of legitimates secluded from all community with the children of the soil, and holding the ideas and superstitions of a long-forgotten state of society: instead of that vampire, a man of themselves held in the Tuileries, knowledge and ideas like their own, opening of course, to them and their children, all places of power and trust; the day of sleepy, selfish policy, ever narrowing the means and opportunities of young men, was ended, and a day of expansion and demand was come. A market for all the powers and productions of men was opened; brilliant prizes glittered in the eyes of youth and talent.

13. The old, iron-bound, feudal France, was changed into a young Ohio or New York; and those who smarted under the immediate rigors of the new Monarch, pardoned them, as the neces-

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sary severities of the military system which had driven out the oppressor. And even when the majority of the people had begun to ask, whether they had really gained any thing under the exhausting levies of men and money of the new master,—the whole talent of the country, in every rank and kindred, took his part and defended him as its natural patron and chieftain.

EXERCISE CXLVIII.

TRIUMPH OF AFFECTION.

SALADIN—MALEK ADHEL—ATTENDANT.

Attendant.—A stranger craves admittance to your Highness.

Saladin.—Whence comes he?

Attendant.—That I know not.

Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden; but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim,—if that I dare pronounce it,—

Saladin.—Whom?

Attendant.—Thy royal brother!

Saladin.—Bring him instantly. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die!
[*Enter Attendant and Malek Adhel.*]
Leave us together. [*Exit Attendant.*] [*Aside.*] I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unvail thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.

Malek Adhel.—Behold it, then!

Saladin.—I see a traitor's visage.

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Malek Adhel.—A brother's!
Saladin.—No!
Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.
Malek Adhel.—O, patience, Heaven! Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.
Saladin.—And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
O, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,
Forever banished! Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love:
The smiles of friendship, and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—
His brother has betrayed him!
Malek Adhel.—Thou art softened;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst,—
My tongue can never utter the base title!
Saladin.—Was it traitor? True!
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes!
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate!
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel!
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed! these hands
Should crush these aching eye-balls, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! O monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee; for in his form

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The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
O, what a wretch art thou! O! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?

Malek Adel.—Go on! go on!
'Tis but a little time to hear thee, Saladin;
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.

Saladin.—That were an end
Too noble for a traitor! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish! Thou shalt die!

Malek Adhel.—And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that, in all thy armies, can be found
An executing hand.

Saladin.—O, doubt it not!
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.

Malek Adhel.—Defer not, then, their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer:—O, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing!
Let me die speedily!

Saladin.—This very hour!
[*Aside.*] For, O! the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt,—
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance;
And vengeance it shall have! What, ho! who waits there?
[*Enter Attendant.*]

Attendant.—Did your Highness call?

Saladin.—Assemble quickly

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My forces in the court. Tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom traitor.
And, bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers. [*Exit Attendant.*]
Malek Adhel.—Now, Saladin,
The word is given; I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justness of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue,—
One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
Not even that shall torture,—will it, then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,
The last request which e'er was his to utter
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?
Saladin.—Speak, then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.
Malek Adhel.—I have not!
Yet will I ask for it. We part forever;
This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that Omniscient Power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
Of forces once my own, I 'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling; then,
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.
But now I ask,—nay, turn not, Saladin!—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
From that stern eye, one solitary tear,—

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O, torturing recollection!—one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindness.
Still silent? Brother! friend! beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports!—are they forgotten?—
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life!
Yet, yet thou wilt! O, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face,—thou canst not spurn me then;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—

Saladin.—[*Seizing his hand.*] Brother! brother!

Malek Adhel.—[*Breaking away.*] Now call thy followers;
Death has not now
A single pang in store. Proceed! I 'm ready.

Saladin.—O, art thou ready to forgive, my brother?
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities—

Malek Adhel.—O, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life. I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offenses with his life.
Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go!
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory. [*Going.*]

Saladin.—Thou shalt not. [*Enter Attendant.*]

Attendant.—My lord, the troops assembled by your order

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Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the very guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.

Malek Adhel.—O faithful friends! [*To Attendant.*] Thine shalt.

Attendant.—Mine? Never!
The other first shall lop it from the body.

Saladin.—They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Attendant.—O joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*]

Saladin.—These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature,
Hardened, and rendered callous,—these who claim
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
O, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction. While I,
I, who can not, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered—"Brother!"
And seen that form, like lightning, rush between
Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own,—I could forget

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That 't was to thee I owed the very breath
Which sentenced thee to perish! O, 'tis shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me!
Malek Adhel.—By these tears, I can!
O brother! from this very hour, a new,
A glorious life commences! I am all thine!
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever!

EXERCISE CXLIX.

A WINTER WALK.

COWPER.

1. The night was Winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now, at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendor of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And, through the trees, I view the embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches over-arch the glade.

2. The roof, though movable through all its length,
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall

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The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests, he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.

3. Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but incumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

4. Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates, and, through labyrinths and wilds
Of error, leads them by a tune entranced;
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice,
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.

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5. But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there and truth,
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

6. What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man!
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
And, in the constancy of Nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See naught to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual Sun,
How would the world admire? But speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle; but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.

7. Where now the vital energy that moved,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and the icy touch
Of unprolific Winter has impressed;
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind

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Makes wint'ry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And, more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.

8. Then, each in its peculiar honors clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; syringa, ivory pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
And of a humbler growth, the other tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighboring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament; yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all;
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odors, early and late;
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; mezerion, too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;
Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her blossoms; and, luxuriant above all,
The jasmin, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.

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EXERCISE CL.

CREATION, THE PRODUCT OF DIVINE GOODNESS.

BLAIR.

1. Creation is a display of Supreme goodness, no less than of wisdom and power. It is the communication of numberless benefits, together with existence, to all who live. Justly is the earth said to be "full of the goodness of the Lord." Throughout the whole system of things, we behold a manifest tendency to promote the benefit either of the rational, or the animal creation. In some parts of nature, this tendency may be less obvious than in others.

2. Objects which to us seem useless or hurtful, may sometimes occur; and strange it were, if in so vast and complicated a system, difficulties of this kind should not occasionally present themselves to beings whose views are so narrow and limited as ours. It is well known that in proportion as the knowledge of nature has increased among men, these difficulties have diminished. Satisfactory accounts have been given of many perplexing appearances. Useful and proper purposes have been found to be promoted by objects which were, at first, thought unprofitable or noxious.

3. Malignant must be the mind of that person; with a distorted eye he must have contemplated creation, who can suspect that it is not the production of Infinite Benignity and Goodness. How many clear marks of benevolent intention appear, everywhere around us! What a profusion of beauty and ornament is poured forth on the face of nature! What a magnificent spectacle presented to the view of man! What supply contrived for his wants! What a variety of objects set before him, to gratify his senses, to employ his understanding, to entertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his heart! Indeed, the very existence of the universe is a standing memorial of the goodness of the Creator. For nothing except goodness could originally prompt creation.

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4. The Supreme Being, self-existent and all-sufficient, had no wants which he could seek to supply. No new accession of felicity or glory was to result to him from creatures which he made. It was goodness communicating and pouring itself forth, goodness delighting to impart happiness in all its forms, which in the beginning created the heaven and the earth. Hence, those innumerable orders of living creatures with which the earth is peopled; from the lowest class of sensitive being, to the highest rank of reason and intelligence. Wherever there is life, there is some degree of happiness; there are enjoyments suited to the different powers of feeling; and earth, and air, and water, are, with magnificent liberality, made to teem with life.

5. Let those striking displays of Creating Goodness call forth, on our part, responsive love, gratitude and veneration. To this great Father of all existence and life, to Him who hath raised us up to behold the light of day, and to enjoy all the comforts which his world presents, let our hearts send forth a perpetual hymn of praise. Evening and morning let us celebrate Him who maketh the morning and the evening to rejoice over our heads; who "openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

6. Let us rejoice that we are brought into a world which is the production of Infinite Goodness, and over which a Supreme Intelligence presides. Convinced that he hateth not the works which he hath made, nor hath brought creatures into existence, merely to suffer unnecessary pain, let us, even in the midst of sorrow, receive, with calm submission, whatever he is pleased to send: thankful for what he bestows, and satisfied, that, without good reason, he takes nothing away.

7. It is not in the tremendous appearances of power, merely, that a good and well-instructed man beholds the Creator of the world. In the constant and regular working of his hands, in the silent operations of his wisdom and goodness, ever going on throughout nature, he delights to contemplate and adore him. This is one of the chief fruits to be derived from that more per-

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fect knowledge of the Creator, which is imparted to us by the Christian revelation.

8. Impressing our minds with a just sense of all his attributes, as not wise and great only, but as gracious, and merciful, let it lead us to view every object of calm and undisturbed nature, with a perpetual reference to its Author. We shall then behold all the scenes which the heavens and the earth present, with more refined feelings, and sublimer emotions, than they who regard them solely as objects of curiosity, or amusement. Nature will appear animated, and enlivened, by the presence of its Author.

9. When the sun rises or sets in the heavens, when spring paints the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its fruits, or winter returns to its awful forms, we shall view the Creator manifesting himself in his works. We shall meet his presence in the fields. We shall feel his influence in the cheering beam. We shall hear his voice in the wind. We shall behold ourselves everywhere surrounded with the glory of that universal Spirit who fills, pervades, and upholds all. We shall live in the world as in a great and august temple; where the presence of the Divinity, who inhabits it, inspires devotion.

EXERCISE CLI.

LABOR AND REST.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1. To oppose the devastations of Famine who scattered the ground everywhere with carcasses, Labor came down upon earth. Labor was the son of Necessity, the nursling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun: he had the implements of husbandry in one hand, with which

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he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure.

2. He called out with a rough voice,—"Mortals! see here the power to whom you are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures, and for all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of Rest, an impotent and deceitful goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either Famine or Disease, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.

3. "Awake, therefore, to the call of Labor. I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air its fowls, and the forest its beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth, and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies, by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you shall fell the oak, and divide rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure."

4. Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered Labor as their only friend, and hasted to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and showed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees: and nothing was seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded storehouses.

5. Thus Labor and his followers added, every hour, new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw Famine gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till, at last, amid their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of Lassitude who was known by her sunk eyes and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning; at

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every groan, the hearts of all those that beheld her, lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and the instruments of labor fell from their grasp.

6. Shocked with this horrid phantom, they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the solicitations of Labor, and began to wish again for the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of Rest, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. Rest had not left the world; they quickly found her, and, to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which Labor had procured them.

7. Rest, therefore, took leave of the groves and valleys which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottoes, with cascades playing before her. There was, indeed, always something wanting to complete her felicity, and she could never lull her returning fugitives to that serenity which they knew before their engagements with Labor; nor was her dominion entirely without control, for she was obliged to share it with Luxury, though she always looked upon her as a false friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroyed, while it seemed to be promoted.

8. The two soft associates, however, reigned for some time without visible disagreement, till, at last, Luxury betrayed her charge, and let in Disease to seize upon her worshipers. Rest then flew away, and left the place to the usurpers, who employed all their arts to fortify themselves in their possession, and to strengthen the interest of each other.

9. Rest had not always the same enemy; in some places she escaped the incursions of Disease; but had her residence invaded by a more slow and subtle intruder, for very frequently, when every thing was composed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, nor danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, Satiety would

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enter with a languishing and repining look, and throw herself upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of Rest.

10. No sooner was she seated than a general gloom spread itself on every side; the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves, and shut up their odors. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about, they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

11. Rest had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to Luxury who promised by her arts to drive Satiety away; and others that were more wise, or had more fortitude, went back again to Labor, by whom they were, indeed, protected from Satiety, but delivered up in time to Lassitude, and forced by her to the bowers of Rest.

12. Thus Rest and Labor equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful, and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. Labor saw the riches which he had given, always carried away as an offering to Rest, and Rest found her votaries, in every exigence, flying from her to beg help of Labor. They, therefore, at last, determined upon an interview in which they agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promised to guard the frontiers of each other, so that, whenever hostilities were attempted, Satiety should be intercepted by Labor, and Lassitude expelled by Rest.

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EXERCISE CLII.

1. MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, the chief of Roman orators, was born at Arpinum, a small town south-east of Rome, B. C. 106, and died, through the instigation of Mark Antony, by the hand of a man whom he had once, it is said, successfully defended in a trial for some serious offense.

2. AR E THU'SA, in the old Greek Mythology, is one of the nymphs attending upon the goddess Diana. Being pursued by the river god, Alpheus, and unable to elude his grasp, she was changed by Diana into a fountain. In this form, the story says, she continued her flight under ground and through the sea, from Elis, in Greece, to the island of Ortygia, at Syracuse, being still followed by Alpheus.

3. THE SICILIAN MUSES referred to, in the following piece, are those addressed by Virgil, in his celebrated Eclogue, entitled Pollio, which thus begins:—"*Ye Sicilian Muses, let us sing of somewhat loftier themes,*" etc. They are called Sicilian, because of their being supposed to preside over pastoral poetry,—that in which Theocritus, the celebrated Sicilian poet, chiefly excelled.

4. AR CHIM E'DES, the most celebrated mathematician of antiquity, was born in Syracuse, in Sicily, about the year 287, B. C. A number of his works are still extant. He it was who detected the mixture of silver with gold in King Hiero's crown, by comparing the quantity of water displaced by equal weights of gold and silver. The method of detecting the fraud occurred to him while bathing; whereupon he rushed forth from the bath, undressed as he was, crying aloud,—EUREKA! EUREKA! *I have found it! I have found it!*

VISIT OF CICERO TO THE GRAVE OF ARCHIMEDES.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

1. While Cicero was quæstor in Sicily,—the first public office which he ever held, and the only one to which he was then eligible, being but just thirty years old, (for the Roman laws required for one of the humblest of the great offices of state the very same age which our American Constitution requires for one of the highest,)—he paid a visit to Syracuse, then among the greatest cities of the world.

2. The magistrates of the city, of course, waited on him at once, to offer their services in showing him the lions of the

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place, and requested him to specify any thing which he would like particularly to see. Doubtless, they supposed that he would ask immediately to be conducted to some one of their magnificent temples, that he might behold and admire those splendid works of art with which, (notwithstanding that Marcellus had made it his glory to carry not a few of them away with him for the decoration of the Imperial City,) Syracuse still abounded, and which soon after tempted the cupidity, and fell a prey to the rapacity of the infamous Verres.

3. Or, haply, they may have thought that he would be curious to see and examine the ear of Dionysius, as it was called,—a huge cavern, cut out of the solid rock in the shape of a human ear, two hundred and fifty feet long, and eighty feet high, in which that execrable tyrant confined all persons who came within the range of his suspicion,—and which was so ingeniously contrived and constructed, that Dionysius, by applying his own ear to a small hole, where the sounds were collected as upon a tympanum, could catch every syllable that was uttered in the cavern below, and could deal out his proscription and his vengeance, accordingly, upon all who might dare to dispute his authority, or to complain of his cruelty.

4. Or they may have imagined, perhaps, that he would be impatient to visit at once the sacred fountain of Arethusa,[2] and the seat of those Sicilian Muses[3] whom Virgil so soon after invoked in commencing that most inspired of all uninspired compositions, which Pope has so nobly paraphrased in his glowing and glorious Eclogue,—the Messiah. To their great astonishment, however, Cicero's first request was, that they would take him to see the tomb of *Archimedes*.[4] To his own still greater astonishment, as we may well believe, they told him in reply, that they knew nothing about the tomb of Archimedes, and had no idea where it was to be found, and they even positively denied that any such tomb was still remaining among them.

5. But Cicero understood perfectly well what he was talking about. He remembered the exact description of the tomb. He remembered the very verses which had been inscribed on it.

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He remembered the sphere and the cylinder which Archimedes had himself requested to have wrought upon it, as the chosen emblems of his eventful life. And the great orator forthwith resolved to make search for it himself.

6. Accordingly, he rambled out into the place of their ancient sepulchers, and, after a careful investigation, he came, at last, to a spot overgrown with shrubs and bushes, where presently he descried the top of a small column just rising above the branches. Upon this little column the sphere and the cylinder were at length found carved, the inscription was painfully deciphered, and the tomb of Archimedes stood revealed to the reverent homage of the illustrious Roman quæstor.

7. This was in the year 76 before the birth of our Savior. Archimedes died about the year 212 before Christ. One hundred and thirty-six years only had thus elapsed, since the death of this celebrated person, before his tombstone was buried up beneath briers and brambles, and before the place and even the existence of it were forgotten by the magistrates of the very city of which he was so long the proudest ornament in peace, and the most effective defender in war.

8. What a lesson to human pride, what a commentary on human gratitude, was here! It is an incident almost precisely like that which the admirable and venerable Dr. Watts imagined or imitated, as the topic of one of his most striking and familiar Lyrics:—

Theron, among his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward as he went,
He traced a ruined monument.
Mold, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet ere he passed, with much ado,
He guessed, and spelled out, Sci-pi-o.
"Enough," he cried; "I 'll drudge no more
In turning the dull stoics o'er;
* * * * * * *
For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,

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I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes."

9. I do not learn, however, that Cicero was cured of his eager vanity and his insatiate love of fame by this "turn" among the Syracusan tombs. He was then only just at the threshold of his proud career, and he went back to pursue it to its bloody end, with unabated zeal, and with an ambition only extinguishable with his life.

10. And, after all, how richly, how surpassingly, was this local ingratitude and neglect made up to the memory of Archimedes himself, by the opportunity which it afforded to the greatest orator of the greatest empire of antiquity, to signalize his appreciation and his admiration of that wonderful genius, by going out personally into the ancient grave-yards of Syracuse, and with the robes of office in their newest gloss around him, to search for his tomb and to do honor to his ashes! The greatest orator of Imperial Rome anticipating the part of Old Mortality upon the grave-stone of the great mathematician and mechanic of antiquity! This, surely, is a picture for mechanics in all ages to contemplate with a proud satisfaction and delight.

EXERCISE CLIII.

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. Hark! how the furnace pants and roars!
Hark! how the molten metal pours,
As, bursting from its iron doors,
It glitters in the sun!
Now through the ready mold it flows,
Seething and hissing as it goes,
And filling every crevice up,
As the red vintage fills the cup:
Hurrah! the work is done!

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2. Unswathe him now. Take off each stay
That binds him to his couch of clay,
And let him struggle into day;
Let chain and pulley run,
With yielding crank and steady rope,
Until he rise from rim to cope,
In rounded beauty, ribbed in strength,
Without a flaw in all his length:
Hurrah! the work is done!

3. The clapper on his giant side,
Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,
For birth, or death, or new-year-tide,
Or festival begun!
A nation's joy alone shall be
The signal for his revelry;
And for a nation's woes alone
His melancholy tongue shall moan:
Hurrah! the work is done!

4. Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,
His long loud summons shall we hear,
When statesmen to their country dear
Their mortal race have run;
When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
And patriots sleep the sleep of death,
Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
And peal a requiem o'er their tomb:
Hurrah! the work is done!

5. Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
And dare invade us where we stand,
Fast by the altars of our land
We'll gather every one;
And he shall ring the loud alarm,
To call the multitudes to arm,

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From distant field and forest brown,
And teeming alleys of the town:
Hurrah! the work is done!

6. And, as the solemn boom they hear,
Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
Laid by to rust for many a year,
And to the struggle run;
Young men shall leave their toils or books,
Or turn to swords their pruning-hooks;
And maids have sweetest smiles for those
Who battle with their country's foes:
Hurrah! the work is done!

7. And, when the cannon's iron throat
Shall bear the news to dells remote,
And trumpet-blast resound the note,
That victory is won;
While down the wind the banner drops,
And bonfires blaze on mountain-tops,
His sides shall glow with fierce delight,
And ring glad peals from morn to night:
Hurrah! the work is done!

8. But of such themes forbear to tell.
May never War awake this bell
To sound the tocsin or the knell!
Hushed be the alarum gun!
Sheathed be the sword! and may his voice
Call up the nations to rejoice
That War his tattered flag has furled,
And vanished from a wiser world!
Hurrah! the work is done!

9. Still may he ring when struggles cease,
Still may he ring for joy's increase,
For progress in the arts of peace,
And friendly trophies won!

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When rival nations join their hands,
When plenty crowns the happy lands,
When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
And freedom reigns o'er all the earth!
Hurrah! the work is done!

EXERCISE CLIV.

GENIUS SLUMBERING.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

1. He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame
That once in transport drew his spirit on.
He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

2. And yet, not all forgotten, sleeps he there;
There are who still remember how he bore
Upward his daring pinions, till the air
Seemed living with the crown of light he wore;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

3. He sleeps,—and yet, around the sightless eye
And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays;
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
There hovers still the light of other days;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

4. He will not sleep for ever, but will rise
Fresh to more daring labors; now, even now,
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
The gathered slumber leaves his lifted brow;
From his half-opened eye, in fuller beams,
His wakened spirit streams.

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5. Yes, he will break his sleep; the spell is gone;
The deadly charm departed; see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
(—) Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing;
The goal is still before him, and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.

6. He rushes forth to conquer: shall they take—
(<) They, who, with feebler pace, still kept their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,
Now he renews the race, the victor's bay?
Still let them strive,—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right.

7. The spirit can not always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal; they may try
To darken and degrade it; it may rust
Dimly awhile, but can not wholly die;
And, when it wakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

EXERCISE CLV.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

1. Night, stern, eternal, and alone,
Girded with solemn silence round,
Majestic on his starless throne,
Sat brooding o'er the vast profound;
And there unbroken darkness lay,
Deeper than that which vails the tomb,
While circling ages wheeled away
Unnoted 'mid the voiceless gloom.

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2. Then moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening Spirit of the Lord,
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the everlasting Word!
"Let there be light!" and listening earth,
With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
"In the beginning" sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

3. Then, in his burning track, the sun
Trod onward to his joyous noon,
And in the heavens, one by one,
Clustered the stars around the moon,—
In glory bathed, the radiant day
Wore, like a king, his crown of light,—
And, girdled by the "Milky Way,"
How queenly looked the star-gemmed night!

4. Bursting from choirs celestial, rang
Triumphantly the notes of song;
The morning-stars together sang
In concert with the heavenly throng;
And earth, enraptured, caught the strain
That thrilled along her fields of air,
Till every mountain-top and plain
Flung back an answering echo there!

5. Creator! let thy Spirit shine
The darkness of our souls within,
And lead us by thy grace divine
From the forbidden paths of sin;
And may that voice which bade the earth
From Chaos and the realms of Night,
From doubt and darkness call us forth
To God's own liberty and light!

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6. Thus, made partakers of thy love,
The baptism of the Spirit ours,
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
Renewed in purposes and powers;
And songs of joy again shall ring
Triumphant through the arch of heaven,—
The glorious songs which angels sing,
Exulting over souls forgiven!

EXERCISE CLVI.

SPEECHES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

1. The speeches of Daniel Webster have a value and interest apart from the time and occasion of their delivery; for they are store-houses of thought and knowledge. The speaker descends to no rhetorical tricks and shifts, he indulges in no parade of ornament. A self-sustained intellectual might is impressed on every page. He rarely confounds the processes of reason and imagination, even in those popular discourses intended to operate on large assemblies. He betrays no appetite for applause, no desire to win attention by the brisk life and momentary sparkle of flashing declamation.

2. Earnestness, solidity of judgment, elevation of sentiment, broad and generous views of national policy, and a massive strength of expression, characterize all his works. We feel, in reading them, that he is a man of principles, not a man of expedients; that he never adopts opinions without subjecting them to stern tests; and that he recedes from them only at the bidding of reason and experience. He never seems to be playing a part, but always acting a life.

3. The ponderous strength of his powers strikes us not more forcibly than the broad individuality of the man. Were we unacquainted with the history of his life, we could almost

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infer it from his works. Every thing in his productions indicates the character of a person who has struggled fiercely against obstacles, who has developed his faculties by strenuous labor, who has been a keen and active observer of man and nature, and who has been disciplined in the affairs of the world. There is a manly simplicity and clearness in his mind, and a rugged energy in his feelings, which preserve him from all the affectations of literature and society.

4. He is great by original constitution. What nature originally gave to him, nature has to some extent developed, strengthened, and stamped with her own signature. We never consider him as a mere debater, a mere scholar, or a mere statesman; but as a strong, sturdy, earnest man. The school and the college could not fashion him into any foreign shape, because they worked on materials too hard to yield easily to conventional molds.

5. The impression of power we obtain from Webster's productions,—a power not merely of the brain, but of the heart and physical temperament, a power resulting from the mental and bodily constitution of the whole man,—is the source of his hold upon our respect and admiration. We feel that, under any circumstances, in any condition of social life, and at almost any period of time, his great capacity would have been felt and acknowledged.

6. He does not appear, like many eminent men, to be more peculiarly calculated for his own age than for any other,—to possess faculties and dispositions which might have rusted in obscurity, had circumstances been less propitious. We are sure that, as an old baron of the feudal time, as an early settler of New England, as a pioneer in the Western forests, he would have been a Warwick, a Standish, or a Boon. His childhood was passed in a small country village, where the means of education were scanty, and at a period when the country was rent with civil dissensions.

7. A large majority of those who are called educated men have been surrounded by all the implements and processes of

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instruction; but Webster won his education by battling against difficulties. "A dwarf behind a steam-engine can remove mountains; but no dwarf can how them down with a pick-ax, and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms." Every step in that long journey, by which the son of the New Hampshire farmer has obtained the highest rank in social and political life, has been one of strenuous effort. The space is crowded with incidents, and tells of obstacles sturdily met and fairly overthrown. His life and his writings seem to bear testimony, that he can perform whatever he strenuously attempts.

8. His words never seem disproportioned to his strength. Indeed, he rather gives the impression that he has powers and impulses in reserve, to be employed when the occasion for their exercise may arise. In many of his speeches, not especially pervaded by passion, we perceive strength, indeed, but strength "half-leaning on his own right arm." He has never yet been placed in circumstances where the full might of his nature, in all its depth of understanding, fiery vehemence of sensibility, and adamantine strength of will, have been brought to bear on any one object, and strained to their utmost.

9. We have referred to Webster's productions as being eminently national. Every one familiar with them will bear out the statement. In fact, the most hurried glance at his life would prove, that, surrounded as he has been from his youth by American influences, it could hardly be otherwise. His earliest recollections must extend nearly to the feelings and incidents of the Revolution. His whole life since that period has been passed in the country of his birth, and his fame and honors are all closely connected with American feelings and institutions.

10. His works all refer to the history, the policy, the laws, the government, the social life, and the destiny, of his own land. They bear little resemblance, in their tone and spirit, to productions of the same class on the other side of the Atlantic. They have come from the heart and understanding of one into whose very nature the life of his country has passed.

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Without taking into view the influences to which his youth and early manhood were subjected, so well calculated to inspire a love for the very soil of his nativity, and to mold his mind into accordance with what is best and noblest in the spirit of our institutions, his position has been such as to lead him to survey objects from an American point of view.

11. His patriotism has become part of his being. Deny him that, and you deny the authorship of his works. It has prompted the most majestic flights of his eloquence. It has given intensity to his purposes, and lent the richest glow to his genius. It has made his eloquence a language of the heart, felt and understood over every portion of the land it consecrates. On Plymouth Rock, on Bunker's Hill, at Mount Vernon, by the tombs of Hamilton, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Jay, we are reminded of Daniel Webster.

12. He has done what no national poet has yet succeeded in doing,—associated his own great genius with all in our country's history and scenery which makes us rejoice that we are Americans. Over all those events in our history which are heroical, he has cast the hues of strong feeling and vivid imagination. He can not stand on one spot of ground, hallowed by liberty or religion, without being kindled by the genius of the place; he can not mention a name, consecrated by self-devotion and patriotism, without doing it eloquent homage. Seeing clearly, and feeling deeply, he makes us see and feel with him.

13. That scene of the landing of the Pilgrims, in which his imagination conjures up the forms and emotions of our New England ancestry, will ever live in the national memory. We see, with him, the "little bark, with the interesting group on its deck, make its slow progress to the shore." We feel, with him, "the cold which benumbed," and listen, with him, "to the winds which pierced them." Carver, and Bradford, and Standish, and Brewster, and Allerton, look out upon us from the pictured page, in all the dignity with which virtue and freedom invest their martyrs; and we see, too, "chilled and shivering

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childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast," till our own blood almost freezes.

14. The readiness with which the orator compels our sympathies to follow his own is again illustrated in the orations at Bunker Hill, and in the discourse in honor of Adams and Jefferson. In reading them, we feel a new pride in our country, and in the great men and great principles it has cherished. The mind feels an unwonted elevation, and the heart is stirred with emotions of more than common depth, by their majesty and power.

15. Some passages are so graphic and true that they seem gifted with a voice, and to speak to us from the page they illumine. The intensity of feeling with which they are pervaded rises at times from confident hope to prophecy, and lifts the soul as with wings. In that splendid close to a remarkable passage in the oration on Adams and Jefferson, what American does not feel assured, with the orator, that their fame will be immortal?

16. "Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record to their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, molder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains; for with AMERICAN LIBERTY it rose, and with AMERICAN LIBERTY ONLY can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, 'THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE, BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.' I catch the solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, 'THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.'"

17. Throughout the speeches of Mr. Webster we perceive this national spirit. He has meditated so deeply on the history, the formation, and the tendencies of our institutions; he is so well acquainted with the conduct and opinions of every statesman who has affected the policy of the government; and has become so thoroughly imbued with the national character, that his sympathies naturally flow in national channels, and

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have their end and object in the land of his birth and culture. His motto is,—"Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." It is the alpha and omega of his political alphabet. It is felt in his blood, and "felt along his heart." It is twined with all his early recollections, with the acts of his life, with his hopes, his ambition, and his fame.

EXERCISE CLVII.

THE EARTH ADAPTED TO THE NATURE OF MAN.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. The universe may be considered as the palace in which the Deity resides; and the earth as one of its apartments. In this, all the meaner races of animated nature mechanically obey him; and stand ready to execute his commands without hesitation. Man alone is found refractory; he is the only being endued with a power of contradicting these mandates.

2. The Deity was pleased to exert superior power of creating him a superior being; a being endued with a choice of good and evil; and capable, in some measure, of co-operating with his own intentions. Man, therefore, may be considered as a limited creature, endued with powers imitative of those residing in the Deity. He is thrown into a world that stands in need of his help; and he has been granted a power of producing harmony from partial confusion.

3. If, therefore, we consider the earth as allotted for our habitation, we shall find, that much has been given us to enjoy, and much to amend; that we have ample reasons for our gratitude, and many for our industry. In those great outlines of nature, to which art can not reach, and where our greatest efforts must have been ineffectual, God himself has finished every thing with amazing grandeur and beauty.

4. Our beneficent Father has considered these parts of nature

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as peculiarly his own; as parts which no creature could have skill or strength to amend; and he has, therefore, made them incapable of alteration, or of more perfect regularity. The heavens and the firmament show the wisdom and the glory of the Workman. Astronomers who are best skilled in the symmetry of systems, can find nothing they can alter for the better. God made these perfect, because no subordinate being could correct their defects.

5. When, therefore, we survey nature on this side, nothing can be more splendid, more correct, or amazing. We there behold a Deity residing in the midst of a universe, infinitely extended every way, animating all, and cheering the vacuity with his presence. We behold an immense and shapeless mass of matter, formed into worlds by his power, and dispersed at intervals, to which even the imagination can not travel. In this great theater of his glory, a thousand suns, like our own, animate their respective systems, appearing and vanishing at Divine command.

6. We behold our own bright luminary, fixed in the center of its system, wheeling its planets in times proportioned to their distances, and at once dispensing light, heat, and action. The earth, also, is seen with its twofold motion; producing by the one, the change of seasons; and, by the other, the grateful vicissitudes of day and night. With what silent magnificence is all this performed! with what seeming ease! The works of art are exerted with interrupted force, and their noisy progress discovers the obstructions they receive; but the earth, with a silent, steady rotation, successively presents every part of its bosom to the sun; at once imbibing nourishment and light from that parent of vegetation and fertility.

7. But not only provisions of light and heat are thus supplied; the whole surface of the earth is covered with a transparent atmosphere that turns with its motion, and guards it from external injury. The rays of the sun are thus broken into a genial warmth; and, while the surface is assisted, a gentle heat is produced in the bowels of the earth, which contributes

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to cover it with verdure. Waters, also, are supplied, in healthful abundance, to support life, and assist vegetation. Mountains rise, to diversify the prospect, and give a current to the stream. Seas extend from one continent to the other, replenished with animals that may be turned to human support; and, also, serving to enrich the earth with a sufficiency of vapor. Breezes fly along the surface of the fields, to promote health and vegetation. The coolness of the evening invites to rest; and the freshness of the morning renews for labor.

8. Such are the delights of the habitation that has been assigned to man: without any one of these, he must have been wretched; and none of these could his own industry have supplied. But while, on the one hand, many of his wants are thus kindly furnished, there are, on the other, numberless inconveniences to excite his industry. This habitation, though provided with all the conveniences of air, pasturage, and water, is but a desert place, without human cultivation. The lowest animal finds more conveniences in the wilds of nature, than he who boasts himself their lord.

9. The whirlwind, the inundation, and all the asperities of the air, are peculiarly terrible to man who knows their consequences, and, at a distance, dreads their approach. The earth itself, where human art has not pervaded, puts on a frightful, gloomy appearance. The forests are dark and tangled; the meadows are overgrown with rank weeds; and the brooks stray without a determined channel. Nature that has been kind to every lower order of beings, seems to have been neglectful with regard to him: to the savage, uncontriving man, the earth is an abode of desolation, where his shelter is insufficient, and his food precarious.

10. A world thus furnished with advantages on one side, and inconveniences on the other, is the proper abode of reason, and the fittest to exercise the industry of a free and thinking creature. These evils which art can remedy, and prescience guard against, are a proper call for the exertion of his faculties; and they tend still more to assimilate him to his Creator. God

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beholds, with pleasure, that being which he has made, converting the wretchedness of his natural situation into a theater of triumph; bringing all the headlong tribes of nature into subjection to his will; and producing that order and uniformity upon earth, of which his own heavenly fabric is so bright an example.

EXERCISE CLVIII.

THE MERCY OF AFFLICTION.

JOSEPH WARTON.

1. Bozaldab, Calif of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son, Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

2. Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighboring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence, but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of

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Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe. I will continue in it no longer!"

3. At that moment he furiously raised his hand which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Calif, and said with a majestic smile,—"Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"Look from hence," said the awful conductor; "I am Caloc, the angel of Peace; look from hence into the valley."

4. Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meager and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn, uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of Heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

5. "Inhabitant of Heaven," cried Bozaldab, "suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the angel, "and observe."

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native

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country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

6. "Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practiced?" exclaimed Bozaldab. "Look again," said the angel, "and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise, but abhor; he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

7. The Calif instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajahs of fifty nations, and with embassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than an Houri.

8. "Gracious Allah!—it is my son," cried the Calif—"O, let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canst not grasp an unsub-

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stantial vision," replied the angel: "I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth." "And why," returned Bozaldab, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness. It was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favorite Sultana who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterward married the successor to his throne.

9. "Happy," said Caloc, "is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

10. "It is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience! From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!"

11. "Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees

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not infinitely, perfectly comprehend anything among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember that perfect happiness can not be conferred on a creature, for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

EXERCISE CLIX.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

1. MAINE, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout,
   And from NEW HAMPSHIRE'S granite hights, the echoing peal rings out;
   The mountain farms of stanch VERMONT prolong the thundering call;
   MASSACHUSETTS answers,—"Bunker Hill!" a watchword for us all.
   RHODE ISLAND shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free,
   And staid CONNECTICUT breaks forth in sacred harmony.

2. The giant joy of proud NEW YORK, loud as an earthquake's roar,
   Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore;
   NEW JERSEY, hallowed by their blood, who erst in battle fell,
   At Monmouth's, Princeton's, Trenton's fight, joins in the rapturous swell;

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Wide PENNSYLVANIA, strong as wide, and true as she is strong,
From every hill to valley, pours the torrent tide along.

3. Stand up, stout little DELAWARE, and bid thy volleys roll,
Though least among the old Thirteen, we judge thee by thy soul!
Hark to the voice of MARYLAND! over the broad Chesapeake
Her sons, as valiant as their sires, in cannonadings speak.
VIRGINIA, nurse of Washington, and guardian of his grave,
Now to thine ancient glories turn the faithful and the brave;
We need not hear the bursting cheer this holy day inspires,
To know that, in Columbia's cause, "Virginia never tires."

4. Fresh as the evergreen that waves above her sunny soil,
NORTH CAROLINA shares the bliss, as oft the patriot's toil;
And the land of Sumter, Marion, of Moultrie, Pinckney, must
Respond the cry, or it will rise e'en from their sleeping dust.
And GEORGIA, by the dead who lie along Savannah's bluff,
Full well we love thee, but we ne'er can love thee well enough;
From thy wild northern boundary, to thy green isles of the sea,
Where beat on earth more gallant hearts than now throb high in thee?

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5. On, on, 'cross ALABAMA'S plains, the ever-flowery glades,
To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid Gulf invades;
There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her mightier tide,
Come down the swelling long huzzas from all that valley wide,
As wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high,
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky,
While on the shores and through the swales 'round the vast inland seas,
The stars and stripes, 'midst freemen's songs, are flashing to the breeze.

6. The woodsman, from the mother, takes his boy upon his knee,
To tell him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty;
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside,
To think upon his country's worth, and feel his country's pride;
While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand,
Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free, fertile land.
Yes! when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest,
The Day of Independence rolls still onward to the west,
Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee,
That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic sea.

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7. O God! look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;
Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale,
May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail!
God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun;
"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one!"

EXERCISE CLX.

I.

EVIDENCE OF DESIGN IN THE CREATION.

TILLOTSON.

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground, before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose? And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colors upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they would happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be imagined, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

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II.

CONCORD AND DISCORD.

ISAAC BARROW.

1. How good and pleasant a thing it is, as David saith, for brethren,—and so we are all, at least by nature,—to live together in unity! How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance; how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is, of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And, contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is, to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension: having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret,—the heart boiling with choler, the face ever clouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamor and reproach,—the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions!

2. How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways, overgrown with briers, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snares; to sail steadily, in a quiet, than to be tossed on a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven, smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds or raging with storms! How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain nor clamor, do ever enter, but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord! How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content; and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other.

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III.

SUCCESS.

L. E. LANDON.

Few know of life's beginnings,—men behold
The goal achieved; the warrior, when his sword
Flashes red triumph in the noon-day sun;
The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm;
The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,
And mold opinion on his gifted tongue:
They count not life's first steps, and never think
Upon the many miserable hours,
When hope deferred was sickness to the heart.
They reckon not the battle and the march,
The long privations of a wasted youth;
They never see the banner till unfurled.
What are to them the solitary nights
Passed, pale and anxious, by the sickly lamp,
Till the young poet wins the world at last
To listen to the music long his own?
The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind
That makes their destiny; but they do not trace
Its struggle, or its long expectancy.
Hard are life's early steps; and, but that youth
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
Men would behold its threshold, and despair.

IV.

FEMALE CHARACTER.

JOHN LEDYARD.

1. I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospita-

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ble or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable, in general, to err than man, but, in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise.

2. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.

V.

BOOKS.

CHANNING.

1. It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the hands of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

2. No matter how poor I am. No matter, though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter, and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold, to sing to me of Para-

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dise; and Shakspeare, to open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin, to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

VI.

"GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD!"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1. Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
   Thou art not my friend; and I am not thine:
   Too long through weary crowds I roam :—
   A river ark on the ocean brine,
   Too long I'm tossed like the driven foam;
   But now, proud world, I 'm going home.

2. Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
   To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
   To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
   To supple office, low and high;
   To crowded halls, to court and street,
   To frozen hearts and hasting feet,
   To those who go, and those who come,—
   Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.

3. I go to seek my own hearth-stone
   Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
   A secret nook in a pleasant land,
   Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
   Where arches green, the live-long day
   Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
   And evil men have never trod,—
   A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

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4. O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And, when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

VII.

THE GENTLEMAN.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

1. When you have found a *man*, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You can not make a gold ring out of brass. You can not change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You can not make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits.

2. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

3. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman,—mirror though he was of England's knighthood,—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water, that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described

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a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians:—"Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

VIII.

THE CHANGE.

L. E. LANDON.

1. And this is what is left of youth! . . .
There were two boys who were bred up together,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board;
Each tried the other's sports, from their first chase,
Young hunters of the butterfly, and bee,
To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftness of the bird. They lay beside
The silver trout-stream, watching as the sun
Played on the bubbles; shared each in the store
Of either's garden; and together read
Of him the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun, and a canoe,
Bounded their wishes. Or, if ever came
A thought of future days, 't was but to say
That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain: they parted
With promise of long remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm tears,
Hidden like shame by the young eyes which shed them,
But which are thought upon, in after years,
As what we would give worlds to shed once more.

2. They met again,—but different from themselves,
At least, what each remembered of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles; and the other
Proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill

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And toil which gathered it; each with a brow
And heart alike darkened by years and care,
They met with cold words, and yet colder looks:
Each was changed in himself, and yet each thought
The other only changed, himself the same.
And coldness bred dislike, and rivalry
Came, like the pestilence, o'er some sweet thoughts
That lingered yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word,
Were strangers in their age; if their eyes met,
'T was but to look contempt, and when they spoke,
Their speech was wormwood! . . . .
. . . . And this, *this* is life!

IX.

THE IMMORTALITY OF LITERARY FAME.

LORD BACON.

1. Let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is immortality or continuance; for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families; to this tendeth buildings, foundations, and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame and celebration, and, in effect, the strength of all other humane desires: we see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For, have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years and more, without the loss of a syllable or letter, during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished?

2. It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years. For the originals can not last; and the copies can not but lose of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledge remain in books, exempted from

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the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages.

EXERCISE CLXI.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE USEFUL.

WIELAND.

1. Socrates exhorts the painter and the sculptor to unite the beautiful and the agreeable with the useful; as he encourages the pantomimic dancer to ennoble the pleasure that his art may be capable of giving, and to delight the heart at the same time with the senses. According to the same principle, he must desire every laborer who occupies himself about something necessary, to unite the useful, as much as possible, with the beautiful. But to allow no value for beauty, except where it is useful, is a confusion of ideas.

2. Beauty and grace are undoubtedly united by nature itself with the useful; but they are not, therefore, desirable, because they are useful; but because, from the nature of man, he enjoys a pure pleasure in their contemplation,—a pleasure precisely similar to that which the contemplation of virtue gives; a necessity as imperative for man, as a reasonable being, as food, clothing, and a habitation are for him, as an animal.

3. I say for him, as an animal, because he has much in common with all or most other animals. But neither these animal wants, nor the capability and desire to satisfy them, make him a man. While he procures his food, builds himself a nest, takes to himself a mate, leads his young, fights with any other who would deprive him of his food or take possession of his nest; in all this he acts, so far as it is merely corporal, as an animal.

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4. Merely through the skill and manner in which, as a man, he performs all these animal-like acts, does he distinguish and elevate himself above all other animals, and evince his human nature. For this animal that calls itself man, and this only, has an inborn feeling for beauty and order, has a heart disposed to social communication, to compassion and sympathy, and to an infinite variety of pleasing and beautiful feelings; has a strong tendency to imitate and create, and labors incessantly to improve whatever it has invented or formed.

5. All these peculiarities together separate him essentially from the other animals, render him their lord and master, place earth and ocean in his power, and lead him step by step so high through the nearly illimitable elevation of his capacity for art, that he is, at length, in a condition to remodel nature itself, and, from the materials it affords him, to create a new, and, for his peculiar purpose, a more perfectly adjusted world.

6. The first thing in which man displays this superiority, is in the refining and elevating all the wants, instincts, and functions which he has in common with the animal. The time which this may require does not signify. It is sufficient that he, at length, succeeds; that he no longer depends on mere chance for his maintenance; and the increased security of more abundant and better food leaves him leisure to think of improving the remaining requirements of his life. He invents one art after another; each one increases the security or the pleasure of his existence; and he thus ascends unceasingly from the absolutely necessary to the convenient, from the convenient to the beautiful.

7. The natural society in which he is born, united to the necessity of guarding against the ill consequences of a wide dispersion of the human race, produces, at length, civil establishments and social modes of life. But even then, he has scarcely provided for what is absolutely necessary for the means of inward and outward security, than we see him occupied in a thousand ways in adorning his new condition. Little villages are imperceptibly transformed into great cities, the abodes of

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the arts and of commerce, and the points of union between the various nations of the earth.

8. Man extends himself on all sides, and, in every sense, navigation and trade increase his social relations and occupations, and they multiply the wants and goods of life. Riches and pleasure refine every art of which necessity and want were the parents. Leisure, love of fame, and public encouragement, promote the growth of the sciences; which, by the light they shed upon every object of human life, become again rich sources of new advantages and enjoyments.

9. But in the same degree that man adorns and improves his external condition, are his perceptions developed, also, for moral beauty. He renounces the rough and inhuman customs of the savage, learns to abhor all violent conduct toward his fellows, and accustoms himself to the rules of justice and equity. The various relations of the social state form and fix the notions of respectability and civility; and the desire of making himself agreeable to others, of obtaining their esteem, teaches him to suppress his passions, to conceal his faults, to assume his best appearance, and always to act in the most becoming manner. In a word, his manner improves with his condition.

10. Through all these steps he elevates himself, at length, to the highest degree of perfection of which the mind is capable in the present life, to an enlarged idea of the whole of which he is a part, to the ideal of the beautiful and the good, to wisdom and virtue, and to the adoration of the inscrutable First Cause, the universal Father of all, to recognize and perform whose laws is, at the same time, his greatest privilege, his first duty, and his purest pleasure.

11. All this we may at once call the advancement of human nature. And now may every one answer for himself the question,—Would man have made that advance, if the inborn feeling for the beautiful and the becoming had remained in him inactive? Take it away, and all the effects of his formative power, all the memorials of his greatness, all the riches of na-

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ture and art, in the possession of which he has placed himself, vanish; he sinks back into the merely animal rank of the stupid and insensible natives of Australia, and with him nature, also, sinks into barbarism and chaotic deformity.

12. What are all the steps by which man advances himself by degrees toward perfection but refinements?—refinements in his wants, modes of living, his clothing, dwelling, furniture?—refinements of his mind and his heart, of his sentiments and his passions, of his language, morals, customs, and pleasures? What an advance from the first hut to a palace of Palladio!*—from the canoe of a Caribbean to a ship of the line!—from the three rude idols, as the Bœotians, in the olden time, represented their protecting goddesses, to the Graces of Praxiteles!†—from a village of the Hottentots or wild Indians to a city like London!—from the ornaments of a female of New Zealand to a splendid dress of a Sultana!—from the language of a native of Tahiti to that of a Homer, a Virgil, and a Milton!

13. Through what innumerable degrees of refinement must man and his works have proceeded, before they had placed this almost immeasurable distance behind them! The love of embellishment and refinement, and the dissatisfaction with a lower degree as soon as a higher has been recognized, are the only true and most simple motives by which man has advanced to what we see him. Every people who have become civilized are a proof of this principle; and, if any such are to be found, who, without peculiar physical or moral hindrances, continue in the same state of unimprovability, or betray a complete want of impulse to improvement, we must needs consider them rather as a sort of human animals than as actually men of our race and species.

* One of the greatest architects of modern Italy.

† See Note, page 430.

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EXERCISE CLXII.

THE WORTH OF LIBERTY.

HENRY GILES.

1. What is liberty worth? Liberty is worth whatever the best civilization is worth. The best civilization, even if we confine our idea of it to physical advantages, is not that in which these advantages are greatest in specific accumulations, but that in which they are greatest in general distribution; not that in which they are monopolized by the few, but that in which they are shared by the many; not that in which one man has luxuries and ninety-nine men are wretched, but that in which the hundred have adequate support, that in which, if some have more than moderation, few have less.

2. But how is such a distribution to be secured? Not by formal methods. The end will be most surely obtained by interfering as little as can be with the laws of nature; giving the individual confidence that he shall have what he can produce, thus inspiring him, at the same time, with a feeling of self-interest, as well as self-restraint; giving him the experience that the community returns to him good immeasurably beyond the value of any thing which it takes from him; thus associating, in his conviction, the identity of personal security with social order.

3. But it is not physical advantages, merely, that liberty, wide, generous liberty, most creates, and most distributes; but whatever belongs to the higher nature of man, and the truest greatness of a state; whatever gives dignity to the one, whatever is fairest and noblest, whatever is most vital and most exalting in the other.

4. That is not the best civilization, therefore, which regards men as masses, but that which regards them as individuals. It is not that which can use them in multitudes to accomplish huge works, at which futurity may wonder, but in which these multitudes have no interest themselves; it is not that which

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can use them as armies, without personal choice or civic need, to be sacrificed by thousands in gigantic and grim idolatry to the bloody vanity of empire and of conquest.

5. This is all consistent enough with despotism; it is not at all consistent with freedom. There is nothing which is of imposing magnitude, nothing of mere physical aggrandizement, which despotism may not achieve, nay, most rapidly achieve. But this is not a genuine civilization. Despotism may build up mighty cities, but it does not build up a noble people; despotism may erect lofty pillars and pyramids, but it does not erect a lofty manhood; it may cut roads across mountains, and carry water over valleys, but it does not make highways upon which knowledge may run to and fro, nor send streams of comfort and virtue to men's hearts and homes.

6. Liberty, especially liberty with the Gospel, does the latter first; and, in good time, it does the former also. I repeat it, the best civilization is that which respects the individual; that which shelters his home; that which gives him a sphere for his industry, and secures to him the fruits of it; that which protects him from bodily want and mental degradation; that which provides for him the means of intellectual and spiritual improvement, of intellectual and spiritual enjoyment.

7. For what does it benefit me, that wealth and splendor are around me while my days succeed each other in toil without reward, and in wretchedness without hope? What is the benefit to me, that men breathe the same air as I do, whose names are emblazoned by renown, while I am denied even a chance of the most ordinary human privileges?

8. What is the benefit to me, that the nation in which I have little but existence, is stupendous in its power, terrible in its grandeur, august in the midst of the world, glorious in the triumphs of arms, enriched by the spoils of empires, proud in the lore of ages, in the discoveries of science, in the adornments of art,—if I am lost in the blaze of this light, if I am crushed under the weight of this glory, if I am reduced merely to a thing of muscle and appetite, if, from the gross and dreary

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blackness of poverty and ignorance I never can emerge, to know the dignity of thought, to feel the joy of beauty?

9. Nor are the finest meanings in the life of man only thus hidden from me, but the finest meanings, likewise, in the works of God. For me the flower springs in vain; in vain the streams sing along in music; in vain the garden of the forest blooms; to me the mountain is merely a heap of earth, the cloud a senseless vapor, the torrent an empty noise, the ocean a boundless obstruction, the heavens a collection of glimmering sparks; blind in my intellect, vacant in my imagination, insensate in my feelings, my eyes have no true sight, my ears have no true hearing, my heart has no inspired emotions, the vastness or the fairness of the universe is not mine; and, in the midst of it all, I crawl imprisoned in slime and gloom.

10. Ask for the achievements of liberty,—some will lead you to legislatures, and point you to its assembled representatives. Some will take you to its battle-grounds, tell you the story of its struggles, and show you with pride the sublimity of its monuments. Some will go with you to the arsenal and the fortress, direct your attention to the ship of war, silent in the harbor, but in which thunder sleeps, which a touch can awake at the stealthiest approach of danger.

11. Some, not thus warlike, will rather refer you to the dark forests of merchant vessels that lie before you, which are winged messengers for the exchange of riches with every climate of earth. Some, actuated by vanity, will conduct you through the finer parts of cities, where you are lost in the majesty of private palaces, or dazzled amid the splendor of fashionable stores. Some, devoted to money, will explain to you the beauty of the new Exchange; enlarge on the architecture of the leading banks; from solidity of structure pass on to solidity of capital; become eloquent on the price of stocks, and warm to rapture in the ecstasy of cent. per cent.

12. Not, however, to the turmoil of cities, but to the quiet of the country will I take my way to seek for the noblest doings of liberty. From an elevated spot I will gaze around

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on the serene landscape, watch the cattle that cover the hills, follow the husbandman as he guides the plow, and turns up the soil he owns. I will descend into the mechanic's shop, and converse with the occupant, intelligent, industrious, and independent. I will go here and there, into cleanly dwellings, each giving signs of peace and comfort, none of squalor or starvation.

13. I will linger through the village; I will stop on the plot before the common school, and refresh the spirit of fatigued maturity by watching for awhile the gambols of rosy and laughing childhood; I will venture, as I pass, to enter the academy, and there survey the studious diligence of brave boys and blushing girls. If there be a town meeting, I will pause for a time, and listen to homely, but unshackled legislation, which provides support for the poor, instruction for the young, and supply for such other matters as concern the general welfare of the community.

14. The church, new or old, as I go by it, carries me back to other days; it transports me, also, to the future and the skies; I feel the presence of God in its silence, and around it an atmosphere of holiness and of the Sabbath. In the greenwood shade beyond, I find the colleges of an enlightened university, where youth that thirst for knowledge may have it abundantly and generously. Yes, industry, plenty, education, learning, religion,—these are to me the holiest triumphs of liberty; and for these I most hail it, and most for these I love it.

15. Civilization such as this is the civilization of peace. It is sown in peace, it grows in peace, and in peace alone it can fully ripen. War in its best, in its most defensible existence, interrupts such civilization, and obstructs it; war, in its noblest form, is not in the region of the higher sentiments, or of true reason, but simply in the region of the instincts. The bravest warriors will admit this; they know that, if men were guided by pure sentiment and true reason, the occupation of the warrior would be gone; and the most experienced of soldiers will be readiest to make the confession.

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16. Yet, until men advance so far as to feel pure sentiment and true reason as motives, and to subject and subordinate instinct to their supremacy, we must still be just to the nobler instincts in man, even though they be but instincts. A despot may use the instinct of fight, which man has in common with all other animals, for his tyrannic will. His instinct may act in obedience to the most servile cowardice, to the most brutalized habit. Ignorance, poverty, despair, are the best of recruiting sergeants.

17. But, then, there are cases, when this instinct, of itself, bounds to the battle, and when it is not only free, but joyous in a generous fight. Like the eagle sleeping with its young, it slumbers in a deep repose; but, when the robbing hand comes near, it awakes in its fiercest strength. The hen is valiant for her brood, and for hers, too, the dove is warlike. The patriotic instinct thus repels the invader, and battles for its homes; and, until the Gospel raises us into its own purity of sentiment and truth of reason, I see not how we can be void of this instinct or be false to it, without being ignoble.

EXERCISE CLXIII.

1. A CROP'O LIS, (ACRO, *topmost*, and POLIS, *city*,) is a Greek compound, signifying the highest point of a city; thence, also, a fortress; a citadel. The word is mostly applied, however, to the rocky eminence on which ancient Athens was originally founded, and on which, in after times, were erected several splendid public edifices.

2. A CAD'E MY, (*Academia*,) was the name of a public grove or garden in the suburbs of Athens, rendered remarkable as the scene of the philosophical teachings of Plato. It was so called, it is said, from Academus, an ancient hero, who left it to the people of Athens, as a place for gymnastic exercises.

3. THE TEACHER OF THE PORCH, that is, the philosopher Zeno. He was so called from the celebrated *Stoa*, or *porch*, at Athens, where he was accustomed to hold his philosophical conferences. Hence, his disciples were called *Stoics*.

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PROSPECTIVE GLORY OF ATHENS.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

1. Athens lies prostrate on the Attic shore, dishonored, broken, stained by the foot of the spoiler, and blackened by the torch, yet retaining in each insulted feature, each fractured limb, each fold of drapery, a dignity, serenity and grace, that win admiring wonder for her by-gone loveliness, and tears for her decay.

2. "He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of that pallid cheek,
And,—but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And, but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where 'cold obstruction's' apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it would impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon,—
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, a treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.

3. "Such is the aspect of that shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for SOUL is wanting there!
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;

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But beauty with that fearful bloom,
The hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance, of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!
Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave,
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee!"

. . . . . .

4. Yet there is a light now falling softly and sweetly upon prostrate Athens,—not the dying ray of mortal genius, but the breaking light of heaven-sent hope. There is a lamp burning within that mournful sepulcher, the Word of Life and Immortality, held forth by the hand of American piety, and fed by the zeal of American Christians. Under the shadow of the Acropolis[1] humble missionaries of the cross, from this western land, tell the children of those who wandered through the groves of the Academy,[2] or lingered around the teacher of the porch,[3] that the Just Man of Plato hath come; that Divine Virtue, in all the sympathies of human trial and duty, has passed triumphant by the ordeal he proposed, of contempt and slander, the scourge and the cross; that the MASTER whom Socrates promised to the young Alcibíades, as the guide in the path of prayer that leads to Heaven, is now the Intercessor and Advocate of all earth's supplicants, and that "the Unknown God, whom their fathers ignorantly worshiped," is now made manifest by the faith of Jesus.

5. Beautiful Religion! which, kneeling before the cross and the altar, feels the outrushing inspiration of love for the souls of distant and unknown men, and clasps in the faith of brotherhood those upon whose faces we have never looked; which

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converts the price of selfish and useless luxuries into riches of wisdom for the poor in knowledge; which goes forth with a martyr's heroism to win victories of mercy over ransomed minds; which pursues its triumphal way to the heavenly gate, surrounded and followed, not by bloody trophies and chained captives, but by thankful penitents, widows smiling in their sackcloth, orphans rosy with joy, and heathen blessing the name of Jesus! What have Arms, Arts, Letters, Philosophy, like this? * Would that this religion sanctified and ennobled us all!

6. Lovely wert thou, Athens, in thy classic grace! The very dust of thy marbles is precious in our eyes; for the feet of those have walked upon it, who have been the friends of pleasant hours in the morning dream, or when the midnight lamp shed its light upon the yellow page their genius made vocal with thought and the melody of numbers. But thine was the beauty of a sepulcher, for the corruption was deep within thee. Fain would we turn the eyes of all who read the story of Athens, to gaze, in hope of an inheritance within it, upon that city of God, built for His people, beautiful as love, lasting as immortality, and holy as Himself!

THE END.

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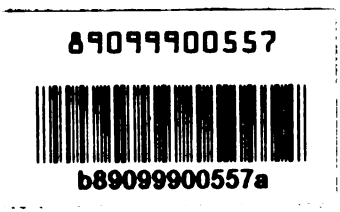

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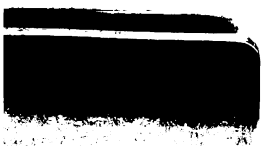

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